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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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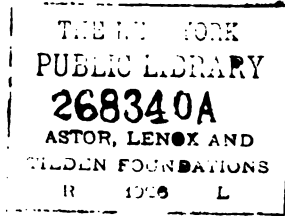


"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE
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No. 1

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1906.

DONALD BRUCE.

SAMUEL M. HARRINGTON.

JOHN N. GREELY.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

J. H. WALLIS.

YALE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO the undergraduate who has at all observed the development of college communities, the yearly growth of Yale's enrollment must be a matter of grave concern. Yale's Democracy is undoubtedly the most cherished tradition of the University, and justly so. But in proportion as the student body increases in size, such a Democracy becomes more and more difficult. Its existence demands centralization and community of interests. But the College buildings can only accommodate a limited number and, hedged in as their territory is by the town, it is impossible to build new ones to hold the overflow. Consequently the erection of private dormitories at more or less distance from the Campus and consequent straggling is inevitable.

The results liable to follow from such a condition of things are evident enough. It is much the present situation of Harvard, where the great majority of men live in private dormitories, dormitories which are scattered through all Cambridge. The classes are necessarily broken up into social cliques. For a man to know half his class, even by

sight, is exceedingly rare. The occasions when a whole class gets together are comparatively few. The very free elective system prevents them from all meeting in common studies. And the poorer men of the class, unable to afford the large rents of the finer dormitories, are forced to room by themselves. The distinction between the masses and classes is thus extremely sharp and easily recognized.

This is not intended as a criticism of social conditions at Harvard. Every University has its own evils and none can afford to point a finger at its neighbor. But every true Yale man must admit that the rise of such conditions here is something we should struggle against with all our might. The preservation of the class unit is particularly necessary. Everyone ought to make it his business to meet as many of his class as possible before Senior year, and be willing to make any sacrifice of time or comfort which may be necessary to that end. Men should go out for as many things as possible, and so learn to know men in all sorts of lines. Snobbishness and straggling should be suppressed at all costs.

This straggling has one form in particular which is highly objectionable, namely, the tendency of men to run off to New York for their week ends, a thing which seems to increase every year. This habit has been dwelt on more fully in a former leader. It is perhaps as pernicious and insidious an evil as any in the University. We are all tempted occasionally to run down for a show or a call. It's very pleasant and seems harmless. But college life is what we're here for, rubbing up against the individualities of other men and developing wholesome, democratic standards. The man who shirks, who steals away whenever he can for selfish enjoyment, is a menace to Yale Democracy.

Most important of all, however, is for every man to be true to himself. It is very common for men who are just entering to ape the manners and customs of certain prominent men in their class. They are terribly afraid of doing something contrary to custom, of "queering" themselves. This conforming to some fixed and artificial standard is the

foundation of all cliques. Hypocrisy never pays. What a man is here for primarily is to learn his own standards and form his own character. Modelling himself on someone else won't do him the slightest good. Likewise, the idols of Freshman year are extremely subject to tumbles. But so long as her sons rely on their own senses of right and justice and form their friendships without fear or favor, Yale need have little fear of the future.

J. S. Newberry.



THISTLE-DOWN.

Lightly dancing Thistle-down
Fly away O, fly away;
Red leaves form the maple's crown,
And the meadow lands are gay.
All the world is bravely clad,
All the golden fields are glad—
While the wayward breezes play,
Lightly, lightly Thistle-down
Fly away.

Sadly drifting Thistle-down
Fly away O, fly away;
See, the red, red leaves are brown,
And the golden-rod is grey.
All the world is sad and old,
And the dead leaves rustle cold,
Everything must die, they say,—
Sadly, sadly Thistle-down
Fly away!

R. E. Danielson.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

“**T**HE power of a beautiful mind.”—An expression one does not often hear. For we are apt to think of a power as something essentially forceful, expressing overbearing strength. But this “power of a beautiful mind” would be a departure from the common view, another phase of the question; and perhaps in Henry Van Dyke the idea is set forth at its best.

For Mr. Van Dyke’s writings are above all beautiful things. As you read along you become more and more impressed by this fact—that beyond everything they stand for simple beauty and charm. Maybe there is no special plot; perhaps in that respect they do not reach the expectation of the modern novel-reader. For many of us do not seem to have time for such a style of reading. The demand is for something more or less sensational, something which will hold one’s interest from cover to cover,—some story of a great struggle of human nature, say. Mere narrative or description, for its own sake, would hardly seem enough. And yet here is a man whose power lies in another field. If you will let him, he will take you out to drift along some quiet stream, where the sunlight plays in the branches overhead and a lone trout rises in the shadow. The power of Henry Van Dyke is the kind which is not noticed until one has felt the effects. For he is writing about nothing remarkable, simply what he himself loves more than other things.

Perhaps the chief charm of Henry Van Dyke is his art in painting a picture. He sees a touch of the beautiful everywhere in nature—in nature, where most of us can find it; in human nature, where it is sometimes not so easy to see. And he takes it and gives it to us just as it is.

“A soft, dazzling splendor filled the air. Snowy banks and drifts of cloud were floating slowly over a wide and wondrous land. Vast sweeps of forest, shining waters,

mountains near and far, the deepest green and the palest blue, changing colors and glancing lights, and all so silent, so strange, so far away, that it seemed like the landscape of a dream. One almost feared to speak, lest it should vanish." A picture of beauty, an image that lives on in the mind—and yet how simply told! Any one of us who has climbed mountains at all has seen very much the same thing,—why might we not have pictured it as he did? All of us have seen the rising stream, the sweep of the rapids; some of us have heard the cry of our Canadian guide, "Au large!" But what does it bring to our ears?—listen to Henry Van Dyke.

"When I hear that word, I hear also the crisp waves breaking on pebbly beaches, and the big wind rushing through innumerable trees, and the roar of headlong rivers leaping down the rocks. I see long reaches of water sparkling in the sun, or sleeping still between evergreen walls beneath a cloudy sky; and the gleam of white tents on the shore; and the glow of firelight dancing through the woods."

Whether or no one might call Mr. Van Dyke a sentimental man, is not easy to say. For sentiment is of different kinds; and true sentiment is indispensable to some of his stories, such as "The Blue Flower," or "The Source." With regard to any other sort, either the forced or ultra-romantic kind, he seems to despise it. "The woods are close—not cool and fragrant as the foolish romances describe them—but warm and still." These can be hardly words of a sentimentalist. Or again: "She sang—not like an angel, but like a woman." Only a line—yet it gives the picture as he intended better than half a page of similes might have done.

To have the plain obvious moral of the fable thrown at one's head on all occasions is apt to tire even the best of us; but with Mr. Van Dyke it somehow seems a natural thing that we should find a few words of it here and there. Perhaps it is hardly more than an expression of personal opinion, set in some unobtrusive little sentence. It seems to creep in without any forethought on the part of the author. After climbing one of the lower peaks of the Dolomites, he expresses

himself as more in favor of the view there than from the Görner Grat itself,—for he reflects that “it is possible, in this world, to climb too high for pleasure.” And after losing an especially gamey salmon, he will tell you that “our best blessings, like our largest fish, always depart before we have time to measure them.” Only fall into the mood of his “Little Rivers” and such little afterthoughts as these seem almost a part of the description. And, after all, what more natural thing to do every now and then, in dealing with nature, than to glance upon the inner side of things?

A man’s personal experience is always apt to be interesting, and this is what brings to “Little Rivers” an especial charm. The book itself is hardly more than a series of short descriptions, a diary put into pleasing form. And through it runs the personality of the author—the keen, intelligent lover of out-door life,—and the thorough sport. One grows weary of reading the conventional fish story, but here it seems the old story in a new way, “Send your fly in under those cedar branches. . . . There is a sudden gleam of gold in the white water. You strike too soon.” Every word of “Little Rivers” is from personal experience.

This quality of seeming to know his subject is characteristic of most of Mr. Van Dyke’s stories. Whether it be concerning “Fiddle Jack” the Canadian, or the story of “The Other Wise Man,” there is the same handiwork. And in his stories, the simplest are the best. For in some of them the character-drawing seems a little weak. In “Spy Rock,” for instance, where the situation between the two lovers is growing critical, it might have been better not to do so much explaining at first, and leave more for the reader to grasp. One is apt to feel more interest in a story when something is left for his own mind to work out. Suggestion is half the charm of some situations. And in the case of “A Handful of Clay,” it is hardly more than the repetition of some fable. “The Mill,” too, is devoid of interest in that its characters resemble puppets. They speak and act, but all personality seems to be lacking.

But perhaps all this is picking flaws somewhat needlessly. In everything there is some little fault. In reading Henry Van Dyke one looks, not for great depth of feeling, but for the power of simple beauty. And with his poems it is the same. Do not expect a great epic, but look for a pleasing song, and you will find one. In his own words,

"For one dear restful hour
Assume a state more mild,"

and he will lift you out of yourself to the woods and streams, beneath the open skies. In one of his poems there is a stanza which seems to sum up the whole idea :

"These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth :
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of the birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers,
And of the good brown earth—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth."

J. Howland Auchincloss.

THE FIRE ELVES.

Stealthily creeping from log to log
We flicker and flame and flare
And twine with the writhing, smoking wreaths
That curl through the frosty air.
Far out in the chilling darkness
Where ghostly tree trunks loom
We play with the dancing shadows
That dart from the mantling gloom.

We are the fire elves
That wake in the blackness,
We are the fire elves,
Now fearful, now fearless,
That winking, blinking,
Timidly shrinking,
Hide in the friendly shades.

Higher and fiercer and brighter
We burst with a rushing roar,
Devouring, ever devouring,
And ever calling for more.
Laugh in your strength, oh brothers,
Laugh, and joy in your might.
Resistless we conquer the darkness,
Resistless we conquer the night.

We are the fire elves
That sing in our madness,
We are the fire elves,
Unfettered and heedless,
That swirling, twirling,
Ceaselessly whirling,
Leap to the stars overhead.

Slowly the crackling and snapping
Grows fainter and dies away;
The wan flames feebly flicker
In the gray of the dawning day.
The glowing embers brighten
A moment, then slowly fade
As the mists rise up from the marshes
And the sounds of the night are laid.

We are the fire elves
That nod in our weakness,
We are the fire elves,
Exhausted and listless,
That creeping, peeping,
Fitfully sleeping,
Sink in the warm gray ash.

H. S. Lovejoy.

BYRON, THE JUNGLE MAN.

FROM Matthew Arnold, who adored him, to Mr. Swinburne, who slaughtered him, Byron seems to have been looked upon as a literary prodigy or perhaps an anomaly to our existence. Some look upon him as a species of Jack-the-Giant-Killer stalking about with a savage recklessness, swimming the Hellespont in amusement and now and then brewing Don Juan storms like a witch on her broomstick. Still others, calling him a rasping incongruity, would instantly banish him from all decent society. Certain people shrink half cowering from his bursts of spleen, as if they were detecting a sulphurous odor, and others unhesitatingly follow him with a sort of fiendish glee. With doubts of his being a man and suspicions of his being a devil, the pressing crowd raves and rages, crowns him, scourges him. More thoughtful critics venture to praise him for the force of his glowing passion, but opposing ones rush up to assert that his divine afflatus is the inspiration of "gin and water." Nature seems to have intended him for a genius, but somehow mixed the necessary ingredients in not quite the right proportion. When the greatest have thought best to view him through a medium not quite like the natural atmosphere, and to adjust their spectacles with stolid hauteur before viewing him with composure, it is probably best for us to follow. It is agreed; we shall hereafter look at him through the iron bars of the menagerie!

Yet, when all is said, and quite likely with some reason, is there not something more, something to hold us and draw us besides this curiosity for a queer creature of the Zoo? Surely, there must be a longing to cast off our carefully balanced eye-glasses, to forget that he ever arrayed himself for public inspection, and to watch him unawares, a denizen in his native jungle, or roaming in the full pride of his outstretched strength across the rocks and through the caverns of his own

lonely isle. I sometimes half fancy him, as Mowgli, to have been snatched from his cradle and reared by the wolves. Only not being as fortunate as Mowgli, he was again cast into society, and when men were tired of his strange, impulsive method of procedure, he was left to himself. Not being satisfied with himself, he again went to the people, who again flung him off, and let him die in the wilds of Greece. He had learned the growl of Sheer-Kahn, the tiger, and heard the hyena laugh. What wonder that his behaviour was slightly different from society conventions, and his utterances beyond their set forms? A wild, resistless power was moving through him, and unfortunately it ran riot and drove him from bramble to bramble, from den to den, to the gleaming row of tiger's teeth. Here we shall see him at his best, here we shall see him at his worst, but here we shall see him as he is, and not as his flaccid vanity would make him or as his critics would mar him.

Look at this wild man in his wild surroundings! But it is better not to estimate him, rather like him, when we can; and, as for the rest, never mind. Did he give great characters to the world!—did he inculcate a fine system of ethics!—was he a great poet? If imagination makes a poet, he was; if absolute harmony is also required, he was not. He knew the great, grand notes in Nature's strings, the rushing glacier, the swoop of pinions, the blast of the storm,—all these he felt and handled as a painter mixes his colors. But the subtler phases of life and the gentler voices, he has failed to appreciate or failed to record. He has not drawn characters, for his organism was not complex enough for many feelings. He was unable to make a character different from his own. When he chose to stride through the jungle paths and leap over lightning-struck branches, we realize some of the poet's fire. But when he rudely arrests our interest, by rearranging his moving figures, he brings us too abruptly from tragedy to comic opera. It is not surprising that we should then turn away in vexation.

One thought, however, he did have, which was fairly constant. His political life does him credit. He admired, he almost idolized the genius of Napoleon; he worked, he died for the freedom of Greece. His pets were wolves, his pastime was war, but his strength and passions were at last poured out upon a worthy cause,—his red blood fell upon a land that was better for his existence. After reading some of his affected love poetry, we can turn with delight to the fresh breath from the much more humble poet, Mortimer Collins. But his bitterest enemies can not read "Napoleon's Farewell" or "Prisoner of Chillon," without feeling a genuine thrill responding to Byron's earnest passion. The very strength of his emotion and his vigor of expression has corrected his inconsistencies. He has abandoned shifting stage machinery after the exit of poor Pedrillo, and has risen to the glorious beauty of his manhood in one spontaneous song springing from the deepest depth of his soul. This is a little more than the frenzy of gin and water. Here, true "vates," he stands on a level with Tennyson. Byron loved very few ideals or causes, but when he loved he put his inherent talent into that cause. He sometimes struck sparks of a divine fire in his varied rubs upon the world.

More real than his characters, more interesting than his finest songs, is the man himself. If his writings did no more than reveal himself, they would perhaps not show a man in our highest use of the term; but man or beast, dashing gentleman or the spoiled child of Nature, whatever they show, they show a character from which much can be learned. I like his wildness, I like his monstrous results, for there you see Byron. But when he makes himself different than he is, and says "this is Byron, look at me," then he is unbearable. In his native element he is as stirring as the blackening sky, which makes the wild gulls shriek. There he is strong, albeit he is terrible. In him there is not a touch of Ariel, much of Caliban and oftentimes Prospero. He sometimes reminds me of a sketch by Albert Dürer, entitled "Night, Death and the Devil." The scene is the

rugged side of a mountain covered by an old German town. There are no streets, only steps and ragged, jutting stones. And across that hillside, through those crooked defiles and all about the clustering houses, the night wind is blowing, sweeping, screaming. Byron might be climbing those crags, with his whole wild heart laughing at the midnight sky, laughing as he passes the clinking goblets, laughing as he strikes down into his jungle path.

Howard F. Bishop.



INDIAN SUMMER.

A dreary silence everywhere,—
On yon bare branch a leaf, the last,
Scarce rustles in the drowsy air,—
For summer's day is past.

Yet still the sky is warm and clear:
Across the lake no shadows lie:
And from yon bush o'erhanging near
A thrush sings merrily.

He knows naught of the winter's cold,
Nor feels the calm before the storm:
What matters it,—the sky is gold,
And all the air is warm?

J. Howland Auchincloss.

JOE BRETTEL'S CHANCE.

“**W**ALL, no, sir, now you ask me, Joe Brettel never was a brave man, nor anything like it. An’ what’s more, he never had no ambition—honest and straight as the day, if you like, but didn’t ever seem to care ’bout gettin’ a rise in the world. An’ yet we all kinder took a likin’ to Joe—person’l friend of his myself—mebbe ’twas ’cause he always had such a pleasant way with him.

“But he never did have much grit. I remember once, when he first come to Johnson County—there was a row on one night down at ‘The First Chance’ saloon. Joe happened to be in there at the time. Wall, nothing really come of it, though things looked a bit ugly for a minute. The barkeep’ turned the lights out in time. Wall, sir, after things were quieted down, I started to go home, an’ what d’you think I run across? Joe Brettel, cowerin’ down side of a shed—feared for his hide!

“I says to him, ‘What you hidin’ in there fer, Joe? Are you scared at a bit of a row? Damn if you ain’t a coward!’

“‘Is it all over?’ he asks me, creepin’ out mighty careful. ‘Sorry, Jim, but I do hate the sight uv a horse pistol.’ An’ with that he lit out fer home.

“It was a great day fer Joe, sir, the day when he fell in love with a girl. He seemed to open out all on a sudden more’n ever before. An’ his little girl, Hetty, was that pretty—we was all glad to see it, every one of us. I remember the very day he told us about it.

“‘Boys,’ he says, his face beamin’ all over, ‘my luck’s comin’ along. I’m about to get a side partner.’ Then he rambled on fer a while about the girl. ‘Yes,’ he says, ‘things fer sure is takin’ on a bright look nowadays.’

“An’ we thought they did—the two of ’em seemed happy ’nough fer anything. An’ then—all of a sudden it seemed to us—there come the change. Fer what’d that girl Hetty

do, sir, one fine day, but up an' left him. Yes, sir, lit right out with a feller named Dan Emmet, who come from the next county.

"Wall, what d'you think Joe did about it? Not one thing! His courage all seemed to give out. Why, if I'd been him I wouldn't 'uv stopped short at anythin'. But Joe just stayed on where he was—kept on drivin' his stage as before.

"'What good'll it do me to foller 'em up, Jim?' he says to me, an' his face was sad. 'She can't love me no more, nor ever will, or she wouldn't 'a run away like that before we'd even got married. An' I don't think, Jim, I could ever love her just the same after this.'

"So he stayed on fer a year like 'afore. 'Bout that time 'twas that news come to us of the discoverin' of gold up there in Alaska. An' Joe, of all men, seemed to get struck with the idea of goin' up there.

"'It's come across me, Jim,' he says to me one day, 'that I'd like to get away from here, an' try some'rs else. Things don't go like they used to, fer me, down here. Now, how'd it strike you if we two should go up there together, Jim?'

"Wall, sir, that's just what I done. We both got together all the cash we could, an' dug out.

"It took us a long while to git up there, an' by the time we'd bought our outfit an' got started, our funds was pretty nigh gone. But we thought it wouldn't matter much.

"By the way, I'd almost forgot to tell you. 'Bout a week before we got started fer the fields, I run across Dan Emmet. He was travellin' alone, an' got a few days start on us.

"Wall, sir, fer three solid years Joe an' me prospected round that gold country—placer minin', you know—an' at the end of it we was just as hard up as when we started. Struck mor'n one likely spot, but it all seemed to run away from us agin, somehow or other. It's gospel truth that a man earns all he can keep in that country.

"So at last Joe 'n' me decided to strike fer home agin—huntin' fer gold hadn't turned out jest right. We was way up in among the mountains at the time.

"So we turned about fer the coast once more. The goin' was easy fer the dogs, an' we was makin' good time across the snow. I remember it well—Joe was in front, an' I was behind with the sledge.

"Then something queer happened. Joe give a cry and run forward. I follered him quick to see what it was, an' there among the pine trees stood an old miner's hut.

"The roof 'ud fallen through an' the sluice-troughs by the stream fer sortin' the gold were all in decay. While I was standin' there lookin' at the old broken-down thing, Joe had gone inside. Then he come out on the run.

" 'Jim,' he cries, his face turned gray, 'come in here quick. There's a dead man inside!'

"An' there fer sure on the floor lay the skeleton uv a man. He must uv been dead most a year. I stooped down to look at him, an' there on his shovel beside him was burned the name 'Dan Emmet.'

"I couldn't b'lieve it at first. I walked 'round lookin' at his outfit—it all bore the same name, There couldn't be no mistake.

" 'Well,' says I to Joe, 'that's him fer sure, and he's ben dead a year. What yer goin' to do about it?'

" 'What can we do?' And he turns around kinder helpless. Then he saw somethin' in the corner, an' ran an' picked it up. It was a bag, an' a heavy one at that.

" 'Gold!' We both spoke the word together.

" 'Here's a find,' I cried. 'Must be worth three or four thousand! Let's see it!'

"But Joe jest put out his hand.

" 'Keep your hands off. I found it, an' it's mine, to do as I want with. An' mebbe you want to know what I'm goin' to do with it? All right, I'll tell ye. I'm a'goin to take the thing back to Dan Emmet's widow—it's hers by rights. She an' her kid must be starvin' by this time.'

"Wall, sir, I couldn't speak—I couldn't do nothin'. I tried to argue with him, but no good. An' when we got home, that's what he done. Went right to Hetty, an' turned

the whole thing over to her. 'An what's more, sir, he never even married her afterwards!

"That's what I meant, sir, when I said that Joe never had no ambition. While he might uv panned out a few thousand then an' there, he never done nothin'. His chance in a life-time come, an' he didn't take it. Just went back to drivin' a stage agin, same as before. An' it's my opinion that he'll never be doin' anythin' better, to his last day, fer he ain't got it in him."

J. Howland Auchincloss.

NOTABILIA.

Essays in competition for the LIT. prize medal will be due December 1st. All undergraduates of the University are eligible to compete. The award dates back over half a century, and there have been but few breaks owing to the mediocrity of the manuscripts submitted. For the first time in ten years, the award was not made last year. It is to be hoped that there will be no more such lamentable failures for at least ten years to come. Much freedom is allowed in the choice of subjects, but all essays to be considered must be of some literary interest. All manuscripts must be type-written and signed with a fictitious name; the author's real name may be placed in a sealed envelope attached to the manuscript.

* * * *

The way of the LIT.-heeler is hard. LIT. heeling bears something of a resemblance to rheumatism. It is not the sudden overwhelming pain that might attack a one hundred and thirty pound quarterback—did he exist—when two two hundred pound guards break through and smother him; but it is pain. Now acute, now scarcely felt, it is with the heeler during the whole of the two and one-half years that LIT. heeling requires. It means hard study and hard work; and to the average undergraduate neither is unalloyedly delightful. That is the outside of the traditional dark cloud. But the silver lining is not lacking, if men from the class of 1909 care to seek it. A true LIT. heeler will get far more out of his work than he puts into it. At the end of his servitude he will, in a small way, have learned to love literature; he may even know how to write. Lastly, the LIT. means something in Yale life, not so much as it once meant perhaps, but something still. This is LIT. heeling, take it or leave it. But men who have made the LIT. seem to think it worth while.

* * * *

1

As the Freshman competition opens, the Junior competition is fast drawing to a close. Not for many years has a competition been so close at the beginning of Junior year. Nearly a dozen men are in the running, and no man is sure of his place. A tie between two or more men seems very likely, and it is the duty of the Junior class to familiarize itself with the work of its members from this time on, that it may not be misrepresented by the 1907 LIT. board.

J. N. G.

PORTFOLIO.

—I used to run down the garden path every morning and peep through the gate as he trudged along the sandy road, driving the sheep to pasture. His curly hair

*THE
SHEPHERD
LAD.*

straggled through the holes in his tattered hat, and his sturdy little legs, bare to the knees, were brown as the autumn leaves. I think it was his marvelous willow whip which first caught my childish fancy. I remember how he stopped one day and showed it to me, as if proud of the pictures he had whittled on its handle. The eager desire to gain possession of that wonderful whip overcame me, and scarcely had his whistling died away around a bend of the road when, forgetful of my French governess, forgetful of the anger of my father, I was running after him. The sand filled my little patent-leather shoes, and my clean white frock was streaked with dust, but I did not mind. I caught up with him just as he was letting down the pasture bars.

"Give me your whip," I begged, breathlessly.

He turned, and his clear blue eyes smiled into mine. "I'll fetch you one like it to-morrow."

In eager expectancy I hung over the gate the next morning, and when he gave me the whip it was all I could do to say "thank you." I did not know that my governess, seeing us from the house, had rushed down the path after me. She seized me by the hand, and drew me back into the garden. I still held tightly to my precious whip, however, and before my captor could prevent, I waved it toward my little friend. "I like you," I called, and, looking up at my governess, smiled roguishly.

Now, after a long absence, I have come home again. One afternoon, while driving by the pasture I remembered so well, I inquired, innocently, about the little shepherd boy.

"He's grown to be a strong, busy fellow, with the same blue eyes and curly hair he had fifteen years ago," answered my brother.

He had scarcely spoken when suddenly the horses shied, and one of the reins snapped. The accident might have had

serious results had not a man, running from the field, sprung to the horses' heads and quieted them. Now he stood beside us, awkwardly grasping the broadbrimmed hat from the back of his head. I was looking again into the clear blue eyes of my little friend.

With a smile, I offered him my hand. "Thank you; thank you," I said, and nodded to him.

He grasped my hand awkwardly. "Howdy do," he stammered, twisting his hat in his fingers, and seemingly quite embarrassed. He looked doubtfully, first at me, then at my brother.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked, and smiled kindly into his eyes.

My brother, who had been busy with the harness, looked around and scanned the man's face. "Oh, I forgot; you want something for your trouble?" and he put his hand into his pocket. It was as if a knife had cut my flesh. I raised my hands in remonstrance, my face growing hot and cold by turns. But my brother did not notice me, and pulling out a silver dollar gave it to the man. I waited for my shepherd lad to throw the coin in the dust. I cried out to prevent the misfortune from happening. But no . . . what was that? He took the money and nodded. "Thank you," he said politely, and turning, sauntered back to his work in the field.

I stared vacantly after him for a moment, scarcely able to believe, and then with a sigh sank back, wearily, among the cushions.

W. W. Clarke.

—"So this is a no-license town?" The man leaned over the drugstore counter, and smiled at the druggist.

"Yep," said the druggist, looking out of
CONVERTED. the window. It was almost midnight, and he was sleepy, so he wasted no words on this intruder.

"Ah—couldn't one possibly get a drink here?—just a bracer, you know."

"Sorry can't oblige you, stranger—don't believe in that sort of thing. Besides, there's nothing to drink in the store." The

apothecary turned out the light in the rear of the store, and turned to reach for his coat.

"Give me a glass of vichy before you close, will you?"

The druggist silently obeyed, and waited for the man to drink, but he fingered his glass, and smilingly watched the bubbles rise in the vichy. The proprietor observed the sallow complexion, sunken black eyes, and the cynical mouth, and began to wonder whether his customer was a morphine fiend, or only a man who had seen something of the world, and was pretty well disgusted with it.

"I presume, then, that you don't drink," remarked the object of his scrutiny.

"No—I don't. But I did once. Four years ago," he said, looking into the other man's eyes, "four years ago, I lived in Boston—and drank. To drink was the chief end of my existence. My very soul reeked with whiskey. Lord! what a wreck I was! My friends prevailed on me to come here, where the temptation wouldn't meet me on every street-corner, and I was all right from that time on. I think I did the right thing to run away that time—I *know* it—it saved my life—I am cured now. It was a long, long trial, though. Four years!"

The other was listening eagerly now—his eyes shining feverishly, and changing his whole expression. "So you're cured? Well, I'm not—in fact, I don't think I ever wanted to be. Being a travelling man, I can't adopt your method. I simply fight the craving whenever I feel that it is getting too strong, and I usually win the fight, too. Strange that I should have forgotten all about this." He took a large flask from his pocket, and when he had poured half of the vichy out, he filled the glass to the brim with whiskey.

There was a strained silence for a few seconds. Suddenly the fumes of the liquor reached the druggist. He struggled a moment, his face becoming white, then he turned nervously and half-filled another glass with vichy. The stranger filled it from the flask, and they lifted their glasses.

"Your good health!" toasted the travelling-man, and the other tried to smile back at him.

An hour later they staggered out into the night, arm-in-arm, and the man with the yellow face, who looked like a cynic, was still smiling.

S. N. Halliday.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The annual Wrestling Matches

Were held on September 28th and were won by the Sophomores.

The University Crew

Elected as Captain, R. C. Morse, 1906 S., of Norwich Town, Connecticut.

The Baseball Team

Elected as Captain, Frank O'Brien, 1906, of Plattsburg, New York.

The Track Team

Elected as Captain, J. M. Cates, 1906 L. S., of Brookline, Massachusetts.

The Freshman Class

On Oct. 6th elected the following officers: President, M. C. Hannah, 1909; Vice President, S. Whitney, 1908 S.; Secretary, S. P. Stockton, 1909.

Football Scores

October 4th—Yale 27, Wesleyan 0.
7th—Yale 16, Syracuse 0.

BOOK NOTICES.

Specimen Letters. Cook and Benham. Ginn & Co. Price \$0.60.

The fact that this little book is "designed chiefly with reference to school and college use" is probably the cause of its unattractive form. Treasures such as it holds are worthy of the most choice and costly setting. For in this admirable collection of English letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are, we believe, some of the choicest prose writings of all English literature.

But choiceness of literary phrase is not all we expect in a letter. The heart of an honest man is more likely to be shown in his letters to those who are dearest to him on earth than in any other form of literary composition he may engage in. It is for this reason that personal letters of the great dead are interesting, nay sacred, to us. To read them is to make yourself a personal friend of their great authors, to feel the warm grasp of hands from those whose friendship would have been a dear honor. Whatever their authors may have been in public life—statesmen, poets, novelists,—here they are as all men are; they are loving fathers, husbands, friends. Here they show what they inwardly were; their letters speak for themselves.

Among the letters from friend to friend found in this collection those of Edward Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson have a tone that tells they were written from the heart. There are two letters written in 1841 and one in 1881. Pathos and reverence one feels in reading these, written at almost opposite ends of a lifetime. Forty years is a long time to keep a friend. There are other letters than friendly ones in this collection too. There is the great letter of Dr. Johnson's which put an end to patrons, There is Franklin's stern letter written at the beginning of the Revolution to his former friend Strahan, a member of Parliament. There is a letter from Thomas Huxley to Matthew Arnold advising the return of a "beautiful brown smooth-handled umbrella which is *not* your property." Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes from Rotterdam, Vienna, and Adrianople; Heber from Moscow; Livingstone from Bombay.

Interesting as these letters are in themselves, they are more so, perhaps, in contrast. *We* do not write such letters. These men have put themselves in their letters. We do not do so. Are we afraid of committing ourselves to paper?—We should have friends dear enough to be given of us now and then. Our letter-humor too is usually of a common sort, such as, "Since there is nothing to do I will write. Since there is nothing to say I will close." Even Phillips Brooks is decidedly in contrast to the older writers in this respect; his farewell is, "O reservoir!" and the weather is "hotter than Philadelphia in flytime." That letter-writing is a lost art is a trite saying. That it should be so or will be so for long we do not believe.

A Digit of the Moon. By F. W. Bain. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

These are love stories stated to have been translated from the original Hindoo manuscripts. A "digit of the moon" is explained as being a beautiful woman. The Oriental atmosphere of the stories is perfect. If they are not translations the verisimilitude is admirably brought about not only in the subject-matter, language and imagery of the text, but by the appendage of foot-notes. The stories themselves are excelling in originality, fancy and power. At times the thought and language are biblical in power and simplicity; as in the story of the "Repentant Wife," pp. 78 and 79. It is such a book as we have not had the pleasure of reading before but hope for its like again—perhaps from Mr. Bain.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following, some of which will be reviewed in subsequent issues:

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Spanish Settlements in the United States.

Principles of the Administrative Law in the United States.

Mohammed and the Rise of Islam.

Shelburne Essays.

Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.

The Upton Letters.

America to England, and other Poems.

Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre.

Adolphe.

The Companionship of Books.

The Complete Kano Jiu-Jitsu.

Laird & Lee.

The Son of the Swordmaker.
Webster's Modern Dictionary.
Driftwood.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

Uncle Sam and His Children.
In the Days of Milton.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"There are five of us," I started to write. "Legs, Mumble-m—"

"Stop that!" cried Legs. I'm not going to be called 'Legs!' I don't want to."

I paid no attention but finished my word, "Mumble-mouth"—.

"Who's 'Mumble-mouth'?" asked Mumble-mouth.

"'Mumble-mouth!'" I said in surprise. "Mumble-mouth," I said again, "don't you know?" And I continued to write,

"The Bug,"—

"Now I'm not going to have that!" broke forth The Bug. "That's going too far. Cut it out!"

"Are you ashamed of it?" I asked; and continued to write,

"The Saving Grace,"—

Actually The Saving Grace blushed.

"—and yours truly, Cyrano." I finished. Then I explained: "This is an allegory or a prize puzzle contest, whichever you choose to call it. And for the benefit of the public, a prize is offered for the best solution."

S. M. H.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1906.

DONALD BRUCE.

SAMUEL M. HARRINGTON.

JOHN N. GREELY.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

J. H. WALLIS.

PRESENT CONDITIONS.

IN any small community, well-to-do but not over-prosperous, merit as a rule decides the prominent men. When wealth enters, two classes are formed, those who cling to the old standards and those who because of their prosperity are enabled to spend a larger proportion of their time in seeking amusement, who care and think less about the whole community. Some such condition as the latter is to-day characteristic of the college world. Interests are so various that there may be said to be but one thing of importance common to all, namely class-room requirements.

With the very general increase during the last fifteen or twenty years, of undergraduate interests outside of the curriculum, the undergraduate estimate of the importance of scholarly attainment has decreased. Recently this has become so marked as to affect materially the general stand of scholarship in Yale College. Indeed, but a short two years ago, the condition of affairs became so distinctly alarming as to call for special efforts on the part of the Faculty, resulting notably in the present Sophomore tutorial

system. We may presume that this decadence has not been the fault of the Faculty, inasmuch as practically the same force of instructors, laboring with approximately the same degree of intensity, has been here for years: nor can we lay the blame upon the courses of instruction, for Yale's policy has been one of careful change and enlargement of the curriculum to meet the constantly increasing demands upon the College. We may therefore safely say that this decreasing interest in matters intellectual has been due to the increased extra-curriculum activities among the students themselves.

Undergraduate appreciation of anything in particular may in the main be measured by the valuation set upon it by the Senior societies. Turning, therefore, to the records of the past twenty years, we obtain interesting data. During the five years from 1885 to 1890 there were elected to Senior societies from Phi Beta Kappa, the LIT. Boards, and the Ten Eyck Prize Speakers—we include the last two because they are strictly scholastic attainments and as such deserve mention with Phi Beta Kappa—forty men, counting but once those who obtained two or more of these possible honors. From 1890 to 1895 there were thirty-four; from 1895 to 1900, thirty-one; from 1900 to 1905, seventeen. And in the new half decade, for the first year there is a nucleus of two. Incidentally a Ten Eyck Prize winner has not been elected for six years. Clearly, under the present conditions, scholarship is at a discount in the undergraduate world.

With this distinct change in the atmosphere of College life, there have come to be two classes of undergraduates, represented in the extreme by the aspirant for social honors and by the grind. The tendency of these two classes is to draw further and further apart, those first mentioned through carelessness, actual snobbishness or through the fear of loss of social position, holding aloof; those mentioned second, through diffidence and sensitiveness to the slightest suspicion of snobbishness keeping to themselves. The ideal college man is capable of associating with all kinds of

men, is physically well prepared, practically appreciative of literature and learning and above all democratically broad-minded. Such men Yale seeks to graduate. The more the two classes already defined exist by themselves, the less ideal college men Yale does graduate. For the man who, because of his social position, cannot or will not be sociable with his neighbor when chance brings them together, or who cannot appreciate literature and learning, is not ideal; and the man who, because of the secluded life he has led among books has failed to develop properly his physical being and who is awkward and backward in his relation to men in general, is likewise not ideal. Therefore upon the welding of these two classes, which indeed are not distinctly marked, merging one into the other but none the less real, depends Yale's output of ideal men. And the closer we can bring them so that they tend to form one large homogeneous body, the more do we approach a practical democracy. How then shall this be brought about?

It is scarcely reasonable to expect the men of the grind class, who are in the minority as regards power, to take any successful move in this direction. The initiative must come from the other extreme. If the men represented as composing the social class can be made to comprehend the value of scholarship, they will better appreciate the merits of the men of the second class, and a common interest having been established between the two, the sympathies and relations of both will be enlarged. Now the College Faculty may compel attendance but cannot enforce studiousness. We must therefore look to some other influence upon the social class to bring about the proposed end.

Since the class of men under consideration is bent upon social advancement—and there is not the slightest doubt that it is—it can be induced to spend a larger proportion of its efforts on scholarly attainment through the influence of the Senior societies. This influence the Senior societies may exercise, first by their refusal to recognise low-stand men, second by recognizing more men who have attained scholas-

tic honors. We are not suggesting a stand of 3 for all Senior society men, nor that hereafter Phi Beta Kappa be tapped unanimously; but we are advocating a return to the old standards. The policy of the Elihu Club during its short existence is proof of the possibility of the proposition. It is definitely as much of a social organization as are any of the Senior societies, and yet since its foundation, it has elected as many members from Phi Beta Kappa and the LIT. Boards as have the three Senior societies together during the same years. Clearly there were eligible candidates who were not social impossibilities, since social possibility is primarily the determining factor.

It may be, too, that with a return to old standards it will not be an astonishing exception for a man who has obtained high honors in scholarship but whose personality is against him to be elected to a Senior society. Of late years the existence of a Yale democracy has frequently been questioned, and in view of the snobbishness allowed and the "bootlicking" rewarded, the query is not without foundation. Moreover when a majority of the members of one of the Senior societies has achieved absolutely nothing in college beyond social position, which is measured solely by its membership in that society, we are prone to doubt the existence of a real Yale democracy. For Senior societies have in the past been rewards of merit. If now they are to be purely social, they are not only losing a great opportunity for good, but because of the intense struggle they foster, which makes even of our religious organization an occasional stepping-stone for social advancement, because of the slander they breed and the snobbishness they encourage, and because of the resulting tendency to divide the College into two classes, they are rather a detriment than a good to Yale. If, on the other hand, they base their elections on a merit system, as supposedly they do, they have yet something to accomplish towards perfection. We have heard a deal about the perfect democracy of Senior year. Good. There is in that year undoubtedly far better spirit than in any of the four,

but it is noticeable that this spirit is developed after the race for honors is over. Such is a democracy only in name.

Thus much may be said of existing conditions. We have seen that there is undoubted need of some unifying influence, and that in view of the diverse tendencies acting on college life, the rational and natural means is through the class-room. For it is in the class-room and only in the class-room where men of various natures and conditions meet, that democracy can best rule. Nor is it altogether unreasonable to expect that the spirit in and the purpose for which Yale College was founded be revered.

S. M. Harrington.

THE CURSE OF THE FLOWER-FAIRY.

OUT behind the big ancient house an old-fashioned garden nestled within high brick walls and sheltered beneath well-laden fruit trees cool patches of fresh green turf and masses of gay or dignified flowers, that breathed a pure perfume in the summer air. Butterflies and dainty humming-birds entranced the eye with their gleams of brilliant colors. Insects, droning lazily, soothed the ear and induced a pleasant drowsiness that wandered into idle dreams and deep contentment. The late morning sun gave the golden touch of life and happiness to the little garden and made it a work of Paradise; and the Prince of the Paradise sat on the throne of his principality under a thickly-leaved plum tree and surveyed with wide blue eyes his beautiful domain. He had waving golden hair, spun fine as silk, and clear pink cheeks, and lips that were red and stained to a deeper crimson by ox-heart cherries. In his hand he held other tributes from the rosebush, the honeysuckle vine and the slender poppy stalk, who in due time give up their offerings to their Prince. He loved their gifts, and fondled them and breathed their sweet odors and wondered at their fair colors, and took his greatest joy in wandering among them. And he listened also with devout interest to their stories, which the Regent Mother told him, while they swung gently to and fro in the Royal hammock.

But today the Prince was not happy. A doubtful, worried frown puckered his white brow and his eyes were dark and troubled. He was holding a very serious conversation with the Prime Minister, who lay at his feet and wagged a sympathetic tail now and then, and this was the tenor of the Prince's complaint. It was not spoken in any human tongue, but the Minister understood, and so we will translate it as it came to him.

"Fritz, the Regent Mother told me a strange and wonderful thing the other day, and it worries me, for there are folk

in our garden whom we have never seen, but to them the garden really belongs. This will doubtless surprise you, but it is true, for the Regent Mother told me. You wish to know who they are? They are the Flower-fairies, and a fairy lives in every blossom. I learned it in this way. The Mother and I were swinging in the hammock and I was listening to the stories of the flowers, idly picking the petals of a big rose, when the Mother told me suddenly to stop, and took the half-plucked bloom from my hand.

"'Little Prince', she said, 'don't you know what will happen to anyone who plucks the petals from a fresh flower? Don't you know the Flower-fairy that dwells in the heart of every blossom and lives on the dew. Haven't you seen the petals fresh and sprinkled with drops in the morning, and dry at noon? That is because the fairy has sipped them all up.'

"You see that proves they are there, doesn't it, Fritz? Well, then she went on, and this is what she told me that worries me.

" 'And the fairy lives in a little room in the center of the posie, my Prince,' she said, 'and a terrible curse awaits whosoever lays it bare by tearing off its walls, which are the petals. For the one who so desecrates his home will forever more be cast out of the flower kingdom. He can no longer wander among the flowers and love their colors and smell their sweet perfumes with joy. He will hate their sight and loathe their smell, nor can he be a Prince any longer.

" 'The fairy is a pretty little fellow with transparent wings all gayly colored, and a beautiful green silk suit, but he flies away very quickly and he is very, very hard to see.' Don't you think you would like to see him, Fritz? I don't think he would be very angry, if we just peeked at him and then closed up his room again quickly, do you?"

Fritz wagged his tail in decided accord, and looked up with a grin of anticipation. A large nasturtium was growing in a bed quite near the Prince, and he stepped from his granite throne and walked over to it hesitatingly. At last

the demon Curiosity which inhabits even little Princes made him lean over and pick it. He fingered it gingerly, raising a petal here and there, and peering beneath. Finally one came off—a little pressure, purely accidental,—and another and yet another dropped, and then they began to flutter in quick succession to the ground. But still the Prince found no little chamber. Ah, it must be in that bulb from which the petals grow. In a flash it is open, so that it will have no time to fly away, but alas—there is no green-suited elf within. The experiment is repeated with another, with many another nasturtium, and still no fairy. Perhaps it is in the golden glow that he dwells, so yellow leaves are soon flying, but still no pixie is disturbed. One cluster after another undergoes the devastating search—for the Prince is hot in the pursuit now—if he could only open them a mite quicker! Annoyance, then rage, begins to possess him; the Prime Minister is also fiercely excited and snaps and paws at the ruined homes of the elusive flower fairies.

There is a flutter of pink and white at the wicket. Two bright eager eyes search the garden expectantly, then gaze with surprised curiosity at the eager little figure tearing flowers hastily asunder.

"Prince, Prince, what are you doing?" cries a clear tender voice as the woman opens the gate and hurries down the path. "Aren't you afraid of the Flower-fairy? Don't you remember what Mother told you?"

"Where is the Flower-fairy, Mother? Where is it?" half sobs a querulous high voice as the Prince throws his last bud aside in despair.

The Mother Regent stops a moment, a question in her earnest eyes, then bursts into a peal of merry laughter. The Prince gazes at her in wonder and half in pain. His questions are not usually answered thus by the Person who knows everything, and who created his Principedom for him and peopled it with faithful subjects and stored it with many legends. He is snatched suddenly from the turf and held close to the throbbing bosom that has always been his citadel.

"Mother was only fooling, little Prince. There is no wicked fairy in the flowers. Mother just wanted her boy to treat them kindly. Don't you see?"

"But I don't want to treat them kindly. I hate them," sobbed His irate Highness.

"Hush, hush," said his comforter, "they are your friends, everyone of them."

"No, I don't believe it. They are just no-good flowers and I don't believe they are my subjects."

A shade of anxiety crossed the Mother's features.

"Don't say that, son, don't say that," she soothed; "you know they have always been so kind and pretty, and they love you, indeed they do."

"But why did you say there was a fairy?"

The Mother Regent hesitated, but saw the coming danger and hastened to avert it.

"Mother only wanted you to be good to them, and not to tear their pretty blossoms."

"And were you fooling when you told me the bushes and stalks were flower-people and could feel, and be good and bad like us?"

The Mother hesitated only a moment before the lie—but in that moment lost the battle.

"No, son. They are good and bad like people, and must be treated well, and fed and cared for so they will grow up strong and good."

But the seed of Disillusionment was sown in the Prince's brain and could not be uprooted. He slid from his mother's arms with a serious little frown on his tear-stained face, and looked around with skeptical eyes. The woman, tense and anxious, watched him. The boy's troubled look increased. He shook his head doubtfully and stood deep in thought before his favorite rosebush, now dismantled and charmless. It was in vain. The spell was gone, and the soul that the mother and son had instilled into the bush had fled.

Suddenly a high nasal voice from over the wall shouted, "Hey, Ted, come on over and play with my new engine!"

The Prince turned and looked inquiringly at the Mother. "Can I go?" he said. The Mother smiled assent through misty eyes, and snatching up his hat the Prince ran hastily for the open wicket, carelessly striking at a half-blown rose as he did so. He slammed the gate behind him and ran noisily to the next yard.

The Mother Regent sank down suddenly on a wooden garden bench, and two big shining drops ran unheeded down her cheeks. The curse had fallen, and she had lost her Prince forever.

C. L. Watkins.

TO MAETERLINCK.

Weaver of dreams like cloudy tapestries,
With runic symbols curiously wrought,
Half-guessed at in the gloom, the mystic keys
That guard stranger treasures of secret thought;

Painter of haunted gardens gray with time,
Dark, dreamy forests stretching to the sea,
Grim castles blackened by unwhispered crime,
And lifeless marshes palled with mystery;

Singer of moonlight music that disparts
The dim, strained silence of the summer night
With passion too intense for human hearts,
And horror shuddering itself from sight;

The sense of fugitive, forgotten things
Stirs through the twilight beauty of thy bars,
Strange gleams of knowledge, as of hidden springs
That seep their way through fresh arbutus stars.

Far off we hear the full sea's pulsing beat,
Through all his lofty oaks the wood-god mourns,
We dare not look, lest, in the dark, we meet
The awful eyes of the unhurried Norns.

J. S. Newberry.

AUGUSTE RODIN.

“**H**E is our Michelangelo; and if he had not been that, he might have been our Donatello,”—so Henley has given us Rodin. The Greek inspired by an ideal of physical beauty, the builders of the Gothic cathedrals obeying the Christian ascetic and psychic ideal, have laid the foundation for all great sculpture. A third stage in the development of this art is now upon us, based on a modern ideal, that of passion and nervousness, that of the struggle between soul and flesh. This dynamic force is essential to the progress of art; that is why Rodin, the assertor of this modern ideal, is great. The originality of Rodin consists in his discovery and expression of what is closest to us, an expression demanding large profile and great patterns. Independent of what others may think, Rodin has labored incessantly until, after a half century of struggle, he is recognized as the greatest sculptor of our times.

True, his achievements result from his study of nature! She, obviously, is the mother of Phidias' and Praxiteles' "heroic poetry," Donatello's "incomparable prose," Michelangelo's "prodigious and dreadful conceptions of line and mass." We in our civilization stand on the shoulders of the past—and among us stands Rodin. His bronze "Head of an Old Man" was so excellent as to be taken for an antique; his "Brazen Age" adjudged worthy of Donatello. But no one has doubted his originality. To the worshippers of the Academy this has indeed been an insurmountable barrier. All artists turn to nature for the truth. Look at the exaggeration of the sculptor of "Moses" and you will say "The truth—yes!—with rhetoric." To Rodin the great blocks of marble are already shaped into wondrous forms, of groups of children, of interlaced bodies, of prostrate Danaïds, of poor old women gazing at their horrible nudity, of a young man with his arms thrown violently about the neck of a chimera, of a miser and prostitute dying together, all alive

with passion, trembling with nerves. Here there is a beautiful woman's head thrusting its way out of a rock, a lovely flower springing from a drear stone. Look at that arched rock, which suggests a man, the worker wrapt in the monastic habit of a dressing gown, from which, ferocious in the enjoyment of life, is forced haughtily forth the lion's head of Balzac, the great smile, the eagle eye crackling under the crag of eyebrow. The pose is of a promontory against which all waves may pound in vain. Never before has anything like this been seen. It is at once the exaggeration and dynamic power of Rodin's art, by which truth is *rammed* home.

He must cast himself into his work body and soul whoever would attain Rodin's ideal of truth. Truth is to Rodin art; art is all that he lives for. The basis for Rodin's truth is nature; the underlying significance in nature is force, power. Rodin's creations are myriad, but there is not one among them that does not strive. His men struggle in the energy of nature, his women in the energy of weakness, strong in that it is the energy of the subtler senses. He has recently done a wonderful figure, "The Thinker." We look straight at a powerful man sitting nude upon a stool of rock, his toes clutching at it fiercely, so desperately is he involved in the toil of thought. The right elbow is jammed across upon the left knee; over the knee cap of this same knee the long left arm hangs loosely. The heavy head is bent until the chin scrapes the great chest, while the balled fist of the right hand supports the thrust of the neck so violent as to turn the heavy lips up to the nose. It is the agony of thought that causes at one time the tension and total relaxation of the different parts of the body. This is the *force of nature*. Let us consider another figure. Here a man is seen from the side. He sits on the ground. His trunk is bent in a long curve to the left thigh, which strains straight up from the loins. The calf at right angles from the thigh stretches in a straight line to the foot, around the ball of which his hands are clasped in a frenzy. The right leg is bent like an inverted V. The head is sunk between the

shoulders. The flesh of the whole body is heavy as the heart that yields to despair. Despair it is—we could never mistake it. We will say that these startling poses are characteristic and applicable only to the moods of thought and despair, but we neglect to perceive what a study of nature was required to obtain attitudes, the significance of which we never fail to see. It is for these that Rodin watches and waits, for by them he may disclose to the least appreciative the power of nature.

There is something else that helps us to arrive at the truth, comprehending as we do this force which Rodin finds in nature. Rodin is a poet with stone as the instrument of expression. Stones are possessed of all sorts of figures waiting only to be chiseled out. His "Balzac" is more than Balzac; it is the genius of the great Parisian as revealed to us in the "Comedie Humaine." Note how he has treated his modern ideal. To Rodin there are no longer any noble or vulgar subjects—there is no place for them in his conception of things. A plastic art may be inspired by a thought; it must not represent an anecdote. As Wagner expressed in his music the meaning of the words to which the music was written, so Rodin makes known in his sculpture the feelings of whatever figures he has modeled his clay into. He has created a series of extraordinary models in a proportion peculiar to him. They are in the dimensions of a meter at the most. This form Rodin has used to express even the strongest emotion. These are his subjects,—thoughts, sensations, dreams, a veritable album in stone comparable with the songs of a Schumann or the lyrics of a Heine. His figures seem to have an almost incredible energy in their gestures. They palpitate, they tremble or they suffer with love. Their looks are primitive, enraptured or despairing, or stamped with a sorrowful exaltation. The women are slender, arching and very supple, with breasts almost like those of young men and with long graceful forms. "The men do not exhibit that ostentation of muscle in which the mediocre sculptor reveals his craft." Like poplars storm-driven their lithe

forms bend. They are preëminently nervous. They, are, indeed, modern in tone with unrest in their hearts, men of the decadence whose nature it is to spiritualize feverishly the simplest feeling, the most material sensation. One feels them to be literally impregnated with all the drunkenness of mingled ideality and nervousness. Each of these marbles is a song, a grand and sorrowful poem of the aspirations of an intelligent and disturbed humanity. Rodin has brought it about that he competes not with the sculpture of others, but with life. I have often felt if I touched that back it would shiver! Rodin has turned stone into life where others have turned life into stone. In this material he makes known to us that which is usually told in music or lyric and psychic poetry. Thus it is that Rodin is inseparably connected by the equality of his art to Nature.

If we understand Rodin's conception of nature to be both forceful and personal, we are ready to look at a monument the like of which has never been created—the Burghers of Calais. Froissart tells us, how after deliberation in the market-place of the famished Calais, six citizens went to surrender themselves and their lives to Edward of England. There are six figures larger than nature by one-third, so perfect as to seem alive. Clad only in their shirts with a cord about their necks, they advance in the market-place. They are not grouped on a pedestal according to the traditions of the schools; the composition is not pyramidal nor yet in bas-relief, neither sigmatic nor polygonal, simply natural and processional. Eustache de Saint-Pierre walks ahead, bowed down by his great age: others follow, all six marching resolutely toward martyrdom. Their gestures have that vagueness and want of decision that corresponds to the state of their souls. Their faces each possessing their distinct character manifest their complete resignation. They are immortal types of perfect martyrs, of self-sacrifice, of human helplessness. The simplicity of the sculpture is startling. There is no vague imitation of pose and detail, merely a broad handling of the scanty drapery enhancing the model-

ling of their faces and hands. It is a great monument, wonderful in pathos; a great masterpiece meant to be seen against the background of sky. It is a human drama, a heartrendingly human drama—in stone.

The "Gates of Hell" are to reveal to us Rodin's epic, an epic destined to be one of the very greatest. For over a quarter of a century it has stood in his studio an object of his never ending labor. Fragile as the plaster in which it is temporarily expressed, it is, nevertheless, the greatest monument to Dante and the *Comedia* that has yet been done. The great work when completed is to form a pair of bronze doors for the Palais des Arts Decoratifs, a work comparable only in its grandeur to those famous doors which Ghiberti spent his life working on, the doors of the Baptistry of Florence. It is an epic where in an atmosphere of white passion all of the demands and sensations of humanity find their expression. Dante is the inspirer and leader throughout this coil of suffering and thought. With Rodin the object has not been to give a literary rendition of his work, but only to follow the outline of the poet's thought. In disordered high-and-low relief as well as statues in the round, are incarnated various episodes of the Dantesque vision. The whole is a gigantic falling, striving, battling of the senses, in which a multitude of figures are involved. The lowest forms and types fill that portion of the Gate that most nearly touches the earth. As the Gate rises before us the ideas that inspire them become subtler and more involved. "Femmes damnees" lead upward and downward out of caves and mountainous crags; they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip; they embrace over a precipice; they roll together into bottomless pits of descent; arms wave in appeal and clasp shuddering bodies in an extremity of despair. All this sorrowful and tortured flesh is consumed with desire. Over the whole broods the spirit of Sorrow as the great struggle keeps ever advancing. Above all in the tympanum of the doorway sits the figure of solitary grandeur, a pathetic figure, which though it is no likeness of Dante

may be said to shadow his attributes under human identification. Nude, freed from all vestments that would make him a slave of a fixed epoch, he sits in naked severity. He reflects concerning men and mortal things. He it is that dominates the thought of this great piece of art and it is his sorrow that he suffers when gazing upon this struggle of all times that pervades these "Gates of Hell."

The fame and immortality of Rodin is already secured. This the "Burghers of Calais" or the "Gates to Hell" would in themselves have attested. He has done busts which are the finest examples of portraiture; he has done figurines and fantasies remarkable for the grandness of their conception. Rembrandt, Corot, and Millet all came with a message to times not ready to give ear. There was a time when Rodin was befriended only by some few critics and some violently extreme spirits. Whatever honor he has failed to get from the Salon he is now receiving from all France, from the entire world. He has expressed our modern ideal so as to emulate nature in the realness of the results. He has taught his clay to live under the touch of the poet. A great thinker is Rodin: a very great sculptor.

Walter B. Wolf.

THE LONELINESS OF THEODORE.

MR. MAN STICK, sometime clothespin to Norah, the "hired girl," was bruising his wooden body during the exploit. He was being lowered into the vast canyon of the cellar-way by Teddy.

Endless were the adventures of Mr. Man Stick and his band, common folk, made by breaking up kindlings. They had explored the rugged heights of Woodpile Mountain. From their shingle dwellings, in the garden, they had sallied forth as border thieves.

Mr. Man Stick, becoming unduly proud of his leadership, laid a plot to assume kingship. Even before the coming of One Leg, also an erstwhile clothespin, Man Stick had begun to execute insubordinate followers by the hatchet guillotine. One Leg, being a doughty soldier who had lost one limb in the Clothes-line Service, inspired a plot to overthrow Man Stick.

A war of swift skirmishes led to the destructive battle of Chopping Block, where many men were cut asunder by crushing blows like those of a gigantic hatchet. One Leg, defeated, fled to the city of Garden Corner, while his foeman was hailed as King Man Stick I. An elaborate coronation was followed by a procession to Box-by-the-Garden, the chariots drawn by "imaginary" steeds, from Man Stick's castles in Spain. The court was apparelled in gorgeous fabrics from the Rag Bag. King Man Stick wore a crown of copper wire; his smock of red silk, somewhat faded and torn, perhaps; his over-robe of the figured brocade known as "chair-covering." Though the mitre of the Archbishop of Woodshed slightly resembled a paper cocked hat, the courtiers' tooth-pick rapiers were of a most satisfying genuine appearance.

One Leg had gathered, meanwhile, a new following of bandits and pirates. Embarking at the port of End-of-the-Board-walk, they sailed in three cigar-box ships toward

Wood-shed, Man Stick's capital. According to Teddy, as the Whiskerandos muttered in their native tongues of Turgeneff and Sanskrit, clinging to the soaring rat-lines, they made a terrifying spectacle.

The royal forces sailed out in the frigate Starch-box. The marauders, attacking boldly, dismayed their opponents by a shower of combustibles. When the robe of King Man Stick caught fire from a lighted match, he forgot caution and ordered the Starch-box to grapple.

As the frigate approached, a Fourth-of-July fire-cracker was thrown aboard. Following the shattering explosion the pirates began to board quickly. As Teddy, the over-soul of it all, was gloating over this unprecedented destruction, from the upper window of The House quavered the voice of the Professor, Ted's father. Though not of a jealous temper, the Professor demanded quiet, and had been utterly absorbed in strophes and antistrophes since his wife's death.

"What are you doing, littering up the back yard so? You may cease from playing with the stick-dolls immediately! Do something quiet and cleanly."

"But, papa, I haven't anything else to do," trembled Teddy's falsetto. "Can't I go over and play with the boys on the Green, then?"

"Certainly not. Amuse yourself and clean up this rubbish."

The Professor's boots creaked down the hallway. Sorrowfully Teddy gathered the scattered chips.

"Gee. Wish I had something to do. The chip folks were 'most all I had. Wish I could play with the fella's. Don't care if they do corrup' my morals."

Servants were cleaning the Mourne house, next door. With its many stalked rose and lilac bushes, its stable of dark, mysterious depths, the Mourne yard was a forbidden Elysium to Teddy. "Could the family be returning from their five years' absence abroad?" he reflected, thinking of Irene, whom he dimly remembered as a pretty child.

"P'raps she will play with me, and we'll have mud-pie parties. And we'll explore the stable, for robber caves. Bet it's dandy in there."

Teddy spun the web of possibilities until it became wearisome, listlessly wandering from garden to woodshed, and from woodshed to garden. An attack on the Clothes Poles (inhabitants of an imaginary Poland) grew dull. He curled up on the rag-bag, sighing, "It's so hot. I ain't got any,—anything to do." His head ceased nodding. A sparrow hopped down the board-walk undisturbed by the foeman.

Wood-box filling and errands kept Ted's mornings from dragging. He was often sent to the great grocery, which, as it seemed to him, had every kind of edible in the world on its shelves. Afternoons, however, Teddy was often reduced to counting the number of bricks in the side of the stately old Mourne house. He oftentimes "made believe" that he was one of the heroes of whom he had read or been told by his father. Don Quixote followed Washington; Charlemagne's sceptre became Man Friday's club.

On the day following the downfall of the kindling people a grind-organ man tortured "Il Trovatore" in front of the house. Teddy listened, in perplexity between the "beautiful music" and the villainous appearance of the Italian, until the Professor's voice, almost warm from his anger, ordered the man away. In disgrace Teddy returned to the rear, to watch a man rake the Mourne yard, and to consider Irene's half-remembered golden hair.

Teddy's evenings were often spent in the Professor's study, reading its books or those from the village library. That evening he was hurrying excitedly through adventures wild, in the pages of "Camp-Mates."

Dusk changed to night. Leaning over the window-sill of the yet unlighted study, Ted looked down on the quiet elm-arched avenue. Street lamps shone faintly. Down the smooth macadam came the soft whirl of bicycles and the "honk honk" of a motor car. On a neighboring door-stoop young people were talking and laughing. A metallic-toned

piano sounded faintly in rollicking rag-time. The soothing quietude was disturbed, for Ted, by the wish that he were nearer the piano, or else allowed to join the boys at their evening games of "Run, Sheep, Run" and "Hide and Go Seek," whose distant sound came pleasantly to him.

Norah was gossiping with a neighbor's cook, forgetting that the lamps were unlighted. As Ted returned to "Camp-Mates" after her tired and cross appearance, he felt that were he Glen, of that book, he would undoubtedly marry Irene and drive away Norah.

His father returned home in a kindly mood, with a story or two of his boyhood as the son of the American consul in Liverpool.

"Did you have to play in a back yard?"

"No, I wandered among the docks for many an hour."

While the Professor dreamily recalled the great basins and grim warehouses along the Mersey, Teddy was contrasting these alien wonders with the woodshed,—the garden,—the board-walk. On many an evening the Morris chair in which Teddy was curled became a winged chariot bearing him afar. From the Everglades to Asia he sought fortune and ventured his life. Beside the classic and mediæval legends and fairy-tales, such boys' books as "Down the Canyon," "The Flamingo Feather," and the "Ned" and "Frank" books, opened fair worlds reflected in twilight reveries.

In the rôle of Glen in "Camp-Mates," next afternoon, Ted was examining wide-rolling prairies through his broom-stick surveyor's level, until the party was attacked by Apaches. As Ted's rifle, which resembled the surveyor's level, was barking, Chief Chopping Block grappled with him. A portion of the pile of stove wood was thrown down. Hearing the kitchen door open, and not caring to answer sarcastic inquiries from Norah, Ted climbed up in the dark cavern between the roof and the top of the woodpiles. Here he lounged, imagining himself Haroun Al Raschid, loftily ordering Glen, the Grand Vizier, to execute Norah.

Some days later Ted enticed the grocer's boy to delay in his return to the store after a delivery. Their half hour of ecstasy was terminated by the simultaneous appearance of an irate grocer and of a suspicious Norah. Following this misfortune, Ted began a series of adventures of the Nail Folk, particularly of the stalwart Sidewalk Spike.

It was during Mr. Spike's trial for the murder of Miss Stable. Iron Hinge, the presiding judge, was charging the jury when his audience deserted him to watch three people alighting before the Mourne house. With wide eager eyes Ted looked at the gray-haired Colonel, the lady, and the golden-tressed girl. Away joggled the village hack; laughing voices entered the house; windows were opened. Through one of them Ted heard: "How good it is to be home!"

When the girl, clad in an elaborate frock, of foreign air, came into the back yard, Teddy was uncertain as to whether she might not belong to the same genus as angels and butterflies. Here at last was the guiding star to fill his wan life with light. Like Sir Nigel Loring, he was now "Yrad to combat, not for his own advancement, but for the honor of his lady." A voice from a window which called "Ire-e-e-ne" seemed to chant a soul-satisfying hymn.

Through all his twilight dreams flickered this shimmering butterfly. Now she was in a Howard Pyle castle, upon a hill of glass. Ted was climbing to rescue her, aided by pitch given him by the conventional fairy in disguise. Now Irene was walking the piratical plank; with Ted's frigate issuing from the harbor. Now she was rescued from a fourth story window by Ted wearing a red and green fireman's helmet, like Micky O'Terrahan, the grocery boy's hero.

Irene remained a heroine, but failed to become a playmate. She had enough of companions, with a fond mother, an attentive maid and her haughty little cousins from "The Big House on the Hill," a fabulous mansion, even said to have a pipe organ like the church. Her haughty little heart saw nothing of interest in this freckled, awkward youngster, who actually wore faded and patched trousers.

His little advances received no response, so Ted made several attempts to acquire a heroic reputation. On an afternoon when Irene and the French-heeled cousins were enjoying a doll teaparty, Teddy tried to exhibit some acrobatic stunts, first displayed to his wondering eyes by the grocer's boy. With a bold swing upward, he stood on his head—and came tumbling down. Essaying more cautiously, he elevated himself as far as the shoulder blades. From the other garden came something like a chorus of snickers. With hot cheeks Teddy retreated toward the woodshed.

When Irene wore a garland of flowers it seemed to corroborate a theory which Teddy had been slowly formulating. Irene must be some disguised dauphiness adopted by the Mournes. Thus did awe mingle itself with Ted's increasing devotion.

Near the woodshed stood a dignified sunflower, whose large blossoms had ever seemed to Teddy of surpassing beauty. With his desire for the flower and his fear of Norah overcome by adoration for the Princess Irene, he cut the sunflower stalk, one evening. Trembling he laid the votive offering by the piano box which served as Irene's doll-house.

In the morning Ted waited with panting anxiety till she appeared and skipped toward the doll house, humming. Picking up the sunflower disdainfully, Irene threw it toward the stable, and dusted her hands with a tiny handkerchief. "Who put that horrid flower in front of my house?" she called peevishly to the maid at the window.

For a long time sat Teddy in the woodshed door, solemnly gazing at the bare sunflower stalk, shorn of its magnificence.

When Teddy's birthday came, the next week, at luncheon he received a cake with candles from Norah, and from his father conventional and lukewarm congratulations plus a new quarter. As he sat on the back steps, eating his cake and hunting for fat raisins, Teddy thought of the long trolley excursions on which Mother had been wont to take him on each birthday.

Irene was very lonely. Her cousins were out of town, the maid away, her mother asleep. Dolls without a playmate seemed boresome to her unimaginative mind. After the lightness of the Mournes' dainty lunch the cake looked attractive. She would grace and astound this tow-headed urchin by her presence, even though he did wear old-fashioned shoes with small copper plates nailed over the toes!

"I have come to play with you, Theodore," she announced.

Teddy was as much overwhelmed as though the woodshed had turned into a castle, a consummation which he had often devoutly wished.

"I,—I'm awfully glad to see you," he stammered. "I—I got a birthday cake."

"Oh, have you a birthday cake? Ah, it is verree preetee."

"W—won't you have some?"

"Just a little piece," protested Irene coyly, proceeding to eat half the cake.

"Pretend I'm a queen and you're my subject. Now what are you going to bring me?"

"I knew she was a really, truly queen in disguise," thought Teddy, excitedly. He presented a pile of fat raisins, carefully abstracted from his part of the cake, together with the shiniest of the Nail People.

"Shall I drill for you?" he proposed with romantic shyness, balancing a lath sword in his hand. While he was marching, with choppy steps, swinging the sword, Irene cautiously dropped the nails down cracks in the steps.

"Were you a queen or a dauphiness in Europe?" asked the royal army, suddenly ending its drill.

"A-what? Oh, a queen? Oh, yes, of course. I had a castle up in Dreibach, near the funny little inn, you know. And I used to spend the winter on the Champs Elysées."

"Then you never had to stay in a back yard and play with nails and things like that?"

"Oh no. I had two dolls, all made of di'mun! And I used to have a great big mountin' to play on. And piles of maids."

"Did you have lots of jew'ls?"

"I got a di'mun crown! You haven't got one."

"But I've got a bran' new quarter. Papa gave it to me for my birthday."

"Oh, goodie. That's awful nice. Let's spend it. Get the quarter and don't tell anybody. We'll get some sody water."

Teddy obeyed the royal command.

As they crossed the village green, a crowd was gathering about the band stand. A man with a red band about his hat was dancing and ecstatically burbling, "Come and be saved; come to His arms." A woman in a straw bonnet burst into bits of song, pounding a drum.

Who were these strange people? Presumably the soldier was one of those Mexican War recruiting sergeants who had lured off Ted's grandfather. As a blood-stirring "r-r-r-rat tat tat" sounded from the drum, Ted threw out his stomach with a would-be martial air. He announced the recruiting theory to Irene, who was clinging to his hand. "By fiddle" (a terrible oath learned from the grocer's boy), Ted would go to war, return a captain, and—

"That ain't nothing but a Salvation Narmy," sniffed Irene impatiently, while Ted's pride collapsed.

Before they reached the drug store, however, Ted recovered from his crest-fallen mystification by chasing away an enormous Newfoundland which Irene feared.

Ted's ice cream soda seemed a bumper of "the true, the blushing hippocrene." How could men prepare so delicious a beverage? Remembering a classic tale of his father's, he inquired of the drug store man, "Isn't this nectar?"

"No, I haven't any nectar flavor. That's strawb'ry you've got," replied the sandy-haired little man, wondering at the sudden smile of the Doctor, who was filling a prescription.

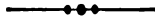
Outside, the sun was pouring through the dusty August air. There came the drowsy rumble of a distant wagon. A locust's long-drawn thrill sounded soporifically.

"I'm going home," announced Irene abruptly, tightly grasping the candy which Ted had purchased with his remaining nickel. A nap would be pleasant, and this dirty-pawed, bashful boy was not amusing. Ted followed, wondering, as she flounced home.

For a long time, on the following afternoon, he sat waiting for Irene to fulfill a promise she had made, and come to play with him again. From the side door, a few feet away, minced Irene in the majesty of a new-starched frock, going to The Big House on the Hill. Her nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a rose," was held high. She hurried by, not deigning to notice Teddy.

The village passed into its afternoon slumber, while still sat the forlorn figure on the low division wall, looking on the bare backyard which that morning had seemed so full of noble possibilities for play.

Harry S. Lewis.



INCENSE OF THE FALL TIME.

Soft droops the haze in yonder dells
Thick-draped with vines, deep-purple hued,
And splashed with sun-light, diamond dewed,
Or gilded there with asphodels.
Where'er the ridges swell and sink
There drowsy hangs the purple mist,
A sea of gold when sunset-kissed,
It pales the skyline's sullen brink.
Slow through the vales the haze streams down
To th' bivouac tents of golden maze:
'T is incense stilled from pines ablaze
For these parched meadows, yellow-brown.

Rolland M. Edmonds.

THE MAKING OF A STORY.

"I was walking one night in the verandah of a small house in which I lived outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinary clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of the forests. From a good way below, the river could be heard contending with ice and boulders; a few lights scattered through the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions."

I HAVE quoted here a passage which I ran across in a pocket edition of Robert Louis Stevenson the other day. The last phrase caught my eye—so here were fine conditions for the making of a story! I started with interest, for in these days when stories appear at the rate of several hundred a week it is a foolish man who passes lightly over fine conditions for the production of one of them. I promptly determined to take the great author's hint and make use of this setting, which would undoubtedly suggest a good plot, but try as I would no glimmer of inspired light entered my brain. Still, I reasoned, there must be something in it, or a great man like Mr. Stevenson would not have given such a statement to the world, so I sat down and went through the quotation phrase by phrase, thus:

"It was winter,"—ah, that gives a tinge of color, of atmosphere to the idea. There is a white blanket of snow on the ground, through which the black devastated stumps of trees appear. The woods beyond the clearing are black and gloomy with scraggly tops making a fringe against the sky. "The night was very dark,"—Fine! Here is material for an Indian tale, with a painted savage behind every stump ready to make a murderous attack upon the desperate defenders of the log hut. We will have them leap forth with a horrid yell, and just as they are about to break through the rending door, with the flare of firebrands and the flashes of powder lighting up their demoniacal faces,—but this is too much like our verbose friend Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper and his wonderful creatures of the woods. We all know Mr. Cooper was

debarred from the Hall of Fame, so we will make no attempt to follow in his footsteps. Any way, in his ninety odd volumes he certainly left no savage wile, nor scout's trick, nor maiden's adventure unrecorded, so we will pass on to the next phrase.

"The air extraordinary clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of the forests." Now we have something with a gleam of inspiration in it. There is a strong and romantic rhythm to these words. They suggest a pair of forest lovers wandering silently through the noble pines that whisper and creak in the sharp night air, and give forth that "pure sweetness" that makes it a joy to breathe. We can imagine our heroine here as no dainty, fragile, hot-house blossom, with a little wit, a vast amount of worldly knowledge, and skill amounting almost to genius in arraying herself for the admiration of men. Far from it! She must be a girl with a healthy color in her clear skin, a healthy sparkle in her eyes, a healthy poise to her vigorous body, which is clothed in plain, sensible garments. And our hero?—he is a tall powerful woodsman; how could he be anything else? No tourist goes to Saranac in winter. His strong weather-beaten face, his brilliant piercing eyes, his broad shoulders and free wide stride are everything that a whole-souled woman could desire. But now that we have our subjects what shall we do with them? Alas, nothing; for if we stop to think of it, Mr. Stevenson has thoughtlessly left out the moon, and not even George Barr McCutcheon could write a love episode without that important piece of mechanism. Why, no dainty profile would glow beside him with a soft pale light; there could be no melting gleam in her glorious eyes, no silvery tendril of hair could nestle against her cheek. What's the use of trying it! The only conversation we can imagine would be a smile now and then in the darkness. Of course we might lose them in the black forest, but there were two hundred and six similar catastrophes recorded in fiction this year, so we will desert our poor couple for more hopeful material.

Next we read: "From a good way below, the river was to be heard, contending with ice and boulders." This looks promising. Perhaps there is a party of careless pleasure-seekers coasting down the river banks and out upon the ice, who will lose one of their number in a treacherous air hole: perhaps the imperiled one will be a fair maiden and the rude worthy mountaineer, whom she has cast aside for a more brilliant stranger, will hurl himself after her at the risk of life and limb while the dismayed rival stands stricken with terror gazing at the rescue. This situation certainly has merits. There is only one difficulty. There is no complicated, subtle, soul-writhing in this plot; the heroine can do but one obvious thing—she must cling to her rescuer. We might convert the rascal on the bank into her husband, but the *Smart Set* has run that complication down deep into the ground and it is not for us. Judged by modern standards then, this idea will not do. The open life of the mountains is not conducive to freaks like Pam, nor lunatics like Lady Kitty. We cannot imagine the well-groomed hero of the "Masquerader" plunging into the dark icy waters in his evening clothes, and surely the "Man on the Box" would have scorned such a commonplace rescue. Farewell to the river then.

There is one last hope: "A few lights scattered unevenly among the darkness but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation." A village by night—what does that suggest? Let us see. Pretty soon a dog will bark, a long-drawn, melancholy howl on the night air. Lew Haskins' setter across the road will answer in kind, there will be a few sleepy responses up and down the village street, and then absolute silence again. Pretty soon the lights will go out one by one, and from that time until the first glimmerings of dawn appear the hamlet will be dead. What else ever happened in a country town at night, unless some stroke of chance induced a conflagration to disturb the monotony? But fires long ago lost their usefulness as factors in story-telling, save in the preparatory school monthly and *Gunther's Magazine*.

No, we can imagine no more bleak or hopeless spot in which to evolve a tale of human interest than this sleeping village, and its natural surroundings.

"What is the matter?" I asked myself. "Why with such well recommended conditions will not a story come to the surface like the bubbles in Apollinaris?" Fool that I was, I should have recognized this fact: Mr. Stevenson is out of date so far as his ideal of a good story goes; he is a relic of the past. He appeared as a prophet of the present in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and other tales, but the day of the simple, virtuous maid and the valorous lover is over. The homely country scene that Mr. Stevenson admired must give place to the unnatural atmosphere of London drawing-rooms, or the doubtful character of Bohemian resorts, or the mysteries of unknown lands and seas. The genius that could write of the most commonplace things of life in a fascinating way has departed from the face of the earth; the celebrator of simple, honest love is no longer with us; and Chinese puzzles have taken the places of the good old tales that inspired our fathers. But after all, what's the difference? Let us subscribe to *Ainslee's* and *Town Topics*, and all the others; and let us see Bernard Shaw's plays with their glimpses of the finer shades of real life; and let us buy Robert Chambers' books, even if we are criminally cheated by his heroines who insist upon wedding bells the second or third days of what promised to be long and interesting courtships. It is thus the world wags and thus we ourselves must wag in order not to be hopelessly out of it,—but we do look back with pity on poor Mr. Stevenson and his conditions for fine stories.

C. L. Watkins.

NOTABILIA.

Through the columns of the *News* the innovation of a LIT. business competition has recently been announced. The one regrettable feature of the competition is that it was started over-late. But the eminently safe and sane preceding Board, looking at the scheme in an entirely different way, felt unable to sanction its inception last year.

The present plan of having a business manager apart from the five regular LIT. editors is not without precedent. During the college year 1889-90, at least, such a scheme was in vogue. But the present Board feel that they do not have to quote precedent. The present Board adopted the present system because it seemed best adapted to present conditions.

"Custom, that all mankind to slavery brings,
That dull excuse for doing stupid things"

May be evilly over-valued.

The world outside grows, and Yale, to live, must grow with it. Yale grows, and the LIT. to live, must grow with it. It is not always easy for a staid old institution like the LIT. to change its mode of life. But progress is the penalty as well as the blessing of civilization. In the mountain country of the border Southern states the life today is something the life of New England two hundred years ago. A man is forced to develop all around. A successful West Virginia doctor may be a preacher, distiller, storekeeper and farmer, on the side. In the ultra-civilization of New York City a doctor to be a success must be a specialist, of the skin diseases of the left ear, perhaps. The mountain man may not be much of a doctor, but he is an all-round man. The city doctor must be a good specialist, but he is too rarely an all-round man.

The analogy seems fairly clear. By the growth of the world of Yale, the LIT. is forced to grow, to branch, to specialize. There is more truth than poetry in the thought. Ideally the LIT. would like to see Yale men all-around men.

capable of making the LIT. of to-day and managing the business end of it too. Their fathers did it. But practically the LIT. of today is forced to specialize. For the all-round man, the man who can do everything, is not able enough to do anything in this complex, specialized civilization which binds us.

* * * *

The LIT. competition is at present painfully bashful. The one consistent tenet of nine-tenths of the contributors is to keep their personality entirely out of their work. Every LIT. heeler must have a point of view,—it is common to man; yet the vast majority keep their point of view shyly out of their work, and write from their guesses as to what might be the point of view of Sir Launcelot of the Lake or anybody else. Shakespeare and one or two other well-known gentlemen, who have kept the world guessing for centuries as to what manner of men they were, could do this sort of thing. But unfortunately most LIT. heelers do not seem to have the knack. Without doubt there will be on the 1907 LIT. Board clever or well-read devotees of this theory of hide-the-personality. But they will be there because men who write what they feel are too few to complete the Board. For a bit of rough living work is worth more to the LIT. than a clever imitation.

Men who write what they feel have a hard row to hoe. Unless they are unusually gifted they are for long the object of the world's derision. In our little world, an overwhelmingly self-conscious mood tale, or an over-intimate love song, has disturbed the accustomed sobriety of the LIT. office more than once. But perhaps the present LIT. Board, perhaps too those who have gone before, have been ashamed of their jeering laughter, brutal laughter at a man who had attempted much, and failed. And those men who hoe the hard row, and hoe it well, get the big potatoes.

J. N. G.

PORTFOLIO.

—I think I am the only one now who comes often to this place. I can sit here all a long summer afternoon and see no living thing save the birds and the butterflies. The "Great House," as we call it, has been bare and tenantless these twenty years. The garden is all overgrown and gone to seed. Yet it is, of all places that I know, the sweetest to rest in, on a fair day, when the sun is warm, and the sky is blue, and sturdy robins search for provender, and the tiny humming-bird darts and poises before the honeysuckle vines. Or, in the wayward April days, when the peach trees are in blossom, I love to come here, alone except for my book and the flowers. I keep very good company, here in the garden.

IN AN OLD
GARDEN.

I can lie back in the shadow of the peach trees and picture to myself the garden, as it looked in the brave old days. I can see, in my fancy, the quaint, formal avenues of box, and the cool gravel walks, stretching away from the sun-dial, the beds of mignonette and heliotrope, and the rows of hollyhocks, standing straight and trim like soldiers. There, on the right, was the rose-garden where you could find old-fashioned sweet-briar, and cool moss roses, or simple single roses pink and white,—dewy, white roses such as they say in Italy are the thoughts, made manifest, of Mary, the mother of God.

Around the garden runs a red brick wall, some eight feet high, where sweet "wall fruit" mellowed in the suns of past days. Even now, the peach and plum trees are thriving; they shower me with their blossoms, in defiance of decay and weeds.

It is a very old-world place, this garden. Redcoats and crinolines, queues and ruffles, swords and flowered petticoats,—surely the garden blooms with them. See, what a stir there is when the big coach with four horses and postillions dashes up the drive, and black Pompey announces, "My Lady So and So!" How charmingly the ladies curtsy, and how stately and dignified are the gentlemen as they bow in return. There is Beau Howard. See him tap his snuff-box with the latest London air, and brush the dust from his ruffles with a mecklin kerchief. With what calm insolence he stares at young Mas-

ters, the advocate's son, who is in a great pother because his peach-blow waistcoat has lost a button and Mistress Betty is smiling at him. Thus they come and go, redcoats and crinolines—the garden is a brave sight this May day.

And later when the great, silver moon looks down on the garden, we can see them moving through their graceful minuets, in the candle-lit ball-room. Flash! Rattle! the gentlemen draw their swords and form a glittering arch, beneath which run the fairest ladies in the province. And perhaps, two lovers steal out from the candle-lit ball-room into the garden and the night. We shall not interrupt them, you and I, as they sit together in the moonlight. See, he brings her flowers, large, dewy roses, or heliotrope that means "I love you,"—Alack a day! Why did I open my eyes? The sun is down; the wind is rising; it is growing cold. The garden is all overgrown and gone to seed.

R. E. Danielson.

—Some men are liars from vanity; some are liars from interest; and some are liars from necessity. Baron Munchausen belongs to none of these classes, but

*BARON MUN-
CHAUSEN,
AN EXPONENT
OF THE
FINE ARTS.*

to a fine arts department, a belles-lettres grade. He is a natural liar, just as some horses are natural pacers and some dogs are natural hunters, with an irresistible prompting of instinct and an enraptured love of the art. His genius is free from such commonplace alloys as interest and temptation. He lies with a relish, with an appetite growing with what it feeds on; with a delight of invention and a pleasure in fictitious narrative. Just as Edison rejoices in a new optheleidoscope, knowing that while he has advanced science, he has supplied a common want, Munchausen rejoices in the application of his art to life.

His lying comes from fulness of soul and comprehensiveness of mind. For him truth is too small, fact too dry and ordinary. Naturally then he has a great contempt for history and historians. They are mere tinkers of other people's wares, parrots of great men's sayings. How would he have written history? Caesar's laconic message would probably have run thus: "I came to Rostov; I saw a thousand men in a row; I killed

them all with one bullet, leaving the bullet in the last man's vest pocket, so close had been my calculation."

He scorns narrow, sectarian, sectional lying. Broad, catholic lies, illimitable as the air, approach his ideal of lying as a fine art. The partition between his memory and imagination has long since been torn down and he roams among the poetical and the romantic in thought,—for his language resembles the love sonnets of a bank clerk. Broadness makes an egotist of him, a hero of exploits and adventures, exalting himself because it is more convenient to his art. Now he comes from the Russian court, "packed with gold" like a bumble-bee coming from a clover-field; now he hunts grim monsters; and again he slays his thousands, making more history on Dover Pier than all the Cæsars did in the Forum.

His broad lying evolved into the twentieth century art of exaggeration. We exaggerate our wares, our feelings and our incomes—except to the tax-collector—whereas in his day the art was practiced only by poets and dry-goods merchants. With him truth and fact grew out-of-date. Appearance, not reality, came in style. What more prominent image do we have than Lying on her throne, surrounded by her million subjects, each striving to cling to her knees and swear fealty to her forever?

Thus since Munchausen is a respecter of neither time nor place, it is but a step farther for him to acquire the faculty of ubiquity. He was born in more places than Homer, and visited all the royal families of Europe. In an hour's discourse he can travel from Cape Finisterre to Petersburg, and relate some thrilling adventure at every place he stops. But he never remains long enough to see it out, for he must hastily see Emperor Frederick or explain some hieroglyphic, carved before Job's sheep lay sick in the land of Uz.

He "clothes the palpable and the familiar in the golden exhalations of the dawn." The most commonplace objects become dignified. This rifle Alexander of Russia gave him. That saddle was a prize from Prince Calot. This medal he won for rescuing a German from an angry mob of African savages. Incidentally, he falls in love with the Baron's sister, a blooming girl of thirty-three, not the least of whose charms were an ancestral castle and ten million marks. "But she

was a Catholic," says Munchausen, "and I was a Protestant. It was all over. She threw herself upon my neck and bade me remember her love. I confess, gentlemen, I wavered. But then my eyes fell on my locket. I thought of my promise to Princess Zula, and I shoved her aside. Therefore, I am a broken-hearted man, but a martyr to religion."

Yet Munchausen does not overcrowd nor confuse his figures. Subordinates and accessories never draw the attention from the main, substantive lie. Facts are in order and spoken by memory—of course, stopping now and then to correct a date or recollect that he was wrong. Never stingy of lies, he is never wasteful; that is, he keeps the golden mean between penuriousness and prodigality. Nor would he blush up a lie as passible liars do, to make a compromise between vanity and conscience, for of the last he had no more than an ostrich. In most of his fables he has one leading lie, contrived so that all facts and characters fall in gracefully with it.

Those characters have a gentle, genial humor about them, as they sit with us around the fireside, tickling us behind the ears and slyly poking us in the ribs. They have been robber-barons, keen and wily. Their old spears are yet sharp and it does one good to think of them jumping out from a bush before the sleepy passers-by, sobriety and idleness.

Alas for the pleasant things of earth—flowers and sunsets and pretty girls and liars—brief and fleeting are they all! Even the man who used lying as a fine art forsook civilization unduly. With a hermit's disgust at the grasp for wealth which his age manifested, at its propensity toward facts and figures and at its failure to appreciate his fine art, he posted away to the Lombard plain to pitch his tent in the shadows of the Alps, where his genius might enjoy an earned repose in voluntary exile.

Walter B. Wolf.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Junior Class Promenade Committee

Was elected on October 11, as follows: Cyril Sumner, Chairman; William McCormick Blair, Floor Manager; Calvin Truesdale, Samuel Finley Brown Morse, Theodore Polhemus Dixon, Harold Fabian, Richard Ely Danielson, William Deluce Barnes, Heathcote Muirson Woolsey.

The Sophomore Class Deacons

Were elected on October 12, as follows: H. S. Beardsley, G. Dahl, J. Williams, F. E. Norris.

The Pundits

Announced elections on October 13: W. W. Clarke, E. N. Dodge, D. McBride, R. W. Neeser, M. B. Riggs.

The Sophomore Class

On October 16, elected, as its German Committee, the following: Roger Bulkley Shepard, Chairman; Gordon Auchincloss, Floor Manager; Robert Hale Noyes, Harold Stanley, James Mulford Townsend.

The Intercollegiate Golf Championship

On October 18th was won by Yale.

The Three Hundredth Anniversary of Sir Thomas Brown

Was held in A₁ Osborn, October 19th. Dr. Francis Bacon delivered a commemorative address.

The Senior Class

On October 19th elected George Starkweather Fowler Class Secretary.

The Fall Regatta

Was held on Lake Whitney, October 21. It was won by the Sophomores.

The Sheff. Senior Class

On October 23, elected the following representatives to serve on the Junior Promenade Committee: Karl Howell Behr, Roswell Chester Tripp.

The City Government Club

On October 24th announced the election of the following new members:

From 1906—B. D. Smith, H. R. Wilson, C. W. Goodyear, G. Sturges, J. Borden, J. G. K. McClure, A. L. Westcott, G. Ely, M. B. Sands, E. N. Dodge, R. Y. Flanders, G. C. W. Low, W. S. Glazier, R. S. Wolfe, J. B. Brinsmade, B. Moore.

From 1908 L. S.—C. Slade.

From 1906 S.—R. C. Tripp, H. D. Baker, D. Gibbons, R. F. Hurlburt, J. D. Liggett, T. Byrnes, J. Kruttschnitt, F. V. Jackson, E. O. McNair, J. C. Rathborne, R. C. Morse, H. McC. Gross, K. Behr.

From 1907—H. M. Woolsey, T. P. Dixon, R. C. Danielson, L. A. Doherty, W. M. Blair.

From 1907 S.—R. Coleman, L. R. Porteous, F. O. Bennett, C. B. Jones, W. N. Barnard.

The Elihu Club

Announced elections on October 28: Austin Warmington Andrews, Effingham Nevins Dodge, Willard Deere Hosford, Robert Landon Rogers.

The Senior Class

On November 2 and 6 elected the following Class Day officers and committees:

Class Secretary—George Starkweather Fowler.

Class Poet—James Harold Wallis.

Class Orator—Lee James Perrin.

Class Day Committee—E. F. Dustin, Chairman; J. Borden, R. R. Chase, W. S. Moorhead, E. White.

Class Historian—Wilson Shaw McClintock.

Supper Committee—D. F. MacKay, Chairman; George Sturges, I. S. Hall, A. R. Flinn, L. W. Gorham.

Triennial Committee—L. J. Perrin, Chairman; W. R. Cowles, R. Y. Flanders, J. B. Brinsmade, L. E. Grant.

Cup Committee—Grosvenor Ely, Chairman; T. L. Shevlin, W. W. Clarke.

Ivy Committee—F. H. Rockwell, Chairman; H. R. Wilson, J. G. Magee.

Cap and Gown Committee—A. W. Eddy, Chairman; C. W. Goodyear, R. A. Cooke.

Picture Committee—D. A. McGee, Chairman; M. D. Thatcher, M. B. Gurley.

Football Scores

October 11—Yale 24, Springfield Training School o.
14—Yale 30, Holy Cross o.
21—Yale 12, Pennsylvania State o.
28—Yale 20, West Point o.
November 4—Yale 53, Columbia o.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Social Secretary. By David Graham Phillips. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"The Social Secretary" is a novel dealing with the social side of political life in Washington. This is another side of politics than the one portrayed in "The Plum Tree" by Mr. Phillips; the latter has greater things to deal with and may be called a more important and ambitious work. "The Social Secretary," however, is better written, is distinctly well done. The story is not striking but is interesting from first to last.

The story in brief is: Miss Talltowers, a member of one of the families of old Washington society and well known by all the prominent personages, is so reduced in circumstances that she feels it necessary to earn her living. The position she secures is that of social secretary to the Burkes, a senator's family from the West. By her efforts she makes Senator Burke one of the most prominent men in Washington and Mrs. Burke one of the most-sought women. The son Cyrus, or rather Bucyrus, is at first most disagreeable to Miss Talltowers, but later she regards him somewhat differently.

Rebecca Mary. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. Harper & Brothers.

As the study of the mental life of a peculiar child "Rebecca Mary" is a work of great interest and merit. Our emotions of sympathy and pity are aroused again and again for this lonely, strictly-ruled child—a stern, old-fashioned Plummer herself brought up by a stern, old-fashioned Plummer aunt. The humor of the book so far as it lies in the action and thoughts of Rebecca Mary is excellent, but the attempts from a sort of external standpoint are mostly failures.

The Son of the Swordmaker. By Opie Read. Laird & Lee.

This is a story of an interesting period of the Roman Empire. It is a successor of many attempts at giving an impression of Christ from a contemporary lay standpoint. The great variety of races and ideals under the wide domain of the Roman Empire is vividly portrayed. The pot-pourri of Roman militarism, British barbarism and Jewish fanaticism is obviously employed as a contrast to the purity of the early Christian religion.

The plot is not first-class. The principal situations are not sufficiently emphasized. The character-drawing as a whole is good. The discussions of the three comrades are skillfully handled; the old topic of the pen and the sword is well threshed over. The development of the character of the hero is logical under the circumstances. Nothing short of a miracle could make him capable of the slightest sensibility; and this moral miracle is accomplished through the agency of Christ.

A Proposal Under Difficulties. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers.

In the main the dialogue in this little farce is sparkling, rapid, and clever. The situations are very good. We have not seen a pleasanter book for a half-hour's light reading in some time.

Odes from the Divan of Hafiz.—Translated by Richard le Gallienne. L. C. Page & Co.

Since the classic translation of Omar Khayyam was done by Fitzgerald, numerous other translations from Persian poets have been thrust at us, lacking both the greatness of the original Omar and the greatness of the translator Fitzgerald. In this case Mr. le Gallienne claims to have made a very free translation, he has rather translated the spirit than the words, he has given to the poems the unity required in English poetry that the Persians did not ask for, "he has hoped to set forth the words of his original, in their nearest equivalents, in English music." He has attempted to be a faithful translator in that he tries to turn what has long been pleasure for the East into pleasure for the West.

Since Mr. le Gallienne is on his own confession not a literal translator, he is more open to attacks for these poems than if he chose to protect himself by the shield of a close translation. We have never read Hafiz in the original or in any literal translation. We can only say that a majority of the poems in Mr. le Gallienne's rendering are vulgar not to say sensual, certainly offensive. Few give the "English music" that was promised. In a few poems there are real beauty of thought and music of verse.

This is not musical to English ears:

Love is a mystery past my unwinding
Bitter and hard and sore;
Is there no hope a way, HAFIZ, of finding
To love no more?

Ode 44 is an example of the sensual; it begins:

Last night, as half asleep I dreaming lay,
Half naked came she in her little shift,
With tilted glass ——

and grows worse as it continues. It is at least vulgar to write:

"I will get drunk," saidst thou, "and kiss thee twice"

for the first and last line of every stanza of a poem of five stanzas. But there is no need to make more selections of the offensive. A majority of the poems are offensive, as we said. The spirit of the East may be in them, but it is a vile spirit and the poems vile.

To find some poems of merit, however, is not difficult, for there are quite a number. They may be Eastern too, but they show a different side of the spirit.

This is unquestionably musical:

How my heart aches with happiness tonight—
Here by your shadowy side under the moon!
How strange your face is in the ghostly light—
Under the willows underneath the moon.
O spirit! O child! O unconceived bliss!
For this good night, kind Fates, we give good thanks.
We shall not know again a night like this
Under the willows on the river-banks.

The following two poems, the first said to have been written by Hafiz on the death of his wife, the second on the death of his son, are the best in the book. They can be called good poems. The first is of six stanzas; the first two read:

This house hath been a fairy's dwelling-place;
As the immortals pure from head to feet
Was she who stayed with us a little space,
Then, as was meet,
On her immortal journey went her ways.

So wise was she—yet nothing but a flower;
Only a child—yet all the world to me;
Against the stars what love hath any power!
Or was it she
Went softly in her own appointed hour?

The second is :

Little sleeper the spring is here ;
Tulip and rose are come again,
Only you in the earth remain,
Sleeping, dear.

Little sleeper, the spring is here ;
I, like a cloud of April rain,
Am bending over your grave in vain,
Weeping, dear.

Little flower, the spring is here ;
What if my tears were not in vain !
What if they drew you up again.
Little flower !

The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet. By Henry Wellington Wack. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Wack, in addition to making public the very interesting letters of Mme. Drouet, has written a most readable account of her fifty-year romance with the great French poet. In the sketch of Hugo's life, the personal side is particularly emphasized ; little incidents and eccentricities that make the character real are given. His insistence on calling a bag-pipe a "*bug-pipe*," his yearly writing in the *Livre de l'Anniversaire*—Juliette's book to commemorate the date of their welded affection, February 17, 1833—are examples of intimate touches.

How Hugo's wife, who lived during thirty-five years of his extra-marital romance, found her home life bearable is hard for American readers to comprehend. She did suffer, and suffer much—that we know—from Mme. Drouet's absorption of Hugo's love, but in spite of that Mme. Hugo exchanged calls with and sent her children to visit Mme. Drouet. Their external relations were very amicable.

To anyone interested in Hugo the man, the book should be of very great interest.

The Speculations of John Steele. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is a story of a type now in vogue—the story of industry and wealth-accumulation. John Steele begins life penniless ; through his industry and wit he becomes a multi-millionaire only to be ruined by a gigantic force of capital. The account of the

love-affair by which he is restored to fortune and happiness—he marries the richest woman in the world—is rather original and decidedly satisfying.

Love. By Paul Elder. Paul Elder & Co.

This is a collection of quotations on love supreme, divine, human, maternal, on love-constancy and love's reward. The booklet is tastefully printed and bound.

An Alphabet of History. By W. D. Nesbit. Paul Elder & Co.

From Alexander to Zenobia historical characters are rhymed about in very clever verse.

In addition to the above we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following, some of which will be reviewed in subsequent issues:

Lee & Shepard.

Life More Abundant.

Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Baglioni.

John Lane.

The Poems of William Watson.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Man of the Hour.

The Deluge.

The American Book Co.

La Fille de Thuiskon.

Caesar's Gallic and Civil Wars.

Elements of Descriptive Geometry.

Thucydides Books II and III.

Selections from Livy.

Harper & Brothers.

Editorial Wild Oats.

The F. A. Stokes Co.

A Servant of the Public.

The Baker & Taylor Co.

The Appreciation of Pictures.

Impressions of Japanese Architecture.

The Century Co.

Under Rocking Skies.

The John C. Winston Co.

The United States—A Christian Nation.

Paul Elder & Co.

101 Entreés.

Teddy Sunbeam.

The Macmillan Co.

Knock at a Venture.

Dana, Estes & Co.

The Chatterbox.

The Everett Press.

Letters to Beany.

L. C. Page & Co.

Red Fox.

Return.

Lady Penelope.

Pipes of Pan. V.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Legs swung open the Sanctum door, and admitted a breath—

There was manuscript on the floor, on the desk, on the sofa, on the window seat. It was there and it remained there.

The Bug, scribbling *Record* jokes with the ease and celerity of a wounded snail, lifted up his voice to wail, "Cyrano! Can't you do me a drool on the game?"

"Go to the devil," responded Cyrano in his accustomed dulcet tones. "I've got to write the Cow before Thursday. Can you come to make up Thursday, Mumble?"

"Fair Mother Yale, all thoughts of thee are liquid in my mouth," sang Mumblemouth. "What rhymes with 'mouth'? Er, Cyrano—Oh, I don't know. Isn't there a Pheu Betta Kribba meeting that night, Gracie?"

"Don't bother me," snapped the Saving Grace, and he resumed search for the twenty-seven ad-contracts which had somehow been mislaid on his perfectly ordered desk.

Legs peered as though puzzled at the lettering "YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE" that ornamented the door. He turned and tumbled over the Saint, who sat alone out in the dark of the corridor. Then he recovered himself and went blithely back to Jake's.

J. N. G.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1906.

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SPORT AND ATHLETICS.

THE football season of 1905 has come and gone, and with it has come, but, alas, not gone, the wordy warfare annually waged by the newspapers against this typically American game. In themselves these attacks consisting as they do of articles which are often, in themselves, proof to those who have even a casual acquaintance with the game, of their writers' ignorance of more than its most superficial aspects, are more annoying than worthy of great consideration. And this question, moreover, is one best left by the average undergraduate and college president alike to the experts who have the matter in charge. But as an expression, trivial though it may be, of a more widespread and deep-grounded thought that has of late taken possession of many of the sanest minds in the country, it has indeed a significance.

The question to which I refer has been discussed almost as fully as have the more technical points of the football rules,—and certainly with more sanity. It is, stated briefly, that American ideas of athletics are distinctly unwholesome

as contrasted with English ideals of sport. I have said that this matter has been discussed; but this is hardly true. The discussion has been simply an often repeated exposition of the affirmative of the question. It is a plea for justice to the American spirit of athletics, that I wish to bring forward here.

"Playing to win" is the keynote of American athletics, and it is this spirit, absent in a large degree from English sport, that has been so severely condemned. It is not that the Englishman does not work for this end during the heat of the contest,—no one has ever accused him of a tendency to "quit,"—but the idea of training to the extent of self-sacrifice,—of working in preparation, except in so far as it is a pleasure to do so, is repugnant to him.

The American on the contrary takes his sport so seriously, say the critics, that he turns pleasurable exercise into drudgery and it ceases to be sport, at all; physically, he is careless of serious accident, and by the rigor of his training does himself lasting harm; and morally, the desire to win often degenerates into the desire to win at any cost. From this desire, in turn, comes all the "dirty play," of which so much has been said, and the "spirit of professionalism" which is threatening all forms of college athletics.

As to this last charge it is doubtless true that both professionalism and ungentlemanly tactics are evils that are at least in part the result of our American earnestness. But surely no one who has lived at Yale for even a year can be made to believe that either is an evil necessarily attendant upon such a spirit. That physical injury both of violence and of strain have resulted in the past from this same spirit, is equally undeniable. But, as before, the playing of the team of graduates at the time of our bicentennial celebration on the one hand, and on the other the fact that but one of the nineteen deaths from the football of this season, was from a college team, where proper care is taken, prove that these evils, too, are not necessary, and unavoidable. That the American loses much of the pleasure of preparation is

equally true, but does not the joy of the victory in case of success, and the feeling in case of failure that one has at least done one's best for both college and team-mates, compensate for this loss? The pleasure of attainment is in a more or less direct proportion to the effort expended thereon.

It may be said that even if these evils are not inevitable, they are at least difficult to avoid in any other way than by striking at the spirit that encourages them. And to this argument there is no direct answer. But it must be remembered that in striking at this spirit, we strike as much at its good points as we do at its evils. It is not always good policy to amputate an arm in order to rid one's self of an ingrowing finger-nail.

And the good that there is in this spirit is best expressed in terms of the failings of the English ideals of sport. These ideals involve, to my way of thinking, a certain incapacity for progress, a tendency to consider but the pleasure of the moment, and what is more fatal still, a distinctly selfish attitude. An Englishman does not consider that in representing his college on a team or crew, he owes it to that college to even inconvenience himself. It may be claimed that he does not consider, either, that he reflects any credit upon his college by his success. But this is hardly true. Dual exhibitions would be quite adequate to take the place of "games" and "races," were this the fact. No, it is simply that the victory for the college looks small in comparison with personal ease and comfort. And this is the attitude of the Englishman even when he goes from school and college to fields where more is at stake than the victory of a team or a crew.

And here is the crux of the whole situation. It is not that dilettante athletics are the cause of dilettante business methods; both are rather a result of the character of the modern Englishman. The English business man goes to his office at eleven in the morning, The English army loses thousands of lives in the Transvaal by the failure of its officers to "train" for their event. And in corresponding manner, American athletics are a direct outgrowth of

American character. They represent in their strenuousness, their whole-hearted earnestness, and their tendency to specialize, the best, and perhaps, to some extent, the worst of the spirit of modern America. It is a spirit of many defects, but it is a spirit of success.

It is no more possible for English ideals to flourish on American soil than for the American point of view to be transplanted to England. Our athletics are a product of national conditions. The branch of a tree may need pruning in order to encourage a more wholesome growth, but it may be too large and sound to be lopped off for the sake of grafting on a foreign growth which after all will never thrive out of its natural environment.

Yet there is one phase of the question that is of very practical import. In England almost every university man goes in for some form of sport, while in this country it is but a fractional part of the student body who make up the teams representing the college, and even the men who try for these teams are but a small minority of the college population. That the vast majority of our college men should lead an almost sedentary life, is indeed a serious situation. But even here we should recognize first of all that the fault does not lie with our athletic system wholly, or even in the main. The real reason is that the American goes into everything with the same intensity that he carries into athletics, and if he does not devote himself to a sport, he does devote himself to something else to the exclusion of sport. A Yale man who heels the college papers, tries for a high stand, or makes Prom. committee, dramatic, or musical clubs, throws himself into the work so completely that he has practically no leisure to do anything else. As before, the fault is a fundamental one of the American temperament.

But here is a chance for a little judicious pruning and grafting. Because the average man has little time for sport, we have so left matters that that little cannot be utilized.

What, practically, can we do? Obviously games which fit most perfectly into our athletic system—games requiring

a high development of team play—are less suited for those who would simply fill their leisure moments. Golf and tennis, therefore, would be chosen by these men rather than football or baseball,—and in rowing, pair oars or single sculling rather than eight oar practice. Under our present system, our athletics are bound to be cared for, while the interest in these forms of sport must be fostered. It is hard to offer practical suggestions, but the Hillhouse property with its special proviso for tennis courts presents an opportunity which should surely not be neglected. And when the new boat house, so long desired, is built at last, it will be of double value if in any way it can be made to serve more than simply the candidates for the crew. But after all, this is hardly a matter for remedial measures; it is rather a question of growth. And Yale sport will come to its own,—gradually,—as Yale men become, more and more, alert to its claims.

There is a place for both sport and athletics in our college world. Let us frankly admit that in certain respects our facilities for sport are entirely insufficient. But, on the other hand, let us not be blind, as some would have us, to the important place which our athletics fill, and to the good and typically American qualities that they represent.

Donald Bruce.

THE FOOL, AND JOSEPH.

IT was not difficult to explain the fact that most of the eligible young men in the busy little city of Stanton arranged their free hours in such a way that they might spend at least one evening a week in the modest home of Mr. Herbert Dale, on one of the less pretentious side streets. If you had asked me why this was so, and why the more spacious drawing-rooms on the wide main avenue were comparatively deserted at such times, I should have pointed out a graceful girl, with brown eyes, and you would have had you answer. She was Dale's daughter.

As for the eligible young men, there are only two whom we reckon with this story, therefore only two will be named. One was the Fool—at least that was what the energetic, sensible youths of Stanton called him. The other was Joseph, who was far from being a fool, for he had more money than any other man in the city. The Fool wrote political and sociological articles of great enthusiasm and lofty purpose, but of little pecuniary value. Now and then, however, his creditors became too insistent, so he paid them off with the proceeds of magazine stories which had a strain of such vital human interest in them that his friends continually urged him to devote himself entirely to that field, or at least to demand a proper remuneration for what he did produce. But he always smiled, and putting some overdue bills in the side pocket of a rather shabby coat, started off for a poor section of the city on his tours of investigation. On the other hand, Joseph was big and superfluously generous. There was a constant well-fed grin on his smooth red face, and from his lips there flowed a ready stream of well-worn pleasantries. In a big, clumsy way, there was something fine and wholesome about him. He was a man capable of supplying every desire of a woman, provided that she had a soul that was not over-delicate and fastidious.

Helen Dale was not rich; in fact, her father managed to make the two ends meet, and no more, even with his

daughter's careful management. The mother had died long since, so the two had lived alone in great intimacy and comradeship. One day the old gentleman was brought home suffering from a severe attack which for many weeks endangered his life. There is no advantage in going into harrowing details, but the unavoidable happened: the girl was reduced to great poverty, and her father was incapacitated for future work. It was a disagreeable outlook for a pretty, laughter-loving girl to face, even though she had the depth of character of Helen Dale.

It may be imagined, however, that she was not without willing offers of help from every side in her trouble. In fact she was overwhelmed with them. Throughout the whole of the father's illness Joseph had sent flowers, fruit, delicacies, and had even asked to send medical aid. In his bluff, crude way he had endeavored to express his sympathy too, but seemed hurt that he was allowed to see her so seldom. The Fool, however, appeared daily, sometimes with remembrances, sometimes with nothing but his quiet, reassuring voice and ready sympathy. Much of his time he spent with the sick man, for Dale had been one of his few close friends,—some people said because Dale was something of a fool too. So much of his time went to this, in fact, that he nearly came into difficulties with several creditors, and his mind refused to do its duty as a bread-winner because a vision of a girl's tired, pathetic face always haunted it to the exclusion of all really profitable thoughts. One morning he came to himself at his boarding house table to realize that he had neither collar nor tie on, and fled precipitately from the room. A day later he received ten dollars in bills for an editorial in the evening paper, and absent-mindedly crumbled them up and dropped them into the gutter, under the vague impression that they were waste paper.

The crisis in Mr. Dale's illness had passed, and the invalid was sleeping. The Fool and Helen quietly left the room. Both were tired by long watching, and hungry, so they made up an impromptu supper in the pantry, and ate it together. There is something extraordinarily intimate about a meal

of this kind, for it implies long acquaintance and intimate friendship. There were few words spoken between them, and the girl liked him the better for it, for his sympathy had been implied in so many unmistakable ways that words were unnecessary. If the Fool had many failings, he at least had the virtue of keen human feeling and quick understanding.

Finally the girl looked at him and said:

"I can never in the world thank you for all you have done for father." Her eyes were very earnest and expressed the depth of her gratitude to such a degree that the Fool became very self-conscious. "I don't know what we should have done without you," she went on, "and I do hope it has not hurt your work any."

This "work," which was to reform the socialistic plan of the world, had been one of the strongest bonds of their intimacy, and the girl had really been the inspiration of it.

"Not a particle," he lied cheerfully, "and you must let me help you more in the future."

At these words a quick tremor passed over her lips, for they called up a vision that turned her sick with anxiety—a vision of a kind-faced old man, paralyzed on one side, depending solely on a delicately-bred girl for support. It was the first thoughtless word from the mouth of the Fool in all the days of danger. She struggled bravely for a moment against her feelings, but the strain had been too long and too great, and she burst into sobs, her head on her arms.

The Fool at this moment could have offered her a consolation and assurance of support that would have gone far toward destroying her grief, and he knew it, yet he was a peculiar Fool and refused to allow himself to offer a love which he believed could only increase its object's misery. You may observe he knew his failings nearly as well as he did his neighbors. Instead, he stood there gnawing his lip and muttering some simple assurances of his friendship.

Some minutes later there was a summons to the door, and the scarce composed Helen admitted Joseph to the house, with his face very lugubrious, but still red and shiny. The Fool took his departure on plea of weariness, which was perfectly

true, and Helen was left with the caller. As Joseph inquired very kindly for the father his big, shining face had something in it that was not common there, and which was good to see. The girl answered in a tired monotone, and suddenly the big man crossed the room and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"Helen," he said, "I know what a terrible time you have been going through, and I know too what a hard future you are contemplating. You have known me a long time, you must know you can trust me,—won't you let me bear all this for you? Won't you marry me?"

If these words had come from the man who had left her a moment before, how gladly she would have turned to him! But Joseph's eager, ruddy face somehow jarred her delicate nerves inexpressibly, though it was tender in its own way.

"Your father, you know, Helen, will need support—you mustn't refuse me—you must let me provide for you both."

At the mention of her father Helen sank back and stared straight ahead for a moment or two. Then she turned to him with her lips set in a firm line and said, "Yes, Joseph, I will marry you."

It was preëminently the best thing to do. She knew Joseph loved her, would show her every kindness that his crude, big-hearted nature was capable of, and above all things, her father would be provided for. There would never be any cause to regret the decision.

A decade had slipped away. Joseph and his wife still lived in Stanton, the leaders of all the city's activities, financial and social. They resided in a large handsome house, had two bright, healthy children, and every blessing that virtue and prosperity can supply. The wife was a trifle fuller in face and figure than when we saw her last, but as graceful and lovely as ever. If you watched closely and attentively, however, you might have seen a look of semi-discontent, of unsatisfied hunger, on her delicate face, especially when it was relaxed and unconscious of observation. The sight of one of her children, or of her big, jovial husband, always

served to dispel it, nevertheless, and she was everywhere regarded as the happiest, best and most lovable of women.

And what became of the Fool? That same peculiar idealism which had kept him silent ten years before had taken him off to another part of the country, where he kept himself away from all his old friends and associations. Now and then they heard of him in connection with some sociological theory which was heralded as epoch-making by enthusiasts, but which somehow never materialized. He had dropped completely out of the old life. Joseph's wife was too wise a woman to make any attempt to see him again, although the craving for his sympathy and kind advice sometimes almost overwhelmed her.

But one day when ten years had passed, he came back. The homing instinct so strong in sensitive beings drove him to return, and doubtless he thought that the last spark of the old ember was extinguished. He showed his age by the deeper lines in his thin face, but he was the same handsome, sensitive idealist they knew of old. The same but for one thing. Instead of the bright buoyancy of hope and the spark of eagerness which had formerly been so noticeable in his bearing, a kind of desperate discontent came over him at times.

The first call he made was at the big house on the hill, where Joseph's wife presided. His heart fluttered and jumped oddly as he heard the well-remembered step on the polished floor, and as the gentle, lovely-faced woman came swiftly toward him, he had to fight down a choking sensation. But she was all cordiality, all kindness, without any restraint; just the same sisterly girl of ten years past. As they talked together, he realized with a start that an added glow came into her eyes, and a more vibrant tone into her voice; the old chord had been struck again, and the long hunger she had felt was crying for satisfaction.

The Fool's conscience suddenly began to stir as he observed it, but it was too sweet to give up. At first they generalized in a rather personal way, until the talk drifted toward the Fool's work, and then it happened that the charm broke.

The Fool became reticent and uneasy—the words were hard to say and unpleasant to hear—but finally he told her the whole story. It was a long succession of failures, failures, failures. There had been lofty, noble ideas, magnificent plans, but there was something lacking that brought them to the dust. The Fool knew what it was—Joseph's wife knew what it was. It was manifest in the careless dress, the ill-kept nails, the faraway look in the deep eyes. It was the same hopeless, incorrigible, devastating Incapability that had given him his name. The woman felt a lump rise in her throat and a mist swim before her eyes when she considered this forlorn wreck of old dream-days.

Just then the heavy curtains parted, and a handsome, fresh-faced lad of about eight years appeared, and a moment later pushed in a comfortable wheeled invalid's chair. Two kind, happy eyes flashed a welcome to the Fool from a white, reposeful face which struggled for expression, and old Mr. Dale stretched out a withered hand to his old friend. The boy was turning to leave after wheeling his grandfather in, when suddenly his mother sprang up, and drew him to her, kissing him with such passionate affection that he seemed surprised. Then putting her other arm across her father's shoulder, she turned to the Fool.

"Do you remember," she said, "all the old friends used to tease you about your idealism and absent-mindedness and call you the Fool?"

He nodded.

"They were wrong," she said, a suppressed force making her voice unsteady, "they were wrong. You are the wisest man I have ever known." Coming impulsively to him she whispered, "And may God bless you for your wisdom!"

Then she turned quickly and arranged some flowers on a table, while gradually the old enthusiastic gleam came into the Fool's eyes. He knew at last of one thing he had done which had not failed. After a moment that gave them both time for composure, Helen turned back, and the three began to talk of old times in Stanton, with Joseph's son nestling contentedly against his mother's arm.

C. L. Watkins.

FOOL'S GOLD.

Though summers fade and though old loves may die
I shall not change, nor my love disappear.
I love her as on that May day when I
First saw her, brighter than the bright new year,
And sweeter than May flow'rs, when I stood near
And saw her beauty like the golden sun—
Say she was wondrous fair, and peace, have done,
And heed my story bitter as a tear.

I, with another, Ralph—my villein he—
From toiling on my Lord's demesne that day,
Was wending hallwards, bent and wearily,
When overtook us there, a brave array,
My lady, my great Lord's new wedded bride,
With two fair handmaids, one on either side.

God! the dull road was lighted by her grace,
And Ralph, the churl, for joy of her sweet face,
Tossed high his cap, and laughed and cried aloud,
And she deigned smile on him, that lady proud.
But I, like one who sees the naked sun,
Was blinded, overawed, of words had none.
For on that milk-white palfrey, stepping grand,
And queen of all these miles of fair green land,
Was *She*, of whom my whole life I had dreamed.
I knew that it was *She*; just so she seemed
When in my sleep I saw her. All these years,
Long, bitter years, of toil and pain and tears,
Her face had ever kept me without fears.
—She smiled on Ralph, but me she did not see.
She, my Lord's Lady, I of low degree.

Oh, when I saw her there, my soul
Leapt out to her, and claimed her for my own;—
With her no pain had been, no toil, nor dole,
She, mine own woman,—yet no glance was thrown
To me. I was as dirt on which she trod,
A base retainer of her Lord's. Yet God,
Surely thou pitiest the churl!—and *She*,
Surely her soul must have some ruth for me!

My thoughts are free. God knows I should not whine;
For long, sweet days I dream that She is mine,
That we grow old together, She and I,
And none can come between us low, or high!—
And then my dreams go from me as vain breath,
And all the world is bitter unto death.

Still to be near her is of pain surcease,
And to be seen by her is dear heart's-ease.
Once when a-hawking She rode through the wood,
And as she slipped the haggard from her wrist,
Her gauntlet fell down near me, where I stood.
I bowed and gave it to her. She little wist
Of all the great, keen hunger of my heart,
Of my soul's yearning and the pain and smart
Of it. My Lady little wist thereof,
Else in my eyes she would have read my love.
But She—She gladly thanked me with her hand,
And smiled and then rode gaily through the land.

Oh God! Oh God! there is no hope for me,
She, my Lord's Lady, I of low degree;
I, in my tarnished coat all dull with war and wear,
And She, like Mary, clad in cloth of gold and vair,
With two fair silken maids to tire her golden hair.

R. E. Danielson.

MAXIME GORKY.

“**B**EHOLD the man who has been in Hell!”—what was said of Dante reverts to him who tells us “I have come from below, from the nethermost ground of life where is nought but sludge and murk,—I am the truthful voice of life, the harsh cry of those who still abide down there and who have let me come up to bear witness to their sufferings.”—Therefore I am not Alexei Maximovitch Peshkoff but Maxime Gorky—‘Maxime the bitter.’ Peculiarly suggestive is the name, to me, suggestive of the man with a broad forehead deeply furrowed and surmounted with a black mop of hair, with the eyes grey, serene, slightly defiant, with the big nose, more shapeless even than Tolstoi’s, with the great grim mouth, with the massive resolute jaw; suggestive likewise of him for whom a terrible life began at the age of nine, of him who had served apprenticeships successively to a shoemaker, a draughtsman, a sacred image maker, who had tried gardening, had peddled beer, worked in a bakery and, who, failing at death at his own hand was “restored to health in order to embark in the apple trade!” This is the sensational Maxime of sorrows, whose fame sounds from Archangel to the Crimea, from Warsaw to Vladivostock,—has been hurried abroad as fast as telephone and telegraph might carry it. He could read but snatches of the Bible at fifteen, while eight years later “Chelkash” made his reputation! During all this we are apt to forget Gorky, the artist, the poet,—Gorky whose education the cook on a Volga steamer began by putting at his disposal an extraordinary assortment of books, whose genius Korolenko, a stylist of the calibre of de Maupassant, guided into a literary power until the pupil outstripped the master.

Thus Gorky has given us a vast army of those who prefer absolute freedom to the prizes and comforts of life. Stalwart proletarians they are in their way idealists. They stoop to heinous crime as easily as they perform acts of

heroism. Like Chelkash they will give up hundreds of roubles to cast them with loathing at the face of a cowardly peasant comrade, who has made money his god. In a restless stream, men and women, they penetrate the steppes. They march along for days in Arctic cold or tropical heat, half-naked and hungry, cowering on rainy nights under upturned boats, under walls or in stables, working or robbing for a frugal meal—but they never complain. “Everything is all right” one of them says, “no use to whine and remonstrate—that would do no good. Live till you are broken down or if you are so already wait for death. This is all the wisdom in the world—do you understand?”

It is about the idea of personal liberty, exuberant strength and fierce rebellion as embodied types in these men that the entire cycle of Gorky’s sketches revolves. They are almost without those instincts that we call morality. They drink and brawl like so many creatures of Van Ostade but they never approach the dark drunkenness of despair which we see often in the works of other Russian writers. Their pride is based in their descent from the earth. They are the products of Nature, sincere in their intentions, courageous as brave men go. They care naught for the rights of others, they wage a relentless war on outsiders and are prepared to take the consequences of defeat. There is no such thing as consideration or kindness in their make-up—to a man a woman, no matter who, is but a necessary adjunct; owing to their fierce brutality she has long ceased to be a rightful object of interest. Strong-willed, iron-thewed, yet highly sensitive to the beauties of sea and sky, they yearn for a chance to manifest the creative power that thrills their being. To them the warm breath of the woods, the stirring warmth of the spring, is as wonderful as the howl of the hurricane and the crash of the thunder which may be blaring forth the trumpet call to death and judgment.

Among this army, where the Titan is master, where “might is right,” where nothing was settled from day to day except the determination to possess liberty—among its forces was

Gorky. He begged his way through snowswept Russia—he was “in the depths.” That the great host should be the object of his realism was but natural. It required the poet, the artist to lift from this background and cause to live Malvas, Chelkashs and Orloffs. It took the daring man to present the problem; it took the daring poet to put to paper what were sometimes but tales of moral leprosy. Gorky was not the first to deal with the vagabond, but the first to feel truly with him. He is the master of the sketch, a “genre” artist, so much so that his novels, excellent and well drawn as the pictures really are, have failed along with his dramas because they were like sketches, because they lacked unity. His stories are simple in construction, artistic in detail. To show that among those who were abhorred and feared by Russian society, those begrimed by sin and filth, there still remained unalienable traces of a paradise from whence they had fallen—this is the object of Gorky’s art. In arriving at this his characterizations are worthy of de Maupassant, or Bret Harte. Not a story in the few volumes that he has written that is not poetically impressionistic, thrown on a background whose reality was the flesh and bone of the writer. Studies they are most of them, psychological studies—keen and satisfying. And why not? They are all imbued with the spirit of their imaginative creator. They are all Gorky in his different attitudes towards life, in his hatred of the hypocrisy and lies of society, of Philistinism towards the development of individuality, his crying for the unattainable. Therefore we have Gorky drawing the typical rather than the fascinating. With his magic brush he could have painted for us the attractive vagabonds, rebellious or resigned, who withdrawing from the common herd accompanied him in his wandering through steppe and forest—could have made us laugh by a variety of men and women of different moods. But he checked his artistic intuition. Thus we have but one type of the vagabond,—he who is endowed with those striking and rare quality of mind and body with which Gorky was in love in his own person.

Gorky accordingly concentrates his sole attention on this type, gathering every accident and circumstance into this embodiment of himself and passing over such differences as seemed to mar the portrait.

The most vigorous and characteristic of his vagabonds is Chelkash, the hero of the tale of the same name. This vulture of the steppes, rugged, barefooted, his bones dry and skin parchment-like, exposed rather than protected by the tattered plush hose and ragged cotton blouse in which he is huddled, is an habitual loafer, a confirmed toper, an adroit robber; but he is not sordid at heart for he values his liberty above all things in the world, he would not part with it at any price. We not only respect him involuntarily but we are made to feel how immensely superior he is to Gavril, the plodding, relatively respectable peasant whose hunger for land makes him humble himself for the sake of booty before even such a vagabond as Chelkash whom in his shoddy little heart he despises. Another representative of this type is Orloff of "Orloff and his Wife." Orloff is a cobbler by trade and therefore not necessarily a vagabond; but he is of the same sort as Chelkash as he deems mere comfort and security not worth a straw. An incessant restlessness torments him. He is not content with an affectionate wife, a fairly happy life, and a moderate business. He has everything which a man of his class aspires to and yet is not happy. He is continually plagued with such abstract questions as "Why is there such a thing as life? In what does it consist? How shall I explain it." He wants something more than his narrow life, but what he knows not. Freedom, enthusiasm, liberty, the larger life is what this really superior spirit needs. For a moment there is a bright interval in the dull monotony of his existence. He obtains during an epidemic a responsible position in a fever hospital which no one else dared to accept and he is happy. He rises to the situation; his conduct is heroic, he receives a hero's reward and then, when the danger is over, he is released and returns to his old monotonous "life in a ditch"—as he called it—

and the man is ruined. He has tasted of a higher life and can no longer reconcile himself to mere sordid insignificance.

We may not say that Gorky has animated with the artistic life the giant bodies of these tramps but rather that he has taken from them the heart and the brain and given in return the products of his own poetic fancy. This accounts for one of the manifest faults in these vagabonds. Peasants, bargees, navies, gypsies talk like journalists writing leaders and express ideas which it would be hard to imagine any people of their calling to have. A line is drawn between legitimate fancy and probable effect—attention is divided between the author and his work. This defect mars many of Gorky's sketches. His characters must philosophize like Schopenhauer, whether they be sailor or tailor. "The fact is that he lacks objectivity which excluding all motions of the will keeps the intuitive sense free of conscious aim—quivering with passion he loses the calm of an artist, emphasizes, exaggerates and ends by treating his personages as prophets and making them the spokesmen of his protests, the preachers of his theory. He begins as a poet, proceeds as an essayist and ends as a pamphleteer. He makes no endeavor to master his feelings sufficiently to move serenely over his work, pruning its superfluities and calculating the precise effect of each tint and tone. And thus rejecting measure he hopes to reinforce quality by quantity, lavishing at turns his colors with the spendthrift hand of a signboard painter. Thus he paints human daws and crows and kites for whom he would awaken our interest as eagles who live in aeries above the clouds that hide the sun from the earth. South Russian gypsies whose squalid surroundings, low ethical conceptions and crass ignorance are proverbial, talk out of his pages like Lucretia to Tarquin or Don Carlos to King Philip II. They are all Titanic in build, their 'bronzed heavy chests' are freely exposed to sun and wind, thick wreaths of smoke issue from their lips and noses and their language is fluent, elegant and rich in imagery when touched with the wand wielded by their late associates."

Despite this fault, despite the lack of all consideration and kindness in the make-up of the vagabonds, despite their crude philosophizing, the mystic band that Gorky has forged to bind together Man and Nature, reveals the true poetry of his soul. Animals, trees, the water, the earth, darkness and light are fused together into one universal soul. Then we see Gorky as a clever impressionist. Light and shadow, sea and sky, rain and wind, the gloom and squalor of a hovel, the grey breath of the cheerless steppes, play on the soul of the readers as on a chorded instrument. He often preludes his psychological dramas with soul-subduing or stirring chords of the music of Nature. The terrible hole in which the twenty-six bakers of the "Twenty-Six and One" worked gives the motif to the entire sketch. Or see how we meet Malva, the siren of the Caspian, graceful, free and shameless when:—

"The sea laughed.

"It trembled at the warm and light breath of the wind and became covered with tiny wrinkles that reflected the sun in blinding fashion and laughed at the sky with its thousands of silvery lips. In the deep space between sea and sky buzzed the deafening and joyous sound of the waves chasing each other on the flat beach of the sandy promontory. This noise and brilliancy of sunlight, reverberated a thousand times by the sea, mingled harmoniously in ceaseless and joyous agitation. The sky was glad to shine; the sea was happy to reflect the glorious light.

"The wind caressed the powerful and satin-like breast of the sea, the sun heated it with its rays and it sighed as if fatigued by these ardent caresses; it filled the burning air with the salty aroma of its emanations. The green waves, coursing up the yellow sand, threw on the beach the white foam of their luxurious crests which melted with a gentle murmur, and wet it."

Thus he blends his tints with "soul-subduing" harmony, scents and colors flash upon our souls in soothing or stimulating streams, calling forth impressions, inducing moods

which can be uttered only in the greatest music. How we should like to be with Chelkash out on the sea that roves forever! If it is necessary for a man to be a vagabond,—to feel as that old sinner did at a time when—

“Perfect silence reigned. Not a sound, save the sighs of the seas; it seemed as though this silence was about to be suddenly broken by some frightful, furious explosion of sound that would shake the sea to its depths, tear apart the dark masses of clouds floating over the sky and bury under the waves all those black craft. The clouds crawled over the sky as slowly and as wearily as before, but the sea gradually emerged from them, and one might fancy, looking at the sky, that it was also a sea, but an angry sea overhanging a peaceful, sleeping one. The clouds resembled waves whose gray crests touched the earth; they resembled abysses hollowed by the wind between the waves and nascent billows not yet covered with the green foam of fury.” . . .

“The sea had awakened. It sported with its tiny waves, brought them forth, adorned them with the fringe of foam, tumbled them over each other and broke them into spray. The foam as it melted sighed and the air was filled with harmonious sounds and the splashing of water. The darkness seemed to be alive.”—

—if we should have to be vagabonds to feel as Chelkash did that night, I am sure that the most of us would be vagabonds.

The stories of lost men and women, surely they are the work of Gorky the realist, who is still “in the depths”; the freedom of limitless air and of measureless nature, the exuberance that it inspires in man, in vagabond, surely these are the works of Gorky, the poetic, Gorky the artist, the painter of a great army whose greatest hope is to enjoy without restriction that to which they owe more than anything else—Nature.

W. B. Wolf.

BRISCOE.

STANARD pushed his chair back from the table. "Briscoe," he said to the lumberman, "I'm damn sorry, but the boss give orders this mornin' not to let you use our flume in the spring drive. We've been getting out so much timber lately there hain't more'n enough room for the company's logs." He took his hat from the peg by the stove and began pulling on his leather mittens. "The old man told Jim to sorter keep an eye on you to see you didn't try any game on us. He's mighty smart with his fists, Jim is, and he's liable to swing on you if he's purvoked. That's a purty fair warnin'," he added decidedly. As he strode out he turned. "Much obliged fer dinner."

A half an hour later, when his daughter touched him on the shoulder Briscoe was still leaning against the table staring vacantly through the door at the bend in the road where Stanard had disappeared. He started, and with a sigh sank down upon a bench beside the window. "'T ain't nothin', little gal," he murmured wearily. Presently he arose and groped his way to the threshold. He sighed again, "It hain't no use. The Company's too much fer me, curse 'em."

Unnoticed his daughter crept up and timidly wound her arms around his neck. "Dad," she began fearfully, her face almost buried in his ragged coat, "I want to tell you something. I've been scared before. I know how you hated the Company and everybody 'round the camp. But there's something in me telling me to speak. Jim asked me to marry him,—and I—" She could not go on, for she felt the body of the old man tremble. "Oh, Dad, forgive me!" she begged. "It doesn't seem as if I could care for anybody else."

Briscoe looked out over the pines with unseeing eyes. For a moment, he seemed to lose control of himself. Then he said quietly, and with evident composure, "My little gal, there hain't another thing on this here earth dearer to me

than you be, but if you marry Jim Ashton, it's all up between you and your old Dad."

All his life Briscoe had struggled miserably against poverty. But he had a pride that made him superior to the other drivers on the river. He took no part in their small simple pleasures. They did not like him, and felt a mean satisfaction in seeing him working single-handed in the woods. But the old man paid no heed. He was content in knowing that his daughter did not lack all the comforts of life. He managed to keep a roof over their heads, and he was proud of the small vegetable garden which he had planted in the narrow clearing. With a love born of the river he had built his cabin on a little cliff close to the water, so close, indeed, that in the spring you could stand at the bedroom windows and watch the logs, gorged in the rushing narrows, almost jostle themselves against the walls.

But now it seemed to Briscoe as if all the care and devotion he had spent to give his girl what he wished her to have, had been in vain. The use of the flume had been denied him, and his logs lay worthless far from the mills at the mouth of the river. Week by week he grew more restless under the constrained idleness until finally the habit came upon him to wander off into the woods, scarcely knowing where his footsteps led until the shadows under the trees warned him that night was near. One evening he stumbled back to the cabin before his wont. He paused suddenly, as he was about to lift the latch. Someone was inside and he recognized the calm, steady voice of Ashton. For a moment too dazed to move, he listened.

"I did what I could, dear, but it's no use.. The old man is hot against him."

A strange desire to escape from the sound of this voice came over Briscoe, and he skulked back within the darkness of the pines.

The next morning, Jim went down the lakes on a schooner laden with lumber, but no one, except the village priest who had married them two months before, knew that he left a wife behind him in the little cabin on the cliff.

It was during the days which followed that Briscoe began to think that perhaps his girl's lover wasn't such a bad sort after all. With his own ears he had heard Jim say that he had tried to intercede with the boss in his behalf. But Briscoe could never bring himself to say aught to the girl. The summer came and went and when the frost had stripped the trees bare and the men were setting out to the shanties in the backwoods, a strange thing happened in the cabin by the river. The doctor came softly from the room where the girl lay wearied with her hours of suffering. He placed his hand over that of the old lumberman and his fingers trembled. A sudden huskiness came into his throat, but Briscoe raising his eyes to the other's face guessed what he wished to say.

"My God!" he cried, and his head sank between his arms outstretched upon the bare pine table.

For a long time he lay thus, scarcely hearing the footsteps of the woman as she walked to and fro in the next room. At last he sat up and gazed at the half-open door.

"My child," he cried, with a sob in his throat. "Jim could hev had you when he came back—but not now—not after this."

The girl did not hear. She had fallen asleep, with the child close to her breast. Toward nightfall she awoke, and by the light of the setting sun shining through the window she saw the agony in her father's eyes as he bent over her. She put out her arms to him.

"I am his wife, Dad," she whispered. "His wife—do you understand?"

But the child did not live very long. His father never saw him. They were not certain where he was. But one night the doctor looked at the girl as she lay there, and said that Ashton must come.

"He is coming to me," she said simply, after the doctor had gone. "Tell him to come quickly—quickly, do you hear. My baby went away. I am going away—too. But don't tell him that. Tell him I want to be carried down to the

cedar grove by the river. We used to sit there, he and I—Dad! Dad! Is there no one—coming?”

“I see a few men on the other shore, child. No one is comin’ by the road.”

Her breathing was very soft, so soft that the man who sat beside her bed could scarcely hear. He gazed piteously across the river. In his heart he was praying that the husband might come. All at once the girl started from her slumber. “My dear! My dear!” she cried. It was the last.

The click of the latch on the outer door penetrated into the old man’s grief. He went out quickly and saw in the half-light of the open door the form of Ashton.

“Come in, my boy,” he murmured in a voice he hardly knew was his. “My gal is waitin’ for you, Jim.”

W. W. Clarke.

BATTLE SONG OF ATTILA.

Rise, ye Huns, to fire and plunder!
Let the passes vomit forth
Clouds of horsemen—rumbling thunder
Rolling from the frozen North!

See the blackened trail behind you!
Bloody light stains all the skies.
Where is law to check, to bind you?—
Clans of Attila, arise!

See the palfrey and the litter!
Women are these men of Rome,
Silken-curtained, all aglitter,
Softened by their tropic home.

Through the dust the legions glimmer;
Tinsel bulwark of Rome's might,—
Clustered spears and helms ashimmer,—
Burnished eagles gleaming bright.

Cleave them, Huns! Low couch your lances!
Toss on high your spray of blades!
See, the Hunnish wave advances,
Pauses, bursts, then floods the glades.

Romans, where is now your splendor?—
Vanished in the smoke-dimmed sky,—
Homage, now, ye slaves must render:—
Foes of Attila must die!

Rolland M. Edmonds.

A MODERN CRITIC.

I N that province of poetry called by Matthew Arnold "the criticism of life" few present-day writers have been so brilliantly successful as William Watson. Now that Watson has reached the first rank among the living poets we may say—for we have his "Collected" and "Selected" works on which to base our judgment—that Watson is essentially a critic. A poet who will collect the results of a score of years' activity in poetry into a small volume, and then prune this down to one scarcely half the size—his *Selected* works—has certainly set a high and critical standard for himself. If Watson's sure and gradual rise, in the literary world, has anything to teach us, it is that in literature, as elsewhere, conscientious work, a knowledge of what is going on in the world as well as what is past, and an accurate understanding of great poetry will ultimately bring success. In his success Watson stands apart from perhaps every active poet of equal calibre. His "Wordsworth's Grave" brings to our memory Matthew Arnold; his "Lachrymae Musarum" is a third to "Lycidas," to "Adonais," to the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington." Indeed, Watson seems quite satisfied if critics do not coin an adjective from his name, plus a suffix. "This extreme sensitiveness to the rhythms of other writers need not mean that Watson is not a born poet, but it does mean that he is a born critic—sensible to the finest details of poetical music that has already been discovered."

The expression of literary criticism has often been tried but rarely with the success that Watson has met. The secret of this is undoubtedly the simplicity with which he attacks his subject. Those, whose ears still tingle from the daring metrical and verbal dodges of the Promising Young Bard will find rest in the polished and dignified verses of our "critic." The attempts of his contemporaries to get "something new" Watson considers a "restless idiosyncrasy." He has been content to tell us exactly what he means in

metres, the possibilities of which have long been set forth. In reading Watson we have no uneasy twitching of the fingers, no wish to turn over the page to see how much we have yet to read. What Milton's similes did for "Paradise Lost" Watson's astonishing gift of condensing his pregnant thoughts into epigrams has done for his criticisms. We may not, however, expect to find humor in his poetry, for to him poetry is a priestcraft; thus we find his verses more dignified than great, his thoughts logical.

With his natural capacity for criticism and his genius in expressing the same, we would not rightly name Watson a modern critic, were it not for his careful studies in theology and philosophy; his brilliant defence and criticisms of his country, as manifested in his sonnets. Space is lacking in which to examine into these branches of his activity. Let it suffice to say that Watson is a critic of the broadest faith, one who has at his disposal, the keyboard of modern thought. His agnosticism is more courageous than that of Matthew Arnold. His philosophy is strong, but mellowed by the gentle air of melancholy of which he was well aware, as his lines to Chaucer in "Modern Sadness" will show:—

"For thou art of the morning and the May
I of the autumn and the eventide."

Finally his sonnets on political affairs are on the scale of Wordsworth, of Milton. Watson has never been prophetic, but as in the Parabasis of one of Aristophanes' comedies, where the Chorus as such addresses the Spectators as Spectators—he gives good firm criticism on which any well meaning English man may think hard.

It was by "Wordsworth's Grave," published fifty years ago, that Watson became known to us, at the best of his critical ability, as a poet of poets. In a Golden Treasury of the sayings of one poet about another, Watson would claim a place of high honor. A large number of poems about poets have been written and we wish for even more. With very few exceptions, such as Ben Jonson's magnifi-

cent eulogy of Shakespeare, the merit of these performances is not of a critical sort. Shelley in his "Adonais" gives us little help towards appreciating the poetry of Keats. The small amount of canvas that Watson requires to depict many things well is here of great use in driving the points home. In his criticism we must look to distinguish the critic from the admirer. It is very easy for a student of poetry, like Watson, to lapse into reveries and explain what pleasure this or that poet has given him. We must wonder, indeed, at the great body of information Watson has concerning even a very minor poet. He is such an excellent student that he seems to know all the poets in the category equally; such a keen critic that he seems infallibly to pick out the salient point and without effort to shape it into a brilliant expression. His "frugal note of gray" has become a fixed term in critical phraseology. A very exacting critic writing for "Blackwoods", has said of Watson's poems on poets "as literary criticism, it is unsurpassed and as literature, it is unsurpassable." The plea of Watson's critical writings is heard when we learn that he has dedicated poems to Tennyson, Browning, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. He rises from the feeling of love for his masters of song and requests—such is the tenor of his criticism as a whole—that even though literature may be neglected amidst the rush of our life, the major poets will not be relegated to a minor place.

It was indeed a daring experiment when Watson wrote the "Tomb of Burns" in the same metre as Wordsworth wrote "The Grave of Burns." Watson has not written one line badly, while Wordsworth has written many. We may even say that the younger poet has exhausted the possibilities of the Burns stanza. Where Wordsworth has made known his thought by casual reflections, Watson has elaborated his logically. In one thing, however, Wordsworth's poem is superior; it is strong by reason of its personal tone. Watson has never been able to obtain this tone, and this is one of the reasons that Wordsworth the poet excels Watson

the poet. What better distinction could be made between Burns and Keats than that the latter shows us the world as it lies in the light of the morning, glided, in Shakespeare's phrase, "with heavenly alchemy"; Burns shows it to us under the sudden revelation of lightning. And Watson has given us this:

"No mystic torch through Time he bore,
No virgin veil from Life he tore;
His soul no bright insignia wore
Of starry birth;
He saw what all men see—no more—
In heaven and earth:

"But as when thunder crashes nigh,
And darkness opes one flaming eye,
And the world leaps against the sky,—
So fiery clear
Did the old truths that we pass by
To him appear."

The boy Watson struggling hard with the metrical intricacies of his "Prince's Quest" held Shelley as a prototype. Accordingly, in "Shelley's Centenary," he dwells on the influence—more correctly, the fascination,—which Shelley exercises over the young and impressionable minds:

"A singer who, if errors blurred
His sight, had yet a spirit stirred
By vast desire,
And ardour fledging the swift word
With plumes of fire."

"A creature of impetuous breath,
Our torpor deadlier than Death
He knew not; whatsoe'er he saith
Flashes with life:
He spurreth men, he quickeneth
To splendid strife."

The peculiar qualities of Shelley's genius, its sweetness and richness, could hardly be summed up more admirably than in the lines

"Shelley, the hectic flamelike rose of verse,
All colour and all odour and all bloom."

Now we see the hand of the poet picturing for us the singing of the Skylark:

"But, as he cleaves yon ether clear,
Notes from the unattempted Sphere
He scatters to the enchanted ear
Of earth's dim throng,
Whose dissonance doth more endear
The showering song."

In place of Shelley, Keats became the mature Watson exemplar. How clearly does the hand of the critic show itself in the description of Keats as:

"A lucid presence, great
With something of a glorious soullessness."

Here we see that Watson has tempered his enthusiasm with judgment. At the same time he is sensitive to the full charm and power of Keat's poetry, as in "Shelley's Centenary" he tells us:

"And Keat's magic as of morn
Bursting for ever newly born
On forests old,
To wake a hoary world forlorn
With touch of gold."

Eagerly we look for Watson's criticism of Wordsworth for Wordsworth was the master to whom our "critic" finally transferred his allegiance. "No two poets could be more different in their methods and accomplishments than Wordsworth and Watson. The former pours out his soul on subjects ranging from 'The Trepidation of the Druids' to the well known 'Spade of Mr. Wilkinson'—and his spirit of composition (to which happily he did not always conform) that poetical verse was verse without art or artifice. Watson, however, is an artist from his finger tips:

"I follow beauty! of her trade am I."

Because he is so fastidious his output is so exigent." In his "Wordsworth's Grave" Watson has shown us the strength of his epigram at its height:

"No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,
Or from some soul leapt instant to the soul.

"He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.
The impassioned argument was simple truth
Half wondering at its own melodious tone."

The last two lines express succinctly the strange fact which is so noticeable in Wordsworth's poetry, that there came occasionally into his verses, a melody almost beyond the poet's will. Do we not recognize the great nature poet, the poet renowned for his "healing power" in :

"Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

"What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest."

Walter B. Wolf.

NOTABILIA.

The birth of the Yale Monthly Magazine has already been amply announced through the editorial columns of the *News* and through its really interesting advertisements. The LIT. feels free to say that it can see no place for the *Monthly* in Yale life. This opinion is not influenced by professional jealousy. The present LIT. knows by brief but bitter experience how difficult it is to inspire even fairly good contributions from the heelers. But the LIT. would not be misunderstood. The LIT. thinks it possible, even possibly probable, that the *Monthly*, well backed financially, may be able to *make* for itself a place in Yale life. The method of the *Monthly* is frankly, unideally, commercial. But of late college sentiment has largely wiped out the pride of office in literary Yale. And the practical young *Monthly*, paying honestly for what it gets, may yet supplant the older papers, founded on the ashes of old honors.

* * * * *

The New York *Sun* quoted lately, at length, from the Harvard Graduates' Magazine. The text of the quotation was a virulent yet painfully inefficient attack on athletic Yale. A paradox follows; who reads may reason so. The LIT. desires to criticise the Harvard Graduates' Magazine for criticising affairs at another college, a college of which it is manifestly only too ignorant. This is the moral; one should say a little something, should one have to, of something one knows at least a little about. The *News*, indeed the college back of the *News*, reproved the LIT. last year for its criticism of the baseball team. It may be that the LIT. knows less of baseball than the baseball editor of the *News*. But the LIT. feels it its duty, as well as its hard-won privilege, to speak openly of Yale affairs—and of Yale affairs alone. The privilege is predominant this month. In the face of what once appeared to be tremendous odds, despite some very obvious difficulties, heedless of some little whispered criticism, Captain Shevlin turned out a wonderful football team this year. He has deserved the congratulations of the LIT., which at least have not this year been *overfreely* offered.

J. N. G.

PORTFOLIO.

THE BREATH OF THE SNOW.

A far-away rime
 From a far-away clime,
 The scudding winds blew;
 And the leaves were all curled
 Where the frost fairies whirled,
 As the falling twigs flew.
 And the gentlest of taps
 Was the spirit's, perhaps,
 Of the whispering snow;
 As it tingled my ear
 It banished the tear,
 That the summer must go.

Howard F. Bishop.

—At best the room in which my suit-case had been deposited typified the depths of hotel dreariness. Long, spare, angular, in form, it had apparently attempted to hide its natural defects in all the artificial ugliness of ungainly furniture. In one of its elongations a pair of windows managed to reveal their gray prospect of drizzling rain and solitary street-lights. The rest of the wall space was devoted to a confusion of cracked mirrors, bare book-shelves, murky paintings and decrepit bureaus. Two beds and a half-dozen chairs were disposed inartistically in various angles of the floor. To dream of home here a man must have extraordinary imagination or a wretched home.

*THE CLOCK
 STRUCK ONE.*

But the apartment was not only unhomelike, it had a bad reputation. The bell-boy had insisted upon pointing out for me a new, unvarnished panel in the door and some hideous gashes in the casing. A man had been stabbed in bed here, and they had been obliged to force an entrance to him: his ghost was supposed to haunt the room: guests had seen it in various forms: but I need not worry, it had never done any harm. The boy would tell me the whole story—. But a tip sent him about his business.

Had it been earlier evening this gruesome story might have sent me down stairs for a new room. But a protracted day of

traveling leaves a man in condition to be easily satisfied. And soon the nearby church-bell tolled me to bed with eleven slow strokes. This slow, *slow* bell was indicative of a passing hour, perhaps of an approaching doom.

At any rate my imagination became morbidly active: and it was utter misery. As I peered into outlandish corners and at the weird draperies, strange shadows began to glide to and fro amongst the furniture. Some rustled their skirts; some moaned softly; some telegraphed at the wash-stand; some stole whistling in from the windows. I tried to remember that childhood days were by. But perhaps they never are by, quite.

The long, melancholy midnight bell, which finally mourned through the open windows, was one terror too much. I sprang up, screwed on the lights, re-examined the door, poked behind draperies, and shivered. Then to keep out the cold air—and the whistling shadows—I shut the windows, and re-adjusted the transom. I shivered worse than ever; and to turn off the light took genuine courage.

The transom in its new position was set dully aglow from a light in the hall-way. The room number, 85, stood out conspicuously upon its besmirched glass. The two great, black figures added themselves uncomfortably together in my sleepless brain into an evil omen. Of course 13 is all rank superstition—intellect reasoned. Yes, yes,—replied some miserable inheritance from centuries of ancestors,—but does *that* prove anything? No—had to be the weak admission.

A wonderful accumulation of dust and condensed vapor stained the transom. Streaks and spots and splatterings were brought out plainly by the pale light. In my bewildered condition it was relieving to study the curves and angles and loops traced there so fantastically. For a long time there appeared to be no method to their wild madness. But they had a magical power over the 85, for these great figures gradually vanished!

Suddenly, as I wonderingly watched, the chaos of stains and spots gathered itself into blood-curdling vision. Lying at quarter length in the transom was a dead man! An aged man, a sunken bosom, hollow eyes, furrowed face, tangled hair, limp beard—all perfectly imaged. No art ever could have produced such reality—perhaps nothing but superstition and fatigue and past-midnight. The very bed was shivering with the fright of

it all. If cold, long-boned death himself had entered the room, it would have been intense relief; for true midnight terror snaps its fingers at this stolid individual. But those ghost's eyes and the indefinable horror! For minute after minute the bed and I lay jerking of the most abject fear.

The great bell at last struck one. And two mice scampered across the room: they scampered merrily, they were *alive*. The transom was a chaos of stains with its two great sober figures. I sat up in bed all attention: there was no whistling or telegraphing or rustling. The mice scampered merrily. I listened, and listened—and laughed. Long I laughed,—and then slept.

W. L. Squire.

——“Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!” sighed Swift as he thumbed over the leaves of his “Tale of a Tub.” Only when he was steeped in opiate poison did Coleridge’s fancy take flight to the heights of “Kubla Khan” or the “Ancient Mariner.” When people chose his “Maud,” even Tennyson used to grumble, “I have written a deal since that.” It is the melancholy irony of genius. A flight or two, perhaps, is granted our gay moth, and then from too close proximity to the lamp, Perfection, it must flutter down again to mediocrity, all the fair dust of its wings seared to ashes. This is why “Lorna Doone” alone, of all the books of Richard Blackmore, still lives. His work in “Perly Cross” is clever, even brilliant, but where do we find dénouement so artfully masked, or atmosphere so perfect, as in this simple tale of plain John Ridd?

LORNA
DOONE.

Simple? Yet it is the simplicity of genius. There is a quaint, antique flavor about the language to remind one of Isaak Walton, something to recall half-forgotten passages of the Kings or the Proverbs. But how admirably suited is it to its Exmoor setting!

“If anybody cares to read a simple tale, told simply, I, John Ridd, of the parish of Oare, yeoman and church-warden, have seen and had a share in some doings of this neighborhood which I will try to set down in order, God sparing my life and memory.” Here he is, big-framed, clean-hearted farmer stuff.

In such men the greatness of England is rooted. Can you not see him smoking there by his ancestral hearth? And is not she who sits by his side the queen of the robber Doones? Who can doubt that it was this very simplicity in the strong man that won the love of the gentle, high-bred Lorna? Here is a type of woman for whom men will fling away their souls! Remember the little girl in her pinafore calling him back to life on the bank of "Bagworthy Water!" See her in the arms of her lover, borne through the icy drifts of the Doone valley! Think of her in the splendor of the court, yet not too proud to look upon her honest, plain John Ridd! Her character is tenderly, idolatrously traced. But we love him all the more for his worship of her. So with all the people of this book: they are alive. Warm, red blood throbs in the veins of every one of them. They look out upon us from its pages with their frailty, their nobility, their humanity. Jovial Tom Faggus is a scoundrel; Carver is a gentlemanly devil;—but they are real, live men. In this lies the simplicity, the greatness.

Simple, too, is the theme, and as old as Æsop or Haroun-al-Raschid. A strong man, a noble woman, their love, its difficulties:—that is all. But the simplicity is only the finished surface of the tapestry, the result of consummate art. Beneath are countless threads and stitches, each artfully hidden in the fold, each contributing to the final effect. It is the simplicity of truth, of life. Ruth Huckaback, dashing Tom Faggus, the Doones;—each of them, really an irrelevant factor, threatens the happiness of John and Lorna. The question of the issue Blackmore thrusts upon us through seven hundred pages of most intense interest.

But what are John, Lorna, Carver and the rest, but for that rugged, gloomy background of the Exmoor country? Here the coloring is brilliant, savage. Through the defiles of these "strong, dark mountains," Carver and his robber crew once came flinging down to Bagworthy. "The deep green valley" of the Doones, "carved out of the mountains in a perfect oval, with a fence of sheer rock standing round it, while wooded hills sweep up to the sky-line"; the gently dipping moorlands purple with bell heather, and splashed with yellow gorse, the gray Oare church with its toylike tower and nave where John and Lorna were married; the Plovers Barrows farm near which "the

valleys cove and open warmth and shelter," where are "trees and bright green grass and orchards full of contentment";—he has done it all with an art that is inimitable. Before this picture the pigments of illustrators pale. As that west county humorist says, "to a Devonshire man, 'Lorna Doone' is as good as clotted cream, almost."

This is the master-work of the fruit-grower of Teddington; where, for one wild moment, he forgets himself and sweeps up to the giddy heights of genius. This is the book, rejected by eighteen publishers, despised and forgotten; which then leaps to fame by a mistake of the public, to live on as a classic of our tongue. A very great, a very lovable book is "Lorna Doone."

Rolland M. Edmonds.

—The man who stayed to watch the dead has fallen asleep. His gnarled, rough hands are knotted together, and his very boots, heavy, shapeless, and caked with the mud of the fields show his utter weariness and dejection. The room is very bare and poor and is dimly lighted by two flickering candles placed before the crucifix at the head of the body. From the next room comes the sound of terrible sobbing. The man who stayed, stirs uneasily and sighs in his sleep. It is his brother who lies there, but Jean is a simple man, and for the most part, those who fight off starvation by their daily sweat, take their sorrows quietly. But for the women,—ah, that is a different matter.

*DEATH WATCH
IN CANADA.*

Pierre Brisquet, the notary, told me the story as we stood silently in the doorway. He was a little man, with a big bristling moustache, and a gruff, harsh, manner, but he had a warm heart and a kind one, little Pierre Brisquet.

"It is very sad M'sieu," said he, "they had been married only two or three years, and the little baby, it was sickly and died. But André, who lies there on the table, was a man of heart, M'sieu, and he and Marie were happy although they were very poor. For they loved each other. But a few days ago, Jules Levray comes back from the north and he brought death and sorrow in his train. This Jules, he is a big man, oh, very big, M'sieu, and dark and handsome, with great black eyes and a

smiling mouth. But he is bad ; he is not afraid of man, or god, or devil, and his soul is as black as hell. Ah, M'sieu, that is the worst kind,—the bad man that smiles. Now he and André had been rivals for *la belle Marie*, the rose of the Province, we called her three years ago, and when she marry André, Jules put on his snowshoes, and take his gun, and goe over the hills to the north. But he sware he never forget. So he come back ; and in the tavern he say bad things of Marie, and he call André, 'Coward,' and 'Dog.' And André hears of it, and next day he meets Jules on the street. Now Jules, he was a great man, and muscled like a lion, and André was a little man, like me, M'sieu, but he had a great heart. So André stops and he say, 'Jules Levray, I hear what you say about my wife, and Jules Levray you are the coward.' You see, M'sieu, he was not afraid. Then Jules laugh long and loud and his black eyes sparkle and he sneer at André and he say, 'André, you are a little fool. I can break you with my left hand, and as for that *femme blanche* of yours, she is too thin and pale for my taste, or I would go and take her.' And André, he turn ver' pale, but he say ver' quiet, 'Jules Levray, you lie.'

Then Jules struck him, once, twice, three times, and except where his teeth showed white, his face was all red. Then André jumped at Jules, get both arms round his waist, but Jules, he laugh, and he puts one arm round André, and the other under his chin. And then with a smile on his lips and the black devils laughing out of his eyes, he bend André back. And André, he fight hard, but slowly, slowly, his head go back, back. The sweat stand out on Jules' forehead but slowly he bend André back until his neck goes—Crack! Crack! Then he drops him and walks away and no one stop him.

Then we run and pick André up, all white and broken, and carry him home to Marie. And so, she has neither baby nor man. But M'sieu le Curé tells her that *le bon Dieu*, he loves her, and orders things for our good. And it is hard for me too, for I see her suffer. I, too, loved Marie when she was the 'Rose of the Province.' It is sad, M'sieu, is it not?" said the little notary Pierre Brisquet.

The man who stayed to watch the dead wakes and gazes stupidly at us, but makes no move. The candles flare and gutter in the draught, and cast changing shadows on the face of the

Man of Sorrows. Outside, the cold Canadian wind sweeps down from the north and sighs through the pine trees. From the next room comes the sound of terrible sobbing.

R. E. Danielson.

——“The final event will be an exact replica of the great chariot race held in honor of Aggrippina when two beautiful women were the charioteers.” The heavy man with the dress suit and a band across his shirt-front, deftly slapped his opera hat open.

THE
WINNER.

Instantly two gilded chariots each drawn by four bays came clattering into the ring. The ribbons rested easily in the hands of two elaborately dressed women, beautiful women they were, with “swan-like necks” and “satiny arms,” beautiful they were as each chariot swept around the Great Ring in opposite directions. Gracefully the drivers incline their noble heads as they pass by; while in either car a huge man tricked upon as an Æthiopian holds the train of his charioteer’s dress in his left hand, as he executes a hissing whip tirade from the right arm. Of a sudden the two contestants meet, a bell clangs discordantly. The teams strain hard, and whirl the cars around while the wheels bite into the shavings of the course. The Æthiops drop gracefully from the chariots which are off to the echoing clamor of a big band. Once, twice, they whirl, sending up great clouds of earth as the heavy wheels cut around the turns. The third lap and the dust grows cloudlike. The beautiful drivers lean way out of the cars gripping the ribbons with straining wrists.

The harsh bell begins anew; the dirt flies high at the turn—it is the last lap. The bell keeps beating methodically, the people rise as neck and neck the chariots thunder around the far turn to the finish,—they are beginning to yell, even as the shrill voice sounds from somewhere way out, penetrating the crowd, reaching the contestants; “Grandma’s winning! Grandma’s winning, Goodie, Goodie, Grandma’s winning!”

W. B. Wolf.

MEMORABILIA VALENSIA.

The Junior Fraternities

On November 8th, announced the following elections from 1906:
Alpha Delta Phi—Joseph Dart, Jr., Benjamin Fitzpatrick, Barrington Moore.

Psi Upsilon—Harry Beal, Dwight Ruggles, Perry Heaton, Edward Clarkson Seward.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Ernest Braislin Humpstone, Francis Clapp Robertson, Arthur Hugh Westcott.

Zeta Psi—William Mason Duncan, Everett Anthony Sherwood, Otis Harvey Waldo.

The First Harvard Lecture

Was delivered in Woolsey Hall on November 13 by President Eliot.

The Junior Fraternities

On November 15 announced the following elections from 1907:
Alpha Delta Phi—Edward Parsons Bagg, Jr., Philip Lippincott Goodwin, Edward Henry Hart, Fleming Hewitt Revell, Jr., William George Sullivan.

Psi Upsilon—Richmond Lenox Brown, Frederick Russell Dolbeare, Bainbridge Doty Folwell, John Harold Lawrence, George Schaefer Scott.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Edward Hubert Butler, Lawrence Merritt Connell, Ambrose Scott, Stanley Adams Sweet, Ira Davenport Waterman.

Zeta Psi—George Borup, Dunham Brown Dodge, Rolland Mooney Edmonds, Frank Stockton McClintock, Minott Augur Osborn.

The Intercollegiate Cross Country Meet

Held at Travers Island on November 24 was won by Cornell.

The Intercollege Shoot

Held at Cambridge on November 25 was won by Pennsylvania.

The Junior Fraternities

On November 29 announced the following elections from the class of 1908.

Alpha Delta Phi—William McClure Andrews, Donald Campbell Bakewell, Samuel Alexander Baldwin, George Reis Bart Berger, Waldo Park Clement, Jr., Philip Hamilton Collins, George Dahl, Prescott Dudley, William Gammell, Jr., Donald Greene, Dwight Torrey Griswold, Samuel Newton Holladay, Clarence Drummond Jones, Albert John Mohlman, Paul Moore, Frederic Timothy Murphy, Sidney Rollins Overall, Donald Wallace Porter, Charles Seymour, Archie McDaniels Sheldon.

Psi Upsilon—Robert Abbot, Gordon Auchincloss, James Coates Auchincloss, Joseph Howard Auchincloss, Henry Sartwell Beardsley, Lucius Horatio Biglow, 3d, Edward Chester Congdon, Walter Goodwin Davis, Courtland Palmer Dixon, Walter Remy Dray, Joseph Taylor Foster, Philip Rogers Malory, 3d, Thomas Mercer Marshall, 3d, Mark Lincoln Mitchell, Robert Hale Noyes, Roger Bulkley Shepard, Harold Stanley, James Hale Steinman, James Mulford Townsend, Jr., Joshua Boone Waterworth.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Chauncey Perry Beadleston, Roderick Beebe, Richard Beaumaris Bulkeley, Guy Cory Cleveland, Tyson Manzey Dines, Charles Meredith Du Puy, Chauncey Brewster Garver, Nathaniel Holmes, Edward Kenneth Hoyt, Raymond Ives, Ellis Knowles, William Howard Lyon, Lester William Perrin, Albert Tenney Spaulding, Henry Bascom Stapler, James Carlton Thornton, George Henry Townsend, 3d, Charles Law Watkins, Kenneth Brakeley Welles, James Willard Williams.

Zeta Psi—Thomas Achelis, Andrew Linn Bostwick, Nathan Hollister Bundy, Wylie Welling Carhart, Charles Templeton Crocker, Walter Morgan Crunden, Ernest Arthur Eddy, Thomas Coolidge Fowler, Sydney Dodd Frissell, Joseph Thomas Hagan, Robert Hagan, Jr., James Pendleton Helm, Jr., Joseph William Murphy, Francis Ely Norris, Haskell Noyes, Calder Bay Stewart, Howard Sturges, Gordon Chatfield Thayer, Kennard Underwood, William Stephen Van Rensselaer.

The Joint Concert

Of the Harvard and Yale Musical Clubs was given at Cambridge, November 24th.

The Senior Class of Sheff.

On December 5, 6, and 7 elected the following committees:

Secretary—C. R. Messinger.

Class Day Committee:—H. C. Strong, Chairman; R. C. Morse, Jr., H. L. Bimm, Guy Hutchinson, G. S. Greene.

Senior Promenade Committee:—F. A. Preston, Chairman; J. S. Kilner, H. C. Williams, L. K. Robinson.

Cap and Gown Committee:—G. P. Berkey, Chairman; W. P. Stevens, J. J. Hasbrouck.

Class Book Committee:—C. R. Messinger, Chairman; E. O. McNair, W. S. Allen, C. Howard, M. E. Phelps.

Class Day Historians:—Douglas Gibbons, Chairman; T. F. Silkman, A. W. Fargo, J. G. Darragh, E. T. Bynner.

Graduation Committee:—J. Kruttschnitt, Chairman; W. Witt, L. T. Sheffield.

Triennial Committee:—H. D. Baker, Chairman; K. H. Behr, H. C. English.

Class Book Historians:—J. L. Buck, Chairman; P. S. Sheldon, S. P. Emerick, W. T. Rodd, L. M. Keeling.

Class Statisticians:—F. Ewing, Chairman; N. Grant, L. T. Wilcox, F. M. Fargo, E. W. Moore.

Cup Committee:—A. T. Bell, Chairman; H. M. C. Gross, C. G. Hall.

Dinner Committee:—S. McMillan Shepard, Chairman; C. Burnham, E. Ford.

Picture Committee:—H. P. Hue, Chairman.

The Freshman Classes of 1906 and 1907 S.

On December 4 and 5 elected the following athletic officers:

Freshman Navy—R. J. Schweizer, 1908, President; O. E. Wood, 1908 S., Vice President; C. W. Howard, 1909, Secretary.

Football Scores

November 11—Yale 11, Brown 0.
18—Yale 23, Princeton 4.
25—Yale 6, Harvard 0.

In Memoriam.

Clarence Leo Scollin, 1908 L.S.

BOOK NOTICES.

Squire Phin. By Holmes F. Day. A. S. Barnes & Co.

It is a happy occurrence for A. S. Barnes & Co., that two of the best novels of the year are of their publication. We refer to "Partners of the Tide" by Joseph C. Lincoln and "Squire Phin." There is a definiteness about the events, scenes and characters of these two books that is very satisfying. This definiteness is due in both cases to the fact that these are books of locality, the authors give to their thoughts a local habitation. However, the narrowness of scene does not in either case make the book a narrow one, for the main characters have enough of the type about them to make their appeal general, and the scenes and events are enough like some we all know to arouse sympathetic interest. We can understand why *some* people prefer a worthless, unreal, easily-written aberration like "Graustark" or "The Masquerader" to the books we are discussing, but the fewer of such people that there are the better. When a novel such as "Squire Phin" is given to the public, a novel in which every character is distinct and real and every action interesting, it should be received in a spirit of gratitude.

Phineas Look is the leading man of the town of Palermo, Maine. During the period of the story he is a middle-aged lawyer with his office over Brickett's general store. The story opens with a picture of "Hard Times" Wharff, the local weather-prophet, standing on one leg in the blazing sun in front of the store, veering with every change of the wind and observing the movements of birds like an old time *vates*. He sniffs trouble, and it appears in the person of Hiram Look, Squire Phin's brother, who appears with a portion of the disbanded "Look's Leviathan Circus and Menagerie," consisting of an elephant, eight horses, and several gilt wagons. Hime Look had left Palermo twenty-five years before, leaving about two thousand dollars in debt, and Klebe Willard, the Judge's son, in a mutilated condition. Judge Willard is the town treasurer, the town's rich man and financier, the town's aristocracy. His daughter Sylvena, now almost middle-aged, has long been loved by Squire Phin, but her aristocratic father will have none of Hime Look's brother or old Seth Look's son. He wishes her to marry King Bradish, a

licentious spendthrift with whom the Judge has become entangled in speculations that would have caused his ruin had it not been for Squire Phin. Hime Look's return causes a renewal of the Willard-Look feud and also many other excitements. The saving of the Judge's honor by the Squire, the marriage of Hime to the Widow Snell and her twenty thousand, and his settling on her farm where Imogene, the elephant, does the ploughing, the death of King Bradish in New York, the reconciliation of Klebe Willard and Hime, the marriage of Squire Phin to Sylvena Willard and his refusal of a judgeship of the state supreme court for the attraction of his long-desired home, are the closing events of the book. The last scene returns to "Hard Times" Wharff before Brickett's store. But this time he sees in the red and gold of the sunset the opening of the gates that the angels are keeping "well 'iled ag'inst the gre't day of the Hereafter"; there is to be "settled weather for a long time to come."

While the love story of the Squire is the thread of the story that binds the whole together, there is more interest and humanity in the events by the way. Lawyer Look's principal business is keeping people out of the law. His lovable character is shown in a hundred ways. He is forever settling family quarrels, spurring beings of the soil to a higher life, providing for the destitute, cheering the down-hearted. The other characters are all distinct; some are striking, particularly, Hime Look. "Four-Figger" Avery, Sime Peak, the ex-circus Hercules, and others are clear and interesting.

"Squire Phin" is one of the few novels of the year that is decidedly worth reading.

The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" is distressingly light. It is altogether too light. It may be called by some a good book for light reading, but that kind of light reading we do not advise.

Aunt Mary, a spinster of over seventy, rolling in millions, is brought to a feeling of youthful unrest and longing by her nephew, a college cut-up. She has a week of supreme enjoyment in New York and isn't satisfied until she returns there to live with her nephew who has married the lady of his choice—

same lady is unreal but vaguely beautiful. At times, however, she is decidedly attractive. There are some real funny passages in the book and there are others that are not so funny. In general the humor seems rather forced. The characters, except Aunt Mary, and Joshua, the coachman, are pretty close to names.

Pipes of Pan No. V. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co.

This is a volume of very pleasing poems. The versification as a whole is good, the fancies and ideas are pretty. "The Creation of Lillith," which tells how the first woman was created from the flowers with blue flags for her eyes, carnations for her mouth, marigolds for her hair, is a delightful fancy. "A Winter's Memory" is one of the most attractive of the poems and it contains probably the most musical verse. The musical swing begins at the start:

Now the snow is on the roof,
Now the wind is in the flue,
Beauty, keep no more aloof,
Make my winter dreaming true,
Give my fancy proof.

"The Fairy Flower" is another fancy. Love, the most precious of flowers, when neglected grows glorious, when carefully tended fails.

Some of the poems go beyond mere fancies and versification. There are distinct pictures such as this from "A Letter from Lesbos":

It is the bitter season of the year;
The mournful-piping sea-wind is abroad
With driving snow and battle in the air,
Shaking the stubborn rooftree gust by gust;
And under the frost-grey skies without a sun
Cold desolation wraps the wintry world.

There is vibrant passion in this from "In an Iris Meadow":

Wild and dear those first impulsive fondlings
When your great eyes swept me, there went sea-ward,
Too o'ercharged to bear the strain of yearning.

But in spite of the pleasing qualities of these poems, which cannot be denied, there is little of promise in them. By this is not meant that the poems are not good in themselves but that they promise nothing better; they seem like the finished work

of a man who is writing as well as he will write. Be it understood there is nothing condemnatory in this, for many a man who writes good verse will never write as good poems as these. But these show no sign of genius. There is in them no striking originality, they drift along at an almost dead level of passable excellence; there is in them no great struggle with or solution of life's problems, they float airily on the surface of the depths. They are lacking in high seriousness. If any of the poems might be held promising of greater it is "The Young King's Madness," easily the best of the book. This does in a way deal with a serious question and may be called an exception to our statement although not disproving it.

On Life's Stairway. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana, Estes & Co. Price \$1.00.

If the author's poetry as shown in this book be compared with Mr. Carman's "Pipes of Pan No. V," the conclusion is inevitable that in these poems there is less music, less richness of imagery and less art of writing, but more originality, more seriousness, more sincerity and more feeling. Whereas, in reading Mr. Carman's book one has a feeling that it was written for the sake of writing something, in reading this one is conscious of a pleasant feeling that the author has something to say. In the hundred or so poems of this book the many subjects are for the most part treated with an original touch. They are practically all felt to be sincere and serious and expressive of true feeling.

On the subject of sincerity we find this in "To the American Poet":

Unravel all your tangled cheats,
Your triple-twisted thread conceits,—
Your subtle sonnets fling afar!—
Stand up and show what man you are!

O juggler of the fire divine,
O hoarder of God's bread and wine,
Your dark and doleful sprigs of verse
Nod like the plumes above a hearse.

"To a Young Poet" he says:

Strip then from thy life the sham,
Let *I seem* become *I am*;
Though thy naked soul be shown.

Such is his attitude towards sincerity and he lives up to it himself. He has asked for:

The wonderful, artless, old-world way
Of carving the jewels of verse sincerely,

and though his carvings may not be such jewels as the old-world carvings are, they are cut with a sincere hand. There is a fine sincerity about "The Locomotive." There is a sincerity of vivid realism in "After Reading Antony and Cleopatra."

And o'er them all—these faces craftful, bold,
With lust-red lips, eyes hot as Egypt's zone,
A shrill, gay laugh, lithe grace, soul-dazzling smile,
And Cleopatra blinds us, as of old
She lit great Antony to his fall, and shone
A baleful brightness in the land of Nile.

But his sincerity is shown best of all in his patriotic poems. It is in these that his own feeling is shown truest and strongest. His love poems show feeling mostly of a rather melancholy tone, but they do not stand out as poems with his poems of America—her glories, her future, her ideals. Here he is at his best. He is a-quiver with hope and enthusiasm for "Time's last heir" "mated to the Millenium." America is to lead the way to the summit of civilization and to establish the final peace though it be at the cost of war.

Leave dotard empires flames of drunken war,
Be thine chaste hours of labour and increase,
Vineyards and harvests yielding guiltless store,
Toil's bloodless battles on the plains of peace!

He cries against the poet who spends his time echo-gathering, sucking "the lost music from the lips of Death"; the inspiration for the poet of to-day is here and now! America is a field unrivalled.

Still Mississippi holds her continent-sway,
Still California winters mimic May,

and

America as Greece is grand,
America is Holy Land.

America is "some Western Titan, bare of heart."

Thy laugh shakes empires to their fall; thy curse
Makes buried tyrannies tremble in their graves.

Surely in these poems there is a fire and a force. He touches somewhat on love and death with his seriousness, his sincerity and his feeling, but in the poems on America, the best such we have read, all of these qualities are brought out more strongly. "A Patriot's Hymn" expresses forcibly his characteristics; these are parts of first and last stanzas:

God of our sires as of their sons,
 Forgive the frenzied lips that pour
 From foolish hearts unceasing store
Of menace—threats of forts and guns
 And horrid home-devouring war.

Dead is the Despot—dead his cause.
 This our new danger: Being great;
 This: Boughten chair and candidate,
And Senates plotting peaceless laws
 With all the pomp and stealth of state.

London Films. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros.

In "London Films" Mr. Howells certainly maintains his deserved reputation. His delightful essays are characterized by a genial sympathy quite unlike any other author's of the present time. It is this sympathy with his subject that gives the charm to the book. There is a broad indefiniteness or lack of mathematical accuracy that gives a pleasing literary tone to the book. He writes of the royal family, its movements and customs, although confessing the royal family has rarely come his way.

Mr. Howells is decidedly pro-British. In many respects they excel us. He calls the appearance of the English dames authorized rather than authoritative, and says the dignity of the old people of both sexes is not matched in America. In its buildings and effects London excels New York. The dress of the English girl is contrasted with that of the American. Mr. Howells finds the American girl has more *chic* and the English more sentiment. His preference is clearly for the sentiment. While granting the sentiment in the English girl's dress to exceed the American girl's, you still have the choice of whether you want all that sentiment or not. The difference in dress is certainly an expression of the general difference in English and American character. Americans in general will probably let the sentiment go.

Of course, as regards style Mr. Howells stands, with some few others, at the top of the writers of to-day. But at times he is somewhat too literary. He appears to seek out-of-the-way *correctnesses*. His language is labored when in the first few pages he uses "one" so frequently. One is tempted to count the "ones" that one can find if one looks closely when one reads the first pages of "London Films."

The Breath of the Gods. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co.

A novel of Japan. It has considerable power and characterization. Without pretending accuracy in all its descriptions it has a good characteristic background.

Red Fox. By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Co.

An animal story and a good one. It impresses one as being a relation of facts. Though all foxes could not have all the experiences this one has, by the theory of extremes one might. The book is particularly attractive in binding, illustrations and decorations.

The Memories of Rose Eytinge. The F. A. Stokes Co.
Price \$1.20.

Rose Eytinge was the associate and friend of Booth, the Wallacks, Davenport, Daly and others who made the American stage famous. This book is her autobiography, but the anecdotes, of which there are many, deal, naturally enough, with the other actors of her time as well as with herself. The price of this work has been made particularly low.

Social Theories and Social Facts. By William Morton Grinnell.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Grinnell deals with the facts of the social system clearly and fairly comprehensively. A mistake, he says, has been made by socialists and labor unions, in supposing that all men are equal. The theories of socialism and of labor unions favor the lazy and thriftless. He says we attack abstractions rather than concrete instances; but there is a general feeling that the trusts should be publicly accountable. As to labor and capital combinations, he says labor combines for less efficiency and capital for more.

The Jewish Spectre. By A. H. Warner. The Doubleday, Page Co.

Among the Jews this book is said to be creating quite a stir. It is a fearless and powerful account of the Jew of the past and present with his tendencies for the future. His position in literature, politics and religion, his influence on European thoughts and American ideas are discussed.

In addition to the above we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following, some of which will be reviewed in subsequent issues:

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Life of Goethe.

The Development of the European Nations.

American Political History.

Life and Matter.

The Choice of Books.

The Novels of Henry James.

The F. A. Stokes Co.

The Black Spaniel.

The Consolidated Retail Booksellers.

The Village of Hide and Seek.

Minna, Wife of the Young Rabbi.

Harper & Brothers.

American Diplomacy.

The Conquest of Canaan.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Mountain of Fears.

McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Gospel of Life.

Doubleday, Page and Co.

Ayesha.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Question of Our Speech.

The Pardoner's Wallet.

American Book Co.

Painter's Great Pedagogical Essays.

Paul Elder & Co.

The Cynic's Calendar.

A Critique of Socialism.

Good Things and Graces.

Psychological Year Book.

Blue Monday Book.

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom.

Sovereign Woman versus Mere Man.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is very still in the office. Occasionally the sound of horses' hoofs sifts faintly into the room, or the muffled rumble of a car grows near, fades and is gone. On the walls are the silent faces of the Fathers, intimates of the Saint when he was young. The Saint is quite old now, nearly threescore years and ten, older than most of us shall ever be. It must seem strange to him to see those first Fathers passing into the Dark and still to linger on: to linger on until we also have grown old, until those of another generation have passed by too, to linger on for so very long, almost forever. The Saint has seen times now quaint in the past, old Christmases, glad Christmases almost forgotten, and brave New Years that now are very old. The Saint's Christmases are quiet in these latter years—as an old man's Christmases may well be—partly because of the memory of the glad young days, in memory of the Fathers, young so long ago. And for the Fathers who will be, the Saint waits patiently, resignedly, knowing that the years will make them very dear to him, knowing that Time will claim them for his own. Only in the stillness and loneliness of the office does the Saint grow thus sadly contemplative. But the Holidays are near when the office is deserted. And the Saint goes out but seldom now. Therefore does he dream of the past.

The Saint wishes you good Christmas cheer, glad days, long days that lag not, days for the making of friends—for the years are swift.

S. M. H.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1906.

DONALD BRUCE.

SAMUEL M. HARRINGTON.

JOHN N. GREELY.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

J. H. WALLIS.

CHIEFLY CONCERNING THE JUNIOR
PROMENADE.

APPARENTLY the Prom. is a big thing, upsetting the whole college for half a week and the Junior classes for half a year. This is because it spreads so widely out on the even surface of college life; but like a beauty or a blemish it is only skin deep. It is then a little thing to treat of either as a beauty or a blemish, in a staid and serious LIT. leader. But its very littleness and its attendant littlenesses—I know very little about it—commend it as a subject. There is such little time tonight to treat of any subject whatever; already today is merging into tomorrow, and the LIT. is some ten days late.

The fact that the Prom. costs a good deal of money is largely developed every year. The *News* announces it as news, and sometimes even goes so far as to publish thoughtful editorials discouraging the donation of violets; the *Record*, overwhelmed as it is with effusions laudatory of the befrilled invaders, still finds space for cynical sayings as to the inevitable bills; even the *Courant* shows the signs of

the times in the Prom. advertisements in an all-important department, and the Bachelor may speak out. It has been said, said variously, said well, that the Prom. costs a good deal of money—and there is no need to say it again.

Old Ben Franklin,—there is a hint in his character of that other old Ben whom every Englishman loves,—spoke once through Poor Richard, saying, "Don't pay too much for your whistle." There is the point: the Prom. is not worth while. Undoubtedly it is worth something. There is much pleasure for the invaders in the short Prom. week; and it is an axiom that their pleasure is the pleasure of the invaded. Though there is a suspicion that the Prom. girl enjoys Prom. week more because it is Prom. week than as an agreeably spent little time, for her it is worth while. But her escort faces a different phase of the problem. He enjoys the Prom. in two ways; firstly, as the pleasure of her pleasure, secondly, as his own pleasure. The first is a very tenuous one; in fact, I have a dim idea that psychology denies true altruism. The second is undoubted, a real whistle; but is it not a very inferior whistle for the price? A Junior who is not wealthy can spend as much for the four Prom. days as he would spend in a couple of normal months. Tickets and bonuses, rooms and board, flowers and carriages, roll up into something of a big assessment. You may say that the week may be gotten through comparatively cheaply. That is true; but there is apparently imbedded in the average American nature the desire to show as good a "front" as the best of them. You may say that a man who would thus sacrifice himself for *appearances* deserves to pay for it. But why? Richer men in his class can do it without a thought of the expense; they even thoughtlessly roll up the expense by setting costly examples. He wants to go to this class affair of which everybody is talking; naturally he does not want to appear badly there. There are three courses open to him. He may not go. But should mere money keep him away from a class function! He may go cheaply, shabbily. Will his thoughtless class think

more of him! He may go properly, in the well defined, expensive meaning of the word. And there he pays too much for his whistle.

So, in the essential, the Prom. question is much the same as the private dormitory question. The Sophomore class leaders, in the main rich men, decree that the class shall room about the Hutch. Poorer men stand a much better chance for social recognition if they follow their leaders into the over-expensive decreed Sophomore dwellings. Junior class leaders promote the Prom. Poorer men, if they wish to follow the class, must pay comparatively overmuch for their Prom. The dormitory question has been well threshed over, and something at least done to improve conditions and to remove the cause. The Prom. abuse has hardly been touched on. Infinitely little has been done to improve conditions, and no attempt has apparently ever been thought of to remove the cause.

Once I wrote "An Apology for a Leader." I must conclude this one with another. This was to have been another man's leader. He failed to write it. And I had to do what I could in a very limited time. The construction of this leaderlet is not; and perhaps my points have thereby been dulled. I have merely knocked at what I consider something of a wrong in our college life. Suppose the Prom. abolished, you say, what would take its place? Nothing would take its place; the Junior class would find that its importance had been largely superficial, and that its extinction had not left a very big hole. In New Haven, in holiday homecomings, in chance forays of scattered invaders, the Yale men of that auspicious day would see enough of the world without.

J. N. Greely.

IDEALS.

IN her saner moments Miss Caryl Marcy wondered what she found so fascinating in society. This story begins in one of her saner moments, namely, the hour of noon the day after a ball which had lasted until the dawn of that morning. Now a tempting tray lay untouched before her, and she turned wearily back upon her pillow. Lobster and punch at midnight are not the best appetizers for next morning's breakfast.

What was the sense of it all? she asked herself. She had whirled around a crowded ballroom with a lot of bores, and her toes and insteps were trampled until it had become painful even to change their position. The dances were too long to prevent boredom with a tiresome partner, and too short to allow more than an exchange of nonsense with an attractive one. Moreover, after each affair she felt herself a step nearer that social madness from which they say one never recovers. She also felt the old ideals—she had had a great many of them on her eighteenth birthday—slip through her fingers one by one, and she looked back upon their fast disappearing company with a kind of sadness, which, however, was without regret.

But after all, the dinner at the Bryce's had been rather jolly, and she had been taken in by Beverly, the painter, whose pictures had made a great reputation for him in the French salons, although one would not always care to have them in the drawing-room for the younger members of the family to contemplate. He had had dark expressive eyes, and his long artistically brushed hair was a relief from the conventionally cropped heads of the men she knew. His conversation was original too, and clever enough to justify his claim to be a keen observer and painter of character. His keen estimates of the people about them and the society they moved in had amused her greatly. They had pleased her too, because she had heard other men attempt the same

thing, and in order to be clever they had been caustic and cynical. Beverly, however, frankly sympathized with society's follies, and criticized its members more often for refusing to enter into the spirit of the game than for entering into it too conspicuously. He had openly admired her and at the dance later had advanced their intimacy with a skill born only of long experience.

Miss Marcy knew very well that this gay, handsome artist did not measure even to the standard of manhood set by a very liberal metropolitan society, for there were unpleasant things whispered about his life in the French capital. But he had been very gentlemanly in speech and action with her, and she felt certain there must be something very fine about him or his features would not have been so regularly chiselled, nor his dark eyes so brilliant. She was accustomed to judge men by their mouths and his was even and thin-lipped, which she took as a good sign. Every young artist who studied in Paris, she reflected, was bound to have nasty insinuations scattered about concerning him, and there was nothing in this graceful, refined man to warrant their consideration in his case. Then in a sudden mood of defiance she thought: "What if they are true? I will only meet him casually. He is bright, and interesting, and likeable, and even if he's bad I intend to enjoy his companionship. I'm tired of conventional men. I haven't a good friend in one of them. Either they make love to me or have nothing to do with me, and I don't know which is the worst. The only people who make any fun are the young married men. They seem to have settled down to a rational jolly relationship with all the opposite sex except their wives,—but I'm becoming too modern in my views, I must stop! I wonder what demure Caryl Marcy would have thought four years ago if she had known she was to be the intimate friend of a man whose life wouldn't exactly bear the limelight—but how do I know it wouldn't?"—and before long Miss Marcy had convinced herself that the young artist was a model of virtue.

Shortly the maid arrived to remove the tray and for the first time Miss Marcy noticed a small pile of letters upon it. She seized them eagerly, smiling to herself. "What a ridiculously powerful impression that black-eyed gentleman must have made upon me to make me forget my mail. Dear me, dear me, I believe I'm falling in love," and with that she began to open the envelopes deftly with a butter-knife.

There were bills, and an invitation or two, and a long letter from a girl friend bemoaning the dullness of a health resort out of season, and asking for all kinds of gossip about the "set." "There is no one in this place," she wrote, "between the ages of twelve and forty, and every ill that the human race is heir to is being explained in detail from some arm chair in the big hall."

Finally she picked up a note written in a masculine hand. She read it through and then stared at the delicate pink flowers on the wall, while a frown puckered her white forehead. "So good old Ray is coming back for his vacation, is he? I've always been so glad before, but now I don't believe I relish the idea of listening to his ministerial talks. He always did take me too seriously. He thinks I'm still eighteen and have dreams of doing good in the world, and of becoming a sweet, motherly woman. Well, maybe I have, but somehow or other I've mislaid them. He never lost his though, did he? It *was* pretty fine of him to leave the city and bury himself in that little hole where his father started life. They say he's made a rising little town of it too, but I don't see where his fun comes in. Well, everyone to his own taste. As for me, I *do* like the excitement, and the luxury, and oh—the elegance of all this! I feel as if I were a *personage* when I'm asked everywhere and when men pay me so much attention; and it is nice to wear beautiful clothes, and to be with beautiful people. I'm really glad I'm not a settlement worker." She stretched her graceful arms and yawned luxuriously, surveying with sleepy contented eyes the delicate richness of her room and its furnishings.

At four o'clock that afternoon Miss Marcy sat before the fire in the drawing-room awaiting the arrival of Beverly, who had expressed his intention of calling. She had allowed herself the liberty of being out to every one else, and had had the logs kindled to add a touch of color to the magnificently gloomy room. She still felt a touch of the defiant mood of the morning and awaited rather eagerly her guest's arrival. He came in soon, and his intuitions, almost as quick as a woman's, told him immediately into what vein to turn his conversation. Miss Marcy had made no mistake in her arrangements. Beverly did appreciate the picture. He liked the velvet portieres glowing richly in the half light. He liked the heavy carpet that yielded under his foot. He liked the dark silk tapestry covering the walls and the arrangement of the age-dimmed paintings upon it. Above all he liked the rose-tinted picture of the distinguished girl before him, reclining gracefully against the comfortably curved back of a great Italian chair, and smiling at him over the tea table.

They chattered nonsense of the frothiest kind, and each delighted in the quick word-play of the other, laughing and rattling on like children. Never had Miss Marcy found a soul so absolutely congenial; so free from sober and appalling thoughts, so entirely given up to the perception and enjoyment of the good things life offers. And never, to tell the truth, in his wide experience, had Beverly found a woman so fresh, so sparkling, so free from self-conceit.

It was in the midst of this scene that the heavy door opened after an unceremonious knock, and a big hearty voice said from behind it, "Hello, Caryl, you're not 'out' to your adopted and long lost brother are you?"

Miss Marcy started with surprise, and a shade of annoyance crossed her face. Then she said in a cheery voice: "I should hope not, Ray! Come straight in, I'm awfully glad to see you again." The door pushed back and a big youth with a broad, pleasant face entered. His glance fell directly upon Beverly, and before he was aware of it the

broad smile had changed into a frown followed by a quick nod of recognition. Both of the young people saw the frown, but it disappeared as quickly as it came. With a trace of unwonted awkwardness he shook the girl's hand. "I'm awfully sorry to have butted in so unceremoniously," he said, reddening; "Perkins told me you were out, but just then I heard you laugh and I thought you'd forgive me if an old friend just came in to see you a minute. It's almost a year since I've seen you, you know." Again he smiled broadly with pleasure. "But I just want to know," he went on hurriedly, "when you'll be free to see me. I've got to hurry on now. Tonight? After dinner? Alright."

Very much embarrassed, and very much disappointed, he returned to his home next door, where he had lived his boyhood in close friendship with this girl he scarcely knew today. The worst of it was, she was with Beverly. He had heard bad things about the young artist, beside entertaining a strong personal dislike to him, that most of the good men he knew shared.

As for the two in the drawing-room next door, the thread of gayety and light-heartedness had been rudely snapped by Loring's appearance. The memory of that quick frown, together with what she had heard of Beverly, made Miss Marcy's conscience squirm uneasily. The thought that she had been turning away old friends on this man's account, by a subterfuge to which she had always scorned to stoop, suddenly removed the nimbus of romance and novelty which had glossed over the episode a moment before. Beverly perceived and wondered at the change. His most assiduous efforts to strike the chord again elicited only a half-hearted response that closely resembled a dissonance. He was badly disappointed, because he had conceived the idea that her beauty and fortune would help him to rise to the pinnacle of glory as a fashionable portrait painter, and he had brilliant dreams of their triumphal entry into the courts and society of Europe. He saw the girl's passion for society, he saw the quick sympathy she had for him, and

taking into account his own brilliance as a painter and as a man, he saw no alternative but that she should become his wife. Now it was evident that this tall blundering youth had some influence over her, but it was no doubt an early attachment and easily obliterated by more brilliant considerations, so he left her in high spirits.

Eight o'clock came, and with it Ray Loring. Miss Marcy was not over-cordial in her greeting. Her conscience bothered her, and of course she blamed everything upon Ray. If he had not broken in so rudely everything would have been perfectly right. She knew he was going to preach to her; he would probably say that Beverly was no fit company for her; and without doubt he would ask her to marry him again—he always did when he came back to the city. Miss Marcy was in no mood for any of these things.

Again her expectations were realized. He lost no time in telling her exactly what he thought of Beverly. It never occurred to him to have actual proof of his words. All the men took the stories about Beverly for truth. They knew the man. Miss Marcy thought she did, and when the blundering, brotherly fellow from next door pointed out her line of duty in the matter, she rose up in arms. The peroration of her address to Loring on the subject was a masterpiece of scorn and shrivelling contempt.

"That you, Ray Loring," she said in low, but forceful tones, "above all men, should come to me with a story like this! I have known Mr. Beverly for some time. He was introduced to me by dear old Mrs. Bryce, and has impressed me with his goodness and refinement as have few men that I have ever met. Do you imagine Mrs. Bryce would allow a man of questionable character to take me to dinner? I have always thought you were as honorable as the day, yet you come and tell me this without a jot of reason, or proof, for it. You say you've *heard* it. So have I *heard* things, but every young artist who goes to Paris is open to the same

danger from gossips. Because some of them are bad, not all of them must be. Mr. Beverly's a very good friend, and your unwarranted accusation against him, Ray, angers me very much. Until you give me proof of what you say I shall regard the intimacy which we used to enjoy as completely severed. I am terribly disappointed in you." With that she turned angrily, and walked to the fire.

Ray Loring had stared blindly at her during this monologue, with an expression of blank astonishment on his face. As she concluded he came to himself, gradually realizing the full meaning of what she had said. He had asserted the right of a friendship dating since nursery days to warn her against a man who was off color. True, he had no proof, but there are cases when proof is not necessary. And she had turned upon him as if he were a stranger who had attempted to malign a dear friend! There was only one reason for her action, she loved Beverly. He stood up also, his face pale, and said stiffly.

"I see I've made a mistake. I suppose I must ask your pardon,—I didn't know how you—felt toward him. Good-night, Caryl. As I shall not get a detective to look up the man's past, nor do the thing myself, I suppose I may as well—say good bye."

He turned abruptly and left her. She made no move to stop him. A few days later he returned to his work of renovation and reconstruction in his father's native town. Later on she wrote asking pardon for her rudeness and begging a restoration of the old friendship, but his letters afterward were cold and uninteresting because he believed she was no longer the Caryl he knew; and hers were little better.

Beverly spent the winter in town and took the centre of the stage as if by right. He painted a wonderful portrait of Miss Marcy, and when the numerous sittings were over the girl had completely surrendered to his charm. He frightened her sometimes because the spell he cast over her was so strong, and she noted with disquiet at these

moments that she longed instinctively for the protection of big Ray Loring. But that, she thought, was a relic of child-days when Ray had always looked out for her, and she shook herself free from her fright.

Beverly returned to Paris in June and the Marcys packed off to their summer place. Caryl and her artist exchanged letters frequently and they both returned to the city in the fall, when the intimacy was renewed. Another splendid portrait had increased Beverly's reputation, and his remarkable success won him a warm reception on this side. The intimacy with Miss Marcy, which had grown under cover of the portrait, now blossomed openly, and every one predicted a marriage between the well-mated pair.

Loring returned for Christmas as usual, looking older and thinner. The old jovial light was gone from his eyes, and the roundness from his cheeks, but women now said that instead of being a big healthy boy he had become a very strong-featured, striking man. He saw Miss Marcy frequently, and they became good friends once more. It was with a severe pang that she surprised the old pathetic look in his eyes once or twice, but he never spoke to her of his affection for her, and she was glad, because she was wholly taken up with Beverly.

The artist made no haste in asking Miss Marcy to marry him. He was now sure of his game, and thought it wisest to act with due observance of convention. Finally the moment arrived. He was taking her to a Christmas dance one blustering night. That afternoon he had been with her on a sleighing party and by a touch, a gesture, a tone of his voice, used discriminately, he had revealed his passion more clearly than ever before. She had fallen under the spell again, and now felt it more strongly than ever as she sat huddled in a corner of the roomy carriage. The door slammed and he slipped in beside her. In a whirl of words he told her how he adored her and desired her more than anything on earth, then suddenly swept her slender figure into a close embrace. Half panic-stricken, although she

had foreseen this outburst, she turned her face from him, trembling. He talked to her again, his low, musical voice pleading close to her ear, but somehow all she could think of was the tender, staunch face of Ray Loring. Finally the magic of his presence, of his arms caressingly about her shoulders, of the really splendid and practical dreams of success that he conjured up before her, worked its charm, and just before they turned the last corner the vision of Loring vanished; she only knew she loved the painter madly, and if not him, then all the social delights he stood for. She turned to him and he crushed her in such a fierce embrace that the old fear returned. And his kisses on her upturned face! They stifled her by their warmth, their closeness, their passion. She wanted air, and a moment to think. She wanted to be alone—no, she started at the thought,—she wanted with all her soul to be with Ray Loring—to have him guard her from this horror that seized her,—from this stifling embrace.

The cab slowed suddenly and stopped before an awning. She started up, avoiding his arms, and sprang out as quickly as the door permitted. Hiding her burning face in her white furs, she hurried on madly, scarce seeing her way. Instinctively she sought the dressing-room. If only she might not meet any one! She had out-distanced Beverly, and he, thinking she wished to avoid him at first through modesty, made no effort to find her, but moved to the coat-room. The girl mounted some stairs, and then stopped; she had gone the wrong way. Suddenly she heard a step behind her and, turning, saw Ray. He looked down at her with great tenderness, and as he saw the frightened, half-wild look on her face touched her arm soothingly.

"Is anything wrong, Caryl?" he said softly.

She looked up at his broad, kind face and her own cleared somewhat. Impulsively she caught his hand and cried in a low, hard voice:

"Help me, Ray! Everything's wrong. I'm wicked, and foolish, and—and crazy! You were right. That man's a—beast. I never knew it until now. No! don't look like that! It was my fault, I led him on. But I saw it all when he—kissed me. He doesn't really love me, he loves my—face. Oh I've been blind not to see what he is, and what the life I wanted to lead is. The old ideals were right after all. O Ray, I want my ideals back!"

She sobbed brokenly, like a child, and a moment later an observer might have seen a great artist's fiancée sobbing herself back to reason and to old ideals on the shoulder of another man.

C. L. Watkins.



THE PARTING.

Why does my path lead on, and thine no more?

Together friend, we've journeyed on too long

To make a parting here,—the ties are strong
That bind us as before.

And yet the way shows clear,—is it the end?

Are all our wanderings come to this, that thou

At one command a feeble will would'st bow
To turn from me, a friend?

If then the parting's here, and all is known,

But once let us join hands, nor stop to gaze :—

For me is left a memory all my days
And the long path alone.

J. Howland Auchincloss.

LEIGH HUNT.

“COLORS are the smiles of nature, flowers her laughter,” wrote Hunt. He himself was always one of her smiles; three or four times in his life the loving heart of nature stirred him with a gentle harmony and his laughter broke out, not into flowers but into poems. Like orchids they are rare, but likewise priceless. His whole genius was mild, a fabric made of airy stuff—all innumerable ripples that touched the golden sands and vanished.

His name must stand for what he left,—it is most interesting for what he never could leave. He, alone of almost all the literary men of England, was compounded of absolute cheerfulness. If Whistler had the “gentle art of making enemies,” Hunt had the gentle art of making friends. Unfortunately, it must be added, of losing them too; for as they clung to him from pure love of beauty and wit, they slipped away as easily, because he held no compelling sort of attraction. In his eyelids and cheeks there is almost a winsome affection, but his nose has just the indication of flabbiness; as if he often wandered aimlessly, without a needle to guide his course. Dickens felt soothed by his influence, yet he (unconsciously it is said) put him into the character of Harold Skimpole, a scapegrace on the style of Micawber. Byron swung round into his soft light like a blazing comet and, after scorching him, whizzed into the darkness. He criticized Keats into prominence by his admiration for irregular rhythm and his censure of Pope’s rules, but when he looked up, Keats had soared above him.

Hunt was a man of infinite possibilities, remarkable because he came so near to being first rate, but gradually forgotten because he just missed it. A man of many poetical qualities, yet rarely a poet; a student with interesting reflections, yet never a philosopher; an analyzer of human character, but not a novelist; he is one of those creatures not quite great enough for the band of immortals, but too

beautiful to be cast out of their company. His essays, and one especially, "A Day by the Fire," have the quiet repose of Lamb, but not the steadiness. Lamb is always overflowing in production, filled with wisdom, while Hunt only expresses clever ideas. He often attains the clear, liquid style of Addison, but sometimes only a weak substitute. His "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" frequently flows in a golden stream, but again it clogs in a cloying, misshapen lump of absurdities. On the borders of Olympus he lived in the presence of the gods, but by them he was cursed for his carelessness.

Just a strain of sadness, just a touch of hate, but not a bit of backbone was in this man. After having written many political tracts, his hatred of sham broke out in 1812 into one short sting against the Prince Regent. For having said that the "Adonis in Loveliness" was a "corpulent man of fifty" and indifferently refusing to retract, he was cast into prison for two years, where he trellised his cell with flowers and finally came out as genial and improvident as ever. With all his political ambitions he never became a reformer. Yet these schemes to free the press prevented him from concentrating his abilities upon either essays or verse. He wrote upon nearly everything. Like a gypsy he roamed incessantly; lacked independence; lacked a sense of obligation and once in a while, it is said, a feeling of gratitude. These, however, were not so much unmitigated faults as the accompaniment and penalty of his exuberance of spirit. He never took advantage of success or was troubled by adversity. Cheerfulness and chivalry were his inheritance; through them he hovered above the pinnacle of fame and through them he was bruised against its point. In this connection it is interesting to note that his children inherited the weakness, but not the pride of ancestry that made their father dignified. To them he left all his mistakes, but not his redeeming virtue, without which he would have decayed like them.

But with it, with this single striving after beauty, which he defines as the "loveliest form of pleasure," he has written three poems which are entitled to live. He began with the "Love of Lovely Words," so that where before we had heard of sunshine and moonshine, he aptly calls the glisten in the little pool of mud beneath the street-light "mudshine."

"And he's the poet, more or less, who knows
The charm that hallows the least truth from prose,
And dresses it in its mild singing clothes."

His "Cupid Swallowed" bubbles with mirth.

"Tother day as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself;
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him,
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him.
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart strings."

This is easily equal to Lyly's dainty poem on "Cupid and Campaspe," with more reality. Lyly was a courtier, his verse is glossed with magic and ornament, while Hunt has just the beginnings of a philosopher, without the stiffness of purpose to complete it.

This same light grace, with the further note of sadness, is characteristic of the following:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in;
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me."

This is as perfect in form and as delicate in touch as Herrick's "When as in silks my Julia goes," but Herrick is brightest when singing to Julia, Hunt when singing to himself.

Finally, Hunt composed a poem which represents the culmination of his powers, which shows what heights he might have reached. In addition to imagination and feeling he has here introduced a deep thought.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase;)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Although this contains a great truth, it is not the result of real comprehension but rather, as Hunt put it, "he cannot understand, he loves." This love gave him a vivid expression, intense imagination usually brought him an exquisiteness of taste, while a sprightly fancy filled his language with the "odorous rhetoric of carnations." The little poem on Abou Ben Adhem suggests that he might have gone further, that he might have become a prophet in song if another poem did not illustrate his limitations only too clearly.

The "Story of Rimini," probably the best of his Italian tales, has the elements of a stirring tragedy, but sometimes by stiff metre, or conventional epithet, it lacks that tenseness and acuteness necessary for a striking development.

More than that, however, Hunt seems to lack the sinew for human drama and tragic climax, as well as the soul for tumultuous passion held in check by restraint. He sympathizes fully with the buoyancy of the South, but he cannot depict its anger and rage. Throughout there is strength struggling with the natural sloth of his disposition. As the conflicting elements are too evident, it is not a good composition; but it is a key to his character.

His talent is at its best in quiet love poems, in strains full of the fragrance of indolence, of trees dropping ripened fruit on the soft sward. He will pluck you a flower and surround it in a bath of liquid amber until you fancy you are looking at his mystery through a golden medium. He "makes heaven drowsy with his harmony," but if you search for the application of great ideas to life, you will go away unrewarded. Hunt, himself, seems to have realized this deficiency, in his verse at least, for he has thrown away all but seventy-five pages, so that what remains is always readable and restful, generally of the highest quality of gaiety and gentleness.

Sometimes when wandering through Belgium you will unexpectedly come across an old belfry in Flanders. The canals are filled with sand, here heaped up in drifts and there blown by a wind from the sea through the narrow cobblestoned streets. From a window with broken shutters, a Flemish woman leans out and gossips with her red-kerchiefed neighbor across the way. An indifferent visitor slouches up the dilapidated steps and lifts a knocker bearing the name of one of the most distinguished families in Europe. The blue sky smiles down and the laughing waves leap over the dykes; slowly washing away the fame of centuries. Yet ever and anon above the sinking poverty and the vanity of the past, a wonderfully sweet tone will strike the stranger's ear, until he forgets the crumbling ruins and the fading tapestries, to lose himself amid the treasures of long ago. 'Tis the sound of the belfry. It rises above decaying ground. Soon the last descendants of the noble

town will fall away in feebleness and death at its base. The belfry's peal cannot arrest their end, it may never be heard except by the curious traveler, for it is very unpretentious; but its note is music, humble music, yet intensely real and beautiful.

Thus Hunt has lived and gone, with not many more than three poems upon which to rest his claim for remembrance. These are his bursts of laughter, rare but genuine. For the multitude of his smiles, for his whole lifetime of smiles, perhaps often thoughtless and careless, do not censure him too severely! He did not attempt to solve problems; his was the poetry of gladness. Surely we cannot do less than repeat his own words, whose fitness made them his epitaph:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

Howard F. Bishop.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

THE lily white maiden, Maria Francesca, sat on the slope of the olive orchards, a long way beyond the city's wall. She was slender and white, her cheeks just tinged with a faint rose color, and her eyes like two violets looking from beneath long lashes. And as she gazed, with innocent wonder, over the rolling hills and the valleys, and the Arno, lying like a crumpled yellow ribbon, she seemed like the Madonna Immaculate, and a very part of the May morning, so fresh and young she was.

And there was one sat by her, Messer Piero Collonna, the young soldier whom the Duke loved. He was tall and strong and his face was a ruddy brown and the black hair crisped and curled about a forehead such as Messer Andrea painted on his San Sebastian. But his eyes were very joyous and he laughed pleasantly and gayly like a boy who has no cares on his shoulders and is in love with living. And he was bravely clad in scarlet and russet brown, and he wore a lute hung round his shoulders by a scarlet ribbon and a long sword by his side. So he sat looking on the white maiden and a depth of love shone out of his eyes.

'Little maid,' he said, 'tie me a true lover's knot with this bright ribbon, that I may wear it on my sword hilt when I go to the wars, and have thee with me wheresoever I may be.'

'Nay,' said the little maid, 'how could I tie true lover's knots, who know naught of such things, and naught of love?'

'So!' he laughed. 'You know little now, but the learning is easy. Will you have me for a teacher, little maid?'

'Nay,' said she, playing absently with the ribbon, 'I do not know.'

Then he picked up his lute that sparkled in the sun, and struck a few sweet chords. And he sang,

'Little maiden, knowing naught of Love,
Would you learn what love is?'

'With love no fears are,
No bitter tears are,
Golden the years are
Through all our days,
Nor from tomorrow,
Fear shall we borrow,
There may no sorrow
Be where Love stays.'

'Love knows no railing
No sad bewailing;
Joy is prevailing
Through all our days;
Nor from tomorrow,
Fear shall we borrow,
There may no sorrow
Be where Love stays.'

'Little maiden, knowing naught of Love
Have you learned what Love is?'

He stopped and the little maid sat silent a long time, and her eyes were far away. Then he threw aside the lute, and said, 'Oh, little maid, the rhymes tell nothing and the music is but a tinkling sound, but do you know what makes me sing?'

And the little maiden bowed her head and the roses bloomed in her cheeks and she answered very low, 'Surely it is love.'

'Yes, little maiden,' he said, 'it is love.'

But as he spoke these words three heads rose over the crest of the hill, and three men appeared. They were tall and lank, and their clothes were once rich, but now tawdry and tarnished; they looked at the man and the maid, and their faces were very evil. Now they were three camp followers, masterless men, ruffians black with every sin, villains of the lowest sort. There was Tête Rouge, and Michel of the Bloody Hands, and English Hugh with his evil eyes peering from his grey wolf's face. And when they spied the two, Tête Rouge laughed and showed his broken teeth, and in a voice hoarse with wine and much evil living he called to Michel, 'You may have the lute and the purse, but I will have the slip of a girl.'

Then Messer Piero ground out a great oath, and sprang to his feet and whipped out his bright sword and ran upon the three. And Tête Rouge he ran through the middle so that he coughed out 'Jesu!' on his sword hilt. Then he turned to English Hugh and the sparks flew from their swords. But while English Hugh snarled and lunged and the air was filled with the sound of rasping steel and stamping feet, Michel of the Bloody Hands slunk round behind Messer Piero and his eyes glittered like those of a snake. And just as Piero ran English Hugh through the sword arm so that he dropped his blade and took to his heels, Michel gave him a deep wound in the back. Then he turned to Michel, but he too fled, and for reason of his wound he could not pursue.

Now the little maid had seen naught of these things. For after the first rattle of swords and the death cry of Tête Rouge she had bowed her head in her knees and prayed to the Virgin for help and succor. And the fighting had lasted but a little while, about the space in which she could say two 'Hail Marys' and a 'Paternoster;' so when she raised her head she saw the dead man asprawl and clutching at the sweet May flowers, and Messer Piero coming toward her, wrapped in his cloak and his sword sheathed.

'Oh, let us flee,' cried the little maid, all white and trembling; 'this is an evil place and death is here.'

'Nay,' said he, 'I am awearied with the fighting and would rest a little while.' So he sat down and wrapped his cloak close about him, but his face was very pale.

'Little maid,' he said lightly, 'tie me a true lover's knot with this ribbon that I may wear it at my sword hilt and have thee with me wheresoever I may be.'

'Oh,' she cried gladly, and smiling in her relief, 'I know not how, but I will try.' But as she reached for the ribbon, his head wavered and he fell backward in a swoon. Then the little maiden gave a great cry, for she was afraid. But she sat down by him and took his head in her lap and ran her hand through his black, curly hair, and she cried softly.

And in a little while he opened his eyes and saw her, and he smiled quaintly. 'Kiss me, sweet,' he said. And she kissed him.

And as he saw her blue eyes dimmed with tears, he said, 'Nay, little maid, do not weep. For,' he said slowly, but still with a little smile, 'There may no sorrow be where Love . . . stays.'

Then he grew pale and still and his lips no longer smiled. The little maiden put her hand on his forehead, and snatched it away with a cry, for it was very cold.

'Oh,' she cried, 'he can be only slumbering; shortly he will wake and I will tie for him true lover's knots of scarlet ribbon. Surely he must wake. He said himself that with love there was no sorrow. Nay, he will wake and smile on me. God just gave him to me and I had learned what love is; surely He would not take him away.' And the little maiden waited for him to wake.

And so she sat there while the sun sank in the west and the shadows lengthened out. And her violet eyes were filled with wonder and amaze. 'Surely he will awake,' she said. And the wonder in her eyes deepened as she waited there. For the little maiden could not understand.

R. E. Danielson.

REALISM—A PROTEST.

THACKERAY, when accused of depicting life in colors too black, used to offer the simple apology that he painted the portraits of the persons whom he found about him. Upon fidelity to truth and nature hangs this man's art. Once they asked him if he had passed a comfortable night. "How could I" he querulously exclaimed, "with Colonel Newcome making a fool of himself as he has been doing?" "But why did you let him?" "O, it was in him to do it; he must," replied Thackeray. Thus "to hold as 't were the mirror up to nature," to be true to the last detail to life, is his ideal of art,—and Shakespeare's, and Goethe's.

But it is a complete nature these men mirror. If we have a Werther, we have also a Goetz. To balance an Othello there is a Hotspur. It is this balance, this prospective, that present-day Realism lacks. But this tendency is simply a revulsion of public taste; the fault is not wholly with the writers. From our Grub Street attics,—or mansions, our hack writers still trumpet forth the note we most wish to hear. We are weary of "They lived happy ever after." Away with the stupid conventions of John Ridd and Priscilla! Give us something to stir the hair on our scalps! So they have brought us "Mrs. Warren." The pendulum has swung back very far from Thackeray and Eliot. Now we have Ibsen and Zola and Shaw. From the jungles of India a voice has come. We have seen men die of terror in their beds till every harrowing detail stands out in the picture like ribs in the skeleton of death. We have heard men, mad from the touch of a leper, bay to the jungle-wolves in their frenzy, and we have chilled to the marrow of our bones. Yet I maintain that the Bard of England was never greater. This modern virus has inoculated even Kipling. Zola has shown us Gervaise as he wanders starving along the snow-drifted boulevards of Paris. His piteous whine, "*Monsieur, écarterz donc!*" haunts us like the

cry of a soul in hell. Here is the factory girl: shall she sell her soul or die of misery and poison? Over the unsolvableness of the problem grin in derision the animal lips of Shaw, the misanthrope. Then there are the sallow-faced, inky-haired, hollowed-eyed men of Gorky; hurried on hopelessly, relentlessly, through the eternal night of Russia,—the creatures of a malicious, pitiless Destiny. Of a truth, "Up from the depths" is the battle cry of Realism. Yet this is not a tirade against the personality of these men. If a Zola rises from the slum-sinks of Paris, he can not rise unsmirched. The focus on life he gains during those horrid years of his boyhood needs must remain with him always. It is the fault of his environment, not of his heart, if he depicts only blackened wretches fighting hopelessly in the meshes of vice. Thus for him is life,—all of life.

That this is one phase of life,—a phase, perhaps, which has been neglected in literature, is true. That these men, Gorky, Zola, Shaw, have painted this phase of life in lurid, savage colors cannot be denied. That in so far as they have done this truthfully they have served art, is equally true. We honor them for it. A spark of genius is rare enough in these times of ours. But these men are one-sided artists, they lack breadth. They know only "the depths" and that is all they have given us. They draw a segment and call it the circle. Their work is like those old-fashioned cameo cuts,—perfect in detail, but lacking in perspective.

Nor are these livid, fantastic bubbles that swell upon the surface truly typical of the calm sea of humanity beneath. They are abnormalities. It is the abnormal that Realism deifies and sets upon the pedestal of the universal. For it is only by moulding universal characters that any school can hope for permanence. Such were the characters of Shakespeare, of Cervantes. Do we not meet daily our Rosalinds, our Don Quixotes? True, Hamlet and Caliban are not universal characters, they are universal riddles. This is all that Shakespeare could do with the abnormal,—

make it a problem. Nor has modern Realism done more. Shaw propounds the problem of the factory girl. Is there an answer to it in "Mrs. Warren's Profession?" No. There are simply the figures, column after column of them,—ugly, lurid, brutal figures. Shaw rules the line beneath. As for the answer,—he offers none. With such indifference to the conclusion must we not suspect a morbid eagerness to display these loathsome figures? With Shakespeare, wrong brings suffering, and tragedy is born. In Realism there is no discriminating retribution. In Shakespeare, if we have Tarquin we still have Lucretia. In Realism there is no Lucretia. Hospitals are necessary, but we need not turn them into art galleries. We need not in art strip off the veil from the throbbing sores of the "submerged tenth" and say, "This is Life!" What Gustave Doré has done for art that the Realists have done for literature. We see the convulsions of sorrow, of agony, of remorse,—and there we have Realism. Yet this is not a plea for insipidity in literature. The trouble with modern Realism is not that it is not true, but that it is not the whole truth.

The spirit of this school is that of Japanese art. To the Oriental artist the sound man is no subject of interest. So he searches about for the nearest humpedback or cripple to sketch upon his canvas. With a curl of his lip and a shake of his side he says, "Here is something unusual, something worthy of portrayal; this is art. "Away with such a child-like, morbid delight in the abnormal! Give us a Realism that is real!

Nor is literature only a reflector, it is also an idealizing lens. To my mind, Van Dyke has voiced the motif of all true literature: "Let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning." Sir Philip Sidney's argument for the superiority of poetry over history and philosophy on the ground that it presents in concrete terms the highest ideals of the fancy, is equally applicable to fiction and the drama. Without ascending the rostrum, literature can

mould life and ideals more powerfully than once it did politics. Thus Hugo and Dickens understand the mission of literature. One struck at the abuses of a corrupt school system; the other at the horrors of an inhuman convict life. They, too, speak in gruesome, baleful terms. But it is only as a means of teaching. The repulsive squalor of Realism is itself an end. And so wrapt are the Realists in putting the last lurid stroke to the picture, they forget that their view is partial, that their choice of data is arbitrary, and fancy they have given us life. Some of the products of Realism may be intended to teach, and in so far as this is their honest purpose they are commendable. But their most fanatical devotee can scarcely claim that it has been successful. To me their most persistent note is the jeer of hopeless fatalism.

So, let us not take modern Realism too seriously. Let us not forget that art which neglects all but the basest stratum of society is not art, but only a shoddy counterfeit. Let us look to life for the sunshine that is shut out of literature. Let us hope for a man who will give us a Realism that is real.

Rolland M. Edmonds.

NOTABILIA.

The LIT. Prize Essay Medal was not awarded last year; it is not to be awarded this year. Of the three essays submitted one was not so bad as the other two. But the Committee of Award decided that the fact would hardly warrant an award. Now it is not on the three men who tried and failed that the burden of this year's non-awardal rests, but on the thousand or so men that did not try. In other days, a Medal-winner was a person of importance in Yale life, looked on even as of possible promise in the world's big life of letters. Nowadays of course it is very different. A constant change is inevitable, and our much vaunted traditions have not the power to stave it off. The power of our traditions seems nowadays no more than an ancient and honorable fable. We believe in it vaguely; but if we come down to the facts of the case we find it but a tissue of old women's tales, uncontradicted. The Fence is a new fence; South Middle poses as Connecticut; the old Library is rapidly becoming a large hole in the ground. Assuredly the old days are dead, the traditions of them vague, powerless ghosts.

* * * * *

The LIT. desires to thank Professors Lewis and Phelps for acting as judges in the competition.

* * * * *

The *News*, to use *News* phraseology, has lately blossomed a bit. Unthinking college criticism has not spared the change. The defects of the new *News* have been widely ridiculed; its virtues slurred over. Now this is simply because that criticism is unthinking. A college daily newspaper must be always something of a bulletin, but it need not be only a bulletin. For years, however, the *News* has been; and at least it is commendable for the 1906 Board to try, however awkwardly, to get out of the well-worn rut. At

present it appears that none of the added space, secured by increasing the size of the sheet, is to be devoted to advertising. This means that the Editors are voluntarily robbing themselves that Yale may have a better daily; which shows an unselfishness no commoner in Yale than it is in the big world.

J. N. G.

PORTFOLIO.

—I found the legend of Pope Innocent the Just in a black-lettered folio, adorned with angular portraits with ornate borders. It was a gossip Latin history of the popes by good Master Pierre Van Hooven, once of the Sorbonne; a man of such learning that his Leyden compeers confidently asserted his fame would go down the ages with that of Vergil, or Silius Italicus.

*THE HEART
OF POPE
INNOCENT.*

Innocent eminently deserved his appellation, "The Just." Never was pontiff so exact in mass and fast. Never did anyone impress more upon the people their duty to Mother Church. Whenever people complained of their tithes, the good pope would promptly excommunicate the offending district, unless they gave one-fifth of their goods, henceforth.

When the fields about Merolia were barren, in the year of the great drought, and the peasants were dying on every side, they sent a pompous petition to Innocent; even daring to beg that they might be relieved of their tax for that year. The pope replied that at no time had they so much needed the mediation of the church, and that their tax was mercifully increased to one-half.

A noble, great-souled man was the pope, for did he not build ten times as many churches as his weak successor, over whom so many chroniclers are enthusiastic, because, forsooth, to take heed for the vicious villeins? He reared so many great stone churches, of marvelous gargoyles, that some called him "The Builder." And he was of laudable care in seeing that the clergy should have full and fit ceremonies, instead of gadding about the country, trying to make the peasants unsatisfied with the mode of life for which God intended them.

Now when the pope died, as even the just do, and the cardinals gathered, as was the custom, to burn his heart for a sacrifice, there was much wonder among them regarding the sort of heart which could inspire so great a pontiff.

"Ah, he was a wonderful priest", said one, "a real saint. Why, he has built more churches than there are feathers in the wings of St. Michael. For my part, I say that his heart should be in the likeness of a church."

"Yes," muttered Bishop Anthony of Merolia, "and it will be of stone like those same churches."

The cardinals gathered about the gilded bier, painted with the washing of the apostles' feet. The Christ was an especial creation of the art of Galbinetto, as he wore a most gorgeous and beautiful robe of scarlet.

The pope's own physician, a man wondrous well read in Galen and Hippocrates, cut open the breast, drew back, and exclaimed, "Seigniors, there is no heart here."

Whereupon all, save Bishop Anthony, praised God that he had seen fit to take the pope's heart to heaven, without waiting for the sacrifice. Bishop Anthony related a dream in which he had seen the pope's heart transformed into the pinnacle of a church tower, on which crouched a grinning and gibbering demon, bathing the stone with the blood of a starved peasant.

Which is such arrant nonsense that, as Master Pierre very properly says, Bishop Anthony was rightly excommunicated as a blasphemer.

Harry S. Lewis.

—In the days of Socrates conversation was a school; now it is a business;—with Izaak Walton it was a fine art. To know him you must have that pocket edition with the green leather back, and the crisp parchment leaves with the wide margins;—and a pipe, of course. No one could seriously try to read the "Compleat Angler" without a pipe in his lips. The aroma of your tobacco, like incense of old magicians, calls back the genial spirit of the angler of Tottenham, and he stands in the blue folds of the smoke with his kindly face, his shabby, brown coat with the breeches to match, and his green, jointed rod:—all just as on that fresh May morning when he met Venator and Auceps. Yes, it is really he,—the god of the anglers. "Ah, you are well overtaken; a very good evening to you, sir," and there is warmth of the heart in his gentle greeting.

Then we follow him as did Hunter and Hawker in the old days, through the shade of the English wood, past trim farms and gardens and hedges, past low-thatched inns deep-hid in the forest where the ale glows like amber and mine hostess

hath still a song for the traveler ;—and, when the sunrise flames red through the leaves and the air is pungent with the odor of camp fires, down to the mossy brink of the still pool by Hodesden,—which lies not far from Ware, you know, where the great trout dream in the sunlight. And there, “by your leave, gentle sir,” he will joint the green rod and “cast” in the calm of the morning. What cunning wiles of giving and taking of line has the master! And the electric thrill through the rod,—has it not lit this spark in the kindly eye? This is the joy of battle. Then when that captive bit of dappled mischief gleams at last on the moss with all the hues of the morning,—what joys have princes to compare with this? “A fine trout, truly, gentle sir, and mine hostess shall broil it till its flavor is sweeter than dried rose leaves, and mayhap sing us a song betimes.”—What a fairyland has he woven us,—this gentle spirit of wood and stream.

“But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we’ll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.” Here he will tell us of forest and wild things, and the simple sweets of the lot of the angler. “Nay, let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who with the expense of a little money, have eat and drunk and laughed and angled and sung and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung and laughed and angled again; which are blessings that rich men can not purchase with all their money.” His talk is like soft music which once creeping into the soul, haunts it forever. His philosophy is of cheer and contentment, of the simple joys of a life of contemplation. As with the spell of a necromancer he charms us,—this first apostle of “the simple life.” A plain man and poor, without vaunting or setting himself up, yet he was thought worthy to be the friend of kings.

Rolland M. Edmonds.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Football Captain

For the 1906 team was chosen December 9, Samuel Finley Brown Morse, 1907, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, being elected.

The Sheffield Scientific School Fraternities

On December 11 announced the election of the following men from the class of 1908 S.:

Delta Psi—Thomas Cullen Gordon, Frank Watrous Hamilton, Charles Slade Inman, David Duryea Irwin, Howard Harding Jones, Thomas Albert Dwight Jones, John Mayer, Jr., Claude Jewell Peck, Philip Field Wythe Peck, Newton Perry, Thomas Harold Prosser, Herbert Hartley Ramsay, Herbert Morse Root, Edward Larned Ryerson, Albin Champlin Swenson, Horace Adams Soper, Charles D. Thompson, Cornelius Bushnell Watson, Stephen Whitney, William Porter Witherow.

Delta Phi—Clarence Frank Alcott, Harold Ross Brown, Edwin Chesney Colwell, Wells Sargent Dickinson, Milton Lionel Dimmick, Kenneth Gordon Freeland, Alfred Brazier Howell, Benjamin Whitney Lamson, George Burwell Leggitt, Bruce Lindsay, George Granville Lobdell, Cary Brownell Moone, William Wood Skinner, Philip Wick, Ripley Wilson.

Chi Phi—Mortimer Reynolds Anstice, John Akin Branch, Ronald Francis Bulkley, Laidlaw Boswell Burger, Edward Bigelow Hull, Ben Chapman Keator, Aaron Lufkin Kelsey, Edward Brooks Taylor, Joseph Francis Weller, Edgar Clinton Wolcott.

Hockey Scores

December 19—Yale 1, New York A. C. 4.

27—Yale 7, Brown 0.

28—Yale 5, Brown 1.

29—Yale 3, Brown 1.

30—Yale 5, Carnegie Technical School 0.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Black Spaniel. By Robert Hichens. The F. A. Stokes Co.

The rhetorical effect is very carefully worked out in "The Black Spaniel." Though there are few of us who believe the killing of a dog as horrible a crime as the murder of a man, yet in "The Black Spaniel" one certainly feels at the climax as if a man had been foully murdered. The story is a remarkably clever piece of work worthy of study from a rhetorical point of view. We cannot, however, agree with the advertisement when it states that the story is a strong argument against vivisection.

The other stories in the volume are more real than the title-story. "The Mission of Mr. Eustace Greyme" is an example of the author's humor. Its scene is mostly in Africa. In his African stories Mr. Hichens is certainly at his best.

The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. The F. A. Stokes Co.

This is without doubt the strongest novel that has appeared in some time and probably the most important. The Garden of Allah is the desert of Sahara. Outside of the events of the story, most of which take place in the desert, the descriptions of the desert and its people are very stirring and attractive. They make one want to go there.

The heroine of the book, Domini Enfielden, is an English-woman whose life up to her father's death had been very unpleasant, and from then to the beginning of the story very useless, uninteresting and vegetable-like. Her father, deserted by his Catholic wife, had died an atheist. Domini, however, never gave up the Catholic faith.

Her journey to the desert is a quest for life. She feels in London that she is losing everything of value in life. In Africa she has a renaissance—her real life begins, but it is a strange one. She is changed from a woman of quiet characterless days to one whose every day is vital and intense. She is reborn not to joy alone, but to great sorrows; but ever her sorrows are infinitely better than the lethargy of her former existence. For in both joys and sorrows she is living, as few women have ever

lived, in depth and intensity of feeling. She finds the romance of her life as well as its struggle in the desert. Her character is developed, completed, made great in the Garden of Allah.

The House of a Thousand Candles. By Meredith Nicholson.
The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

For sustained excitement this is the best we have read in many moons. From the first chapter to the last it keeps your interest and it keeps you guessing. There is considerable shooting and lots of danger, also plenty of mystery. If you start this book you'll finish it.

There is no worthy character-drawing. The illustrations by Christy are very poor.

J. H. W.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Editor's Table 's an awful old bore !
 I'd like to write that and write nothing more.
 But an Editor's Table has got to be done,
 So

this
 is
 the
 way
 that
 I'll
 finish
 this
 one.

S. M. H.

Purssell Manufacturing Co.

Caterers

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AFTERNOON TEAS**Weddings and other Home Functions.****DAINTY SERVICE and EFFECTS.****DELICIOUS ENGLISH WEDDING CAKE****BROADWAY at 21st ST.****NEW YORK.**

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 5

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1906.

DONALD BRUCE.

SAMUEL M. HARRINGTON.

JOHN N. GREELY.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

J. H. WALLIS.

OF THE JUNIOR FRATERNITIES.

THE Junior fraternities as they now exist must be counted a success. As the means of uniting in friendship and fellowship certain groups of men in each class and as a means of binding together the different classes to some extent there can be no doubt of their beneficial effectiveness. And since friendship and fellowship and the knowledge of men are among the greatest things we seek and hope for at college, any institution or organization that gives these to us must be looked upon with favor. However, if there is anything more that the Junior fraternities can give, it is right that we should ask them to do so. This leader is to express the belief that there is something more than what we have mentioned which the Junior fraternities can and should give. We think they should give encouragement and stimulation to the moral advancement of their members.

It may be stated, perhaps quite rightly, that the fraternities were established for promoting fellowship and friendship, for mixing to some extent the men of the different classes; that moral betterment, though a good thing, is not

their object and is outside their province. Whether or not the advancement of morality has in the past been considered in the Junior fraternities is not really the question at all. The question is whether or not these organizations *ought now* to make this problem come under their province. We think they should. We think in a way, it is not a matter for choice but a solemn duty that the fraternities should strive to exert a moral influence. They are responsible for the men they take into membership and they are responsible for the influence of their acts and ideals on the students who are non-fraternity men; this is particularly true in the case of the Freshmen.

It is clear that the principal evil influence of the Junior fraternities is in the matter of drink. Personally we are old-fashioned enough to think it is wrong for a man to get drunk. We believe anything a man does of his own will, which is injurious to mind or body, is immoral. Anything that influences a man to do so is an evil influence. But most people will agree with this without argument. Most people will agree, too, that to some extent the Junior fraternities foster drinking in their members, and that many men who have never drunk before are caused to do so by the influences of the fraternities. Let no one think we assert that drinking in moderation is wrong. But we all know well enough that moderation is only a rule with many exceptions; and that a good many of these exceptions occur among those who start drinking suddenly rather than in a gradual manner. There are men—many men—who are masters of themselves enough to drink and be none the worse thereby; there are also men who once started are never thoroughly masters of themselves again.

Agreeing that harm frequently comes from the drinking in the Junior fraternities, what is to be done about it? It is hardly possible and probably undesirable to do away with it altogether, at any rate at once. What definite change can be made then? This: let there be no drinking of intoxicants at the meetings of the separate classes. Tuesday nights there is comparatively little drinking done; the dif-

ferent classes exert a restraining influence on each other. The classes in their own meetings could easily get along without intoxicants and have just as much entertainment.

Rules and regulations, however, are not the most powerful instruments that the fraternities have with which to make a change for the better. As the Senior societies exert a beneficial restraint over the underclassmen—particularly over the Juniors and Sophomores—by their selection, as a general rule, of men of good character, so the Junior fraternities by the men they elect should exert a moral influence. By refusing to take men who drink to excess or who in any other way are immoral the Junior fraternities would do an incalculable moral good. This influence would be felt particularly by the Freshmen, a class upon which the Senior society restraint is least felt and where some restraint is most needed.

Our attitude toward him who preaches is usually one of indifference or disregard. We feel his ideas do not apply to us. But one of the greatest dangers of the broadening of our interests and beliefs is that of too much tolerance. Here in college we learn, if we have not before, that a man whose habits are of a shady nature may be agreeable, generous, kind-hearted and noble in many ways. We disregard his faults; we forget how much better he would be without them. However, evil itself is not changed though we can see good with it. The old struggles and questions are just as serious as they have always been and they apply to us as much as to our fathers.

Recognizing that this problem is a present one and that the Junior fraternities have it in their power to do a great good, they should take steps to do it. The friendships and fellowships need not be lost; they should be even strengthened. But before the prospect of making men cleaner and better all should give way. The Junior fraternities have the opportunity to make Yale men nearer Yale's ideal—clean-minded, pure-hearted, masters of themselves, respected by their fellows and leaders of others. The priceless power of influence may be exerted for good.

J. H. Wallis.

CLASS.

IT was a most respectable boarding house, that of Mrs. Everett Emerson, and Mrs. Everett Emerson herself was a most respectable lady. She sat about in the mornings after the gentlemen had gone to work, and discussed many vital topics with her daughter, Ethel Emerson, and the sole lady boarder, Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Everett was always arrayed in a pink negligée "dressing sack," which she had slipped on for breakfast, and in like manner her daughter wore a blue one, of that particular shade known as "baby." Mrs. Jenkins, whose husband was the agent of an out-of-town graphophone company, sat squarely in her chair, and her neatly dressed figure seemed always to bristle with condemnation of the attire of her hostesses. "Very slovenly indeed," said her unstretched New England conscience. "A woman can order her supplies and instruct her servants with just as much comfort if she is completely dressed—unless she laces too tightly." She frowned suspectingly as she recollected the very swiftly tapering waist of Miss Ethel. Nevertheless the table was always fair, the linen was always clean, and the Emersons were really very nice people so far as city folks went, she supposed.

"I don't see why a woman of Mrs. Jarvis' coloring should wear green, do you?" Mrs. Emerson was saying vindictively. "I saw her pass yesterday in a green hat and suit and—"

"But it's all the rage, mama," broke in Miss Ethel. "Mr. Marvin was telling me yesterday—he has the silk counter at Stacy's you know—he was telling me that they sold,—oh, I don't know how many—"

"That's just it. Of course they did. As soon as one stylish woman gets a new color, everyone rushes for it. I hate to see a woman so crazy about fashions. I think it shows lack of intellect and appreciation of the higher—"

"But one must have some regard for appearances, mama. If not, why do we subscribe to all those papers?" Miss Ethel innocently pointed to a large pile beneath a table. The names *Bon Ton*, *Delineator*, *Fashions*, etc., appeared here and there. Mrs. Emerson disdained a reply by rising to summon the cook. A conversation between the mother and daughter always resembled a medley in which one selection develops from another without a break, until some tune is used as a grand finale.

At length the talk drifted around to the male boarders, who always underwent their period of indictment, and afterwards heard the verdict indirectly from one of the three sources.

"As I said to Mr. Jenkins," began the only lady boarder,— (all that was "said to Mr. Jenkins" must have made him a remarkably wise man)— "I think Mr. Adams is getting to look awfully thin and peaked. I am sure he must work too hard at his business. It is such a confining task." As she said this she looked sharply at Miss Ethel. What she saw caused her features to assume a look of furtive satisfaction. She had guessed correctly. At mention of Mr. Adams' name the girl's face had flushed quickly, and her eyes had fixed on the window with what may be termed "conscious unconsciousness."

"He does work rather hard," said Miss Ethel nonchalantly, twirling a bunch of miscellaneous "dinkies" and baubles about her finger.

"One might almost think he had a special object in view," pursued Mrs. Jenkins. "It may be he contemplates matrimony, for all we know." The sharp eyes still watched the girl.

"Well, it will be a lucky girl that Mr. Adams picks out," broke in Mrs. Everett. She also glanced sententiously at Ethel. "They say he is building up a very handsome business in gentlemen's furnishings. He always wears his clothes so well, and dresses so stylishly. I look with great eagerness to see what kind of a tie he'll wear next Sunday. He seems to have an endless supply, and such—"

"By the way, mama, do tell me what the new boarder is like that is coming to-day. Is she young?" again the daughter broke in and accomplished a successful side-tracking.

"Yes, quite young. Her father failed in New York and she is coming up to a smaller city to earn her living by teaching drawing. You can't help feeling sorry for her, because I suppose she's one of these soft little things that never did anything for herself. Well, that's what the rich have to expect any minute, and I don't doubt it does 'em good in the end."

With that bit of broad philosophy Mrs. Everett Emerson departed to her room to attire herself for the day. Soon after, her daughter straightened her generous, shapely figure from its rather complicated posture in the big chair, and the little party broke up, all thinking of the new lady boarder, and all with very different thoughts. Mrs. Emerson was expecting some valuable information in regard to proper conduct in social circles. Miss Ethel had the intention of revealing the fact that there was culture and grace in other places than the exclusive society of the city, and Mrs. Jenkins awaited with delight the probability of a disturbing and interesting element in the little love drama she was watching.

The supper bell had rung. All the boarders were gathered in the parlor save the new arrival, and all were waiting to hear her footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Jenkins was "saying things to Mr. Jenkins," who sat with joined finger-tips, and nodded his thin-faced, half-bald head now and then. The other men, heretofore unmentioned, were Gardner the book-keeper, and Stepney the real-estate man. Before the fire-place they were discussing very knowingly the character of a prominent New York financier. Mrs. Emerson sat in the center of the room in solitary bliss, alternately pluming the ribbons upon a very elaborate waist and tucking away strands of hair. In the corner on a sofa sat Adams and Ethel, quite oblivious of their surroundings and absolutely

happy. Adams had returned early and they had spent an hour together before supper. Ethel's intuitions, of whose efficiency she had become convinced by numerous novels, had told her several times that a declaration was imminent, but somehow it had always been delayed. Still, she was assured of his love.

In anticipation of her meeting with the fallen aristocrat who was to join them at this meal for the first time, Miss Ethel had donned a stunning pink silk waist with an intricate lace design about the shoulders and bosom. She had also added an extra inch to her pompadour with marvellous effect. Her bracelets clinked melodiously when she moved her graceful, substantial arm and allowed the lace to fall back with a charming carelessness to a dimpled elbow. Mr. Adams made a mental avowal that there was no more beautiful, refined or clever woman anywhere on earth.

A rustle of skirts at the door suddenly caught the company's attention, and for the first time they beheld the new arrival. The first impression of her consisted entirely of wavy, brown hair and deep, wide eyes. A second look revealed the fact that her figure was slender and of moderate height, while her face was a broad, soft oval, which shaped itself into a charmingly friendly smile as Mrs. Emerson proceeded with the formalities of her position and made her guests known to each other. It was evident from the first that the new boarder would be popular. It was almost with regret that Mrs. Emerson whispered to Mrs. Jenkins that she was quite astounded that society people had such simple manners. Mrs. Jenkins nodded absently. She was thinking of the look of astonishment and frank admiration which she had surprised on Adams' face as the girl came in.

At supper, attention centered upon the New York girl, whose name was Miss Carpenter. Miss Ethel, confident a minute before of being able to startle the newcomer by a vision of unexpected charm and beauty, suddenly felt extremely large and awkward. Her bracelets, swooping too low, carried away a portion of mashed potato from her plate.

Her voice, which she had always fancied to be rather full and expressive, now sounded harsh and uncouth in contrast with the delicately modulated tones of the girl opposite her. She was suddenly aware that there was too much lace upon her waist, and that the cluster of baubles at the end of a long chain was a trifle childish. In her mind's eye she felt her pompadour growing to tremendous proportions above her head; while she looked in hopeless admiration at the low, graceful sweep of the stranger's wavy brown hair. But worst of all, she observed the ill-concealed interest which Bert Adams showed in every word and movement of the newcomer.

It was not a pleasant meal for Miss Emerson. She arose from it a very much wiser and humbler young lady than when she had sat down. We must credit her with this, however:—contrary to the manner of most girls of her class when their pride has been toppled down by another of their own sex, she actually did not feel personal resentment against the one who had unwillingly hurt her. It is true, however, that she felt a great wave of bitterness against the fate which had given this girl all the advantages that made her the perfectly finished woman she was.

This meal was the beginning of the trial and torture that Miss Ethel was to undergo. Day by day she had to watch the love of Bert Adams transfer itself bit by bit from herself to the stranger girl. The newer object of his affections seemed to be unconscious of them, however, and did not know the romance she had interrupted. Finally, the coldness of Mrs. Emerson, who was in despair at beholding her daughter losing such a desirable parti, made itself plainly perceptible, and Miss Carpenter, misinterpreting its cause, tried to conquer the animosity by being more companionable than before with her new associates, including Adams. Thereby she made matters worse.

It was the first instinct of Miss Ethel to make a fight for Bert Adams. Every girl she knew would have done so. She had a powerful claim upon him, and by being a trifle

insistent, by showing her distaste for his attentions to the other girl, by intruding her affection upon him, she might have appealed to his sense of chivalry to such an extent that he would have returned to her. He still paid more attention to her than to Miss Carpenter, in order to satisfy his conscience, but she could see that his heart was not in it. The temptation was strong to use those means she knew she could handle, and which she had seen her friends handle, to bring him back. But somehow a new note had been sounded in her nature. She was no longer the haughty, shapely Miss Ethel, to whom the attention of men and the affection of all was a common meed, and right. She had been very much humbled and chastened by the sudden realization that there was a class of girl very different from hers, whose charms she somehow could not fathom. She saw plainly how it must captivate such a fine fellow as Adams, and she did not blame him for yielding. She really loved him enough to realize that he would be far happier and more successful with such a distinguished wife as Miss Carpenter, and that she was willing to give him up to her. This latter fact she became conscious of with a feeling of surprise at her own unselfishness.

For three months things proceeded thus. Every day increased the devotion of Adams. He put every effort forth to appear before her in his best light, and his jokes and the stories of the funny things he had seen during the day kept the supper table in roars of laughter. Sundays he always managed to spend a few hours with her and in this time he endeavored to show the more intellectual side of his nature. He had a fine ear for music, although his ideas of obtaining feeling consisted in the rolling of chords and plentiful use of the pedal when he played to her. He also loved to read Tennyson aloud to her, and sometimes Walt Whitman, but he never seemed to be able to produce that play of expression upon her face that he always looked for. Finally he frankly gave up all pretence of attention to Miss Emerson. Mrs. Jenkins saw this, and thought of the let-

ters which she had seen arriving twice a week addressed to Miss Carpenter in a vigorous, manly hand. She could scarcely contain herself to find out how the affair would end.

One Saturday Adams arrived at the house shortly after dinner, anticipating a walk which he had planned with Miss Carpenter. As he entered, Miss Ethel was just starting upstairs. She turned as she heard him, and he noticed with sudden compunction how handsome she was with a new, subdued dignity, which he had never seen in her before. She turned back to meet him, and motioned him to follow her toward the den in the rear. There was a very tender expression in face and voice as she spoke to him, because in the light of what she now knew she was very sorry for him.

"She wanted you to excuse her if she was a little late," she said. "An old friend came unexpectedly, and she felt she ought to see him even if she had to break her date with you." There was no triumph in her voice, no vindictiveness, yet Adams knew from the tone what he had to expect.

"It's a him, is it?" he said, with strained gaiety.

She nodded. "Listen, isn't that the piano?"

The opening bars of a very sweet, high melody came to them through the hall. It rippled along smoothly with liquid rhythm, until deeper notes took up the theme of an old, throbbing love-song of Mendelssohn's. The two in the den sat silently listening. Adams' face was contorted with the pain of an increasing self-abasement.

"To think I played my nonsense to the girl who is playing that," he groaned to himself. The cloud was lifting from his brow, and values were reasserting themselves once more. "Reading poetry to her!" He lashed himself with mortification. "As if she wasn't capable of picking out her own poems and enjoying them without my croaking them at her! What would a girl like that have to do with me, anyway, unless she bought her husband's neck-ties of me! And I have given up my love to chase a wild dream like this—to cry for the moon. Oh you fool!"

The music had ceased. Ethel was looking at him anxiously. "I'm afraid Miss Carpenter is going to leave us, Bert," she said softly. He did not move. She went on awkwardly. "She has promised to marry *him*—and she leaves in a day or two." A pause. "I'm awfully sorry."

He turned to her quickly. "You needn't be, Ethel; I'm not worth it." He looked down, ashamed. "I'm a fool to have forgotten myself and my place. I've been in a dream which I thought was very pretty, but I'm out of it now, thank God. What must you think of me?"

"She wasn't exactly our class, was she, Bert?" whispered the girl.

"She might be proud to be in your class, Ethel." His head was thrown back and he looked her straight in the eyes with such affection and heartfelt appreciation that hers dropped consciously, and a happy smile crossed her full, pleasant lips. Mrs. Jenkins, who had heard the news of Miss Carpenter's engagement, at this moment was puttering busily in the hall, watching the open door of the den now and then. She caught the happiness in the two familiar faces, and turned away with a look of disgust.

"Well, who would 'a' thought it would end as simply as this!" she snapped to herself. "What's become of that girl's pride?"

C. L. Watkins.

DAWN MISTS.

Beyond the frost-bound meadows, gray in the early twilight,
Above the shadowy hills frozen and gray;
Bright little vagabond clouds, just awakened by day-break,
Shyly blush at the surly earth—and vanish away.

Lo! the imperious sun, advancing in crimson splendor,
Earthward flings his darts in riotous play:
Up from the glittering slopes and frost-spangled meadows
Float a thousand dawn-tinted banners—to welcome the day!

R. W. Wescott.

GERHARDT HAUPTMANN.

DURING the period in modern literature resembling closely that of "Storm and Stress" a century before, Gerhardt Hauptmann became known to all Germany, and later to the entire world. In admiration of him Gustav Freytag and Paul Heyse, old men deserving reverence because of their excellent works, sit back and gracefully yield the claim to popularity. With an impetus like that with which Wagner took his country by storm, Hauptmann broke through all barriers of conservatism, of German classicism. Like Wagner he possesses those parts in his make-up that stamp his work with originality, and give to it the peculiar tone that will insure its living for all time. Wagner was one example of the rare combination of realist and idealist; Hauptmann is another. With both it is the keynote to their success, with Wagner it is a vital reason for his fame, with Hauptmann it will be the ultimate explanation of his greatness.

Hauptmann is the most complex of the modern German writers. To comprehend him means to understand his realism and his idealism. You might ask where Hauptmann acquired his realism. It was not through the immediate circumstances of his life, nor through his education. He was the son of a well-to-do hotel keeper of a Silesian summer resort. For one scarcely thirty, whose literary output at the time that success first attended his labor, was therefore very exigent,—for him—it would have been but natural had he embroidered his banner with the name of Zola or Ibsen. Such influences might be traceable in Hauptmann's work, yet it is not the explanation, for Hauptmann, relying solely on his own genius, has become the most original creator in the dramatic world since Goethe. You may perhaps have seen a large district of northern Germany that abounds in charming hill-and-dale scenery, wherever the landscape is not punctured with grim chimneys, nor planted with barrack-like buildings.

You may have heard of these flat-breasted, sallow, undergrown creatures of the loom with their rough, halting speech of suppressed consonants and dull, broad vowels,—of these people who fought once, and once only, in the fastness of the Silesian hills for dry bread. Among these people was Hauptmann's grandfather, grown knock-kneed with much sitting. This is the cause of Hauptmann's realism—the cry within his blood. He goes back a half century or more, so that he may be impartial, and shows conditions to which the lot of the Weavers in "Silas Marner" is not comparable. Then we have his realism. Let him, however, look over the marred valleys to those dale-lands that remain as Nature would have them and he is idealistic. He does not need to set his dramas, as Schiller did, one after another in northern Italy, Spain, Poland, England, France, Switzerland and but once in Germany. In Silesia there is inspiration enough. If we remember the religiousness of the Weavers in "Silas Marner" we have the explanation of Hauptmann's idealism,—the idealism that in turn leads to a beautiful and aspiring mysticism. The Moravian Brothers at Herrnhut had spread their brave influence among the toilers in Silesia. Through his father, Hauptmann had inherited that spiritual attitude which is essential to both his realism and his idealism.

Hauptmann's reputation rests entirely on his dramas. These differ one from another as much as the music dramas of Wagner; yet as in the case of the latter each attempt bears the unmistakable mark of its author. Like Wagner, Hauptmann has blended his realism in definite proportions. There is an important class of dramas which in their subject reveal the realism of the writer as clearly as they otherwise prove him an idealist. Here belong "Vor Sonnenaufgang," "Das Friedensfest," "Einsame Menschen" and "Die Weber." By "Vor Sonnenaufgang" Hauptmann announced himself to those who had in vain expected the masters of thought before the Franco-Prussian war to hold their power after the war. The plot is essentially brutal—Zola could not have made it more so. With the discovery of coal in Silesia great wealth

came to a number of the peasant class. We see the curse of heredity worked out bluntly, a curse in which a family of drunkards sweeps away an innocent soul. The character of Helene is poetically conceived in contrast to a strong, if repulsive, dramatic background. She is superior to her environment, pure amidst impurity, yet she is the daughter of the drunkard from whose assault she is not safe, and she belongs by Nature to the sensual brother-in-law whose unlawful advances revolt her, and to the stepmother who insults her. These characters are bound up with her in the bundle of life, until the advent of the teetotal orator and social democrat, the one man she has ever seen that she can admire and love. It is then that she recognizes a possibility of escape from vulgarity, into light, air, freedom, a possibility that seems to her as a promise of Heaven. But Loth, the social champion, when he sees her in the shadow of a family tragedy associated with vices abhorrent to his principles, changes in his attitude toward Helene:—he leaves her after twelve hours courtship, as Faust left Gretchen. Helene, brave as she was before, with her eyes in turn opened, cannot face her terrible life again.* The criticism that attended this beginning may well be imagined. The young poet was charged with being "An apostle of the Unclean." This has been entirely repudiated. The significance of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" was twofold, the introduction of one who was to hold a unique place among modern dramatists and the emancipation of the German stage from the type of heroine then in ascendance, Fedora the French courtesan.

Before reading "Die Weber" I suggest that you look at a portrait of Hauptmann. Culture and refinement have not entirely effaced from his striking features the traces of a heritage of suffering. The brow is pure and Raphael-like, the eye both dreamy and penetrating, the nose that of a prelate, but above the clear-cut, resolute chin, painfully closed lips betray a deep-lying resentment against wrong, born of

*Helene kills herself with a hunting knife.

the weaver blood. Then do you wonder that "Die Weber," this powerful play full of strong people talking their crude dialect, is without a hero? From hovel to hovel the writer takes us, showing us scenes, appropriate settings for Holbein's "Dance of Death." These people are heroes every one, fighting as such for their lives. The treatment realistic enough to terrify, the characters idealistic enough to worship, and Hauptmann has given us an eloquent tribute to that debt which piety required of him.

Hauptmann has never joined more effectively two elements apparently so irreconcilable than in his quaint dream-drama "Hannele's Himmelfahrt," the climax of which, so idealistic that it is supernatural, is, however, worked up from a solidly realistic foundation. A young girl, a mere child, horribly bruised and beaten, seeks relief from her sufferings by attempting to drown herself. She is saved, almost at the point of death, by a young schoolmaster, who on a bitter winter's night tenderly carries her in his arms to the poorhouse,—the only place in the village district where he knows she can be cared for, since the villagers themselves are too poor to undertake such a burden. The realism of the play lies in the wonderful reproduction of the atmosphere of the poorhouse, the sordid jealousy and bickerings of its inmates and the fidelity to life with which their various characteristics are drawn. It is only too apparent that this child of high-strung sensibilities will succumb to the shock her system has sustained. Her poor little body shows the marks of the brutal handling to which she has been subjected. All the pathos—not to say horror—of a child half beaten to death, half dying by her own act, is portrayed with the keenest appreciation of dramatic affect. Equally influential are the supernatural elements in the climax, which is a triumph of spirituality in drama. In her dying moments the child has a vision in which her dead mother appears to her as an angel; she sees the Saviour; and all the beauties of heaven are disclosed to her. She herself dreams that to Christ she is going,—that is the Himmelfahrt,—and when the apparitions

fade away and we see the dead body of the poor bruised child lying upon the pallet, we feel that for her soul at least her vision has become a reality.

"Hannele's Himmelfahrt" serves as a transition from "Die Weber" to "Die Versunkene Glocke," from the drama to the dramatic poem. This is the last, the most distinctly original stride that Hauptmann has made in his creation of a new dramatic art. In "Die Versunkene Glocke" or *Der Arme Heinrich* the plots change from the realistic to the idealistic and the spirit of treatment changes from the idealistic to the realistic. "Die Versunkene Glocke" Hauptmann has called "a fairy tale." Let us look at it as such.

Once upon a time there was a master bell-founder, a good man and a great artist. And this was his misfortune, for it made him dissatisfied with living in the valley of life and creating works for the valley. Thus, once he founded a bell for the heights,—one that was to proclaim dominion of a Christian guard in the realm of pagan nature spirits. It was declared to be the greatest of all the works the master Heinrich ever created; the master himself had his silent misgivings about it. Now when the bell was being dragged to the mountain church the nature spirits were enraged that a new force should set echoing the quiet of their hills. A jump, and the *Waldschrat*, a wood sprite, put a spoke in the wheel as the horses strained to drag their creaking load upwards. The wagon, bell and all were forced over the precipice along which the cliff-road ran. The master, in despair, threw himself after the bell as it went clanging wildly down the steep to submerge itself in a mountain lake. Heinrich, however, was rescued, only to give up all desire to live and work any longer, for had he not, after his fall, seen the bewitching face and heard the voice of *Rautendelein* of the woods? And did he not know, alas, that he never could cast that voice into his bells? *Rautendelein* came herself and cured him. Leaving his family, his friends, and his duty, he followed his new love to her breezy mountain home. Here he worked with a troop of spirits at his disposal, with new

inspiration, with exultant vigor toward the realization of his ideal work of art,—a temple with a chime of bells, the sound of which was to drown the voice of all the church bells in the land and call together the multitudes for the worship of their mother—the Goddess of the mountains—the Sun. In vain emissaries from the valley came urging return to his sorrowing family. A last effort was made by the parish minister; and, when Heinrich repelled him with “No more than the sunken bell shall resound again will I return,” the minister warned him that the bell might resound once more from the depths of the mountain lake. And so it does, when Nature herself in the form of the Waldschrat and the Nickelmännchen conspire against him, when his enemies from the valley storm his workshops, when visions of the forsaken wife and children torture him. It sounds from the depths of the lake as his dead wife, a suicide, clasps with her sinking hands the clapper; it sounds to Heinrich like the angry voice of the thunder god. Overwhelmed with anguish, repentance and longing, Heinrich left Rautendelein and rushed to his native village. There is no peace for him in the valleys. A dying man, he climbed again to the heights to look once more on Rautendelein. With her kiss on his brow, *but his thoughts in the valley, he died*, while behind the mountain there arose a new day.

There are those who would rack their brains over the esoteric symbolism of “Die Versunkene Glocke;” yet why try to interpret the play as anything else than what it is?—purely a fairy tale. In this lies its cardinal and irresistible charm. Do so and that beautiful air of mysticism and humor that pervades the writings of Hawthorne is at your disposal! The stage instead of being the dissecting room of the soul is converted into the mountain forest and the mountain top where all nature is revealed. The dewy freshness of the atmosphere, the song of the birds, the music of the rustling breeze, the dancing sunbeams out of which Rautendelein’s locks are sprung, sylphs and gnomes of matchless grace, all will take you back across the ages to Hauptmann the poet, the sensitive, and to his loves.

The actual people in the story are more types than individuals. Master Heinrich typifies the artistic temperament, with its erratic strivings after beauty and perfection. Madga, his wife, stands for all deceived and forsaken womanhood. The Barber, the Pastor and Schoolmaster are but representative; they wear costumes such as Albrecht Dürer painted and Hans Sachs and his wife might have worn, yet they belonged to the period of once-upon-a-time, and their mountain village is only to be found on the map of Weissnichtwo.

It is in the spirit population of woods, water and winds that Hauptmann has expended all his wonted skill in characterization, making "*Die Versunkene Glocke*" not the least alive of his wonderfully living dramas. His Nicklemann, the old egoist of the cobold-world, is drawn with Aristophanean humor; he and the flippant roguish Waldschrat reach the same level of immortality as Caliban and Puck. Rautendelein is the most engaging nymph in the whole realm of legend, ancient or modern. She is the seductive adventuress of French dramas transformed by the glamour of German fairyland into an enchantingly naïve figure, like those in which we rejoice when we read Brothers Grimm. She belongs with Fouque's Undine, Goethe's Melusine and Hans Andersen's Mermaid. Like these she possesses the insatiable Nixe curiosity with regard to men, the pathetic longing to taste human joys and passion. She beats against the cloud barriers of her aerial existence and envies the rivulets that find their way into the land of men:

"Da ist kein Waesserlein so dunn und klein
Es will und muss ins Menschenland hinein."

But when the child of nature has attained her ambition, contact with a man-lover changes her. This is why Rautendelein can inspire Heinrich to follow her to the heights, but loses the power to keep him there. The Christianity he abjures passes into her blood; they develop in opposite direc-

tions; as he becomes more pagan and swears by the sun-god Baldur, she becomes more humanized, less savagely joyous beneath her heart, though in the end at the call of fate they both return to the source whence they sprung.

When on an afternoon in the late summer we are lying on the ground deep in the woods and, looking up into the tree-tops, see the sun shedding its last rays of golden red and feel the heart-throbs of mother earth in the flowers about us, in the myriads of insects flying, crawling, buzzing around us—then golden-haired Rautendelein and the dancing fairies, brook-voiced Nickelmännchen and the wood sprite will come to us. We shall greet them as old acquaintances and revel in their grace and beauty, in their naturalness and freshness, yes, even let the coarse jokes of the wood sprite, who carries with him an earthly odor of decay, pass with a smile.

We have seen how it is the combination of realist and idealist that gives backbone to the works of Hauptmann. In addition, we might cite many examples to show how Hauptmann is not only a born dramatist, whose defects are very slight, but a born poet, who rises to a very high place of excellence. We may not, however, do this although these characteristics are the essential members of the entire framework. Let us consider his plays "en masse," the dramas of the German, who since Heine died has gained the greatest degree of popularity and fame. If we do this we cannot fail to be attracted by the humor sometimes piquant, sometimes tender, that is never wholly absent from any of his plays. In this Hauptmann has an immense advantage over Ibsen. It is possible in "Vor Sonnenaufgang" to smile genially at the unctuous servility of an inimitable female Tartuffe while our hair is being raised by the terrors of the plot. Through the grey pathology of "Das Friedensfest," through the vibrating nerves and fibres of "Einsame Menschen," through neurasthenia, hunger, pessimism and despair, shines fitfully the old Janus-face of pathos and humor; oftenest it shows itself only at the keyhole but now and then

it looks in at the window. These qualities, vitality, style and humor, Hauptmann possesses, besides the passionate humanity, that universal sympathy for suffering which combined with his natural gifts make him more than a poet of an age and a nation. Hauptmann is scarcely forty-three. We may expect to find in him a poet for all time.

Walter B. Wolf.



THE RAIN-SWEPT GARDEN.

The heavy drops on the canna's leaf
Linger a moment ere they fall,
Spattering on the mould beneath.
The spider's web by the crumbling wall
Scarce bears on its fine-spun silken guys
The strain of its trembling burden's weight.
From the sodden earth gray mists arise,
Enshrouding the trees with a ghostly state.

The blossoms droop on their curving stalks;
The bedraggled birds on the sinking boughs
Sit silent and shiv'ring; the gravel walks
Are muddy streams between bordering sloughs
Of tangled grass and pasty earth.
Nature lies resting under a pall
Ere in the beauty and strength of new birth
She rises to answer the bright sun's call.

H. S. Lovejoy.

TWO MEN.

R ALPH DURBIN and Jackson Morley were enjoying the latter's cool veranda one hot and lazy summer afternoon. They were old friends seeing each other for the first time in almost a year. Yet Durbin, stretched at length on a bepillowed hammock, seemed more absorbed in his own comfort and cigarette smoke than in his friend's stream of conversation.

This Durbin was, by nature, a pretty fellow; by a London tailor, a specimen of perfection in taste, quality and correctness. An idol with women, he was no exception to the rule and was pretty generally disliked by the men. They sneered at his conscious beauty and his listless, world-weary, "fieuefully bored" stare, as much as they did at his vivacity and animation when in the presence of skirts. But Morley, who was one of the few men favored with the social lion's intimacy, defended him hotly.

Just now, his face, glowing with enthusiasm, he was describing the charms of the beautiful Miss Wendell who lived on the adjoining country place. At the end he paused and waited for some remark, some show of interest from the man in the hammock. But this was not forthcoming.

"Well," continued Morley, "I'm her lover."

A queer smile crept over Durbin's thin lips. He slowly took the cigarette out of his mouth and sat up. "When did this break out on you? Why, you've known her for yiewes," he drawled.

"I know," said Morley, "my case has certainly developed late."

"And how is the lady affected?" asked Durbin.

Morley's face wore a momentary look of deep sadness. So Durbin broke in in cold blood, "Won't have you? Well that's too bad."

Morley winced and continued in stumbling phrases, "They say she's engaged. Wonder who the man is? But she

certainly has seen very little of him lately—hope she'll forget him."

"I hope not," said Durbin emphatically. "I fear I am the man you mention. The happiest days of my life have been spent with Bessie Wendell. But you are wrong about our engagement. For, Jack, I have come to you for the express purpose of arranging this little matter with our neighbor. Quite a strange situation this—having you as a rival," he smiled. "By the way," he said suddenly, "have you proposed? No? Ho, ho, then perhaps you will have to get busy to-night. For I warn you I am not to be deterred from the purpose for which I came hither."

"When?" was all Jack Morley could say. He sank back as if exhausted.

Durbin's spirits rose apace. "I'm a sport, old chap," he cried as he slapped the faint-hearted lover on the back. "I'm going to give you a few tips which will put us perhaps on a more even basis. Ever ridden? A little? Well, you are ahead of me. I have never ridden in my life. Get cold feet at the thought. But—Bessie, you know, is daft on horses. I keep tab on the names and characters of her favorite animals and never fail to inquire after their health and appetite, even in letters. I'm not joking. Then, I study to talk on other things she likes. Finally, I give her the impression that I have a considerable amount of experience and importance in the world—in the business as well as the social column. For with Bessie a man must be more than a mere gentleman. And again I impress her with the belief that I like her rather well."

For the first time in his acquaintance, Morley felt a deep-seated hostility in his heart for this experienced lover who had come to take away his hope and who talked about it in cold blood with that suave, bald confidence of his. Though Morley's greatest weakness was an utter deficiency in this trait, his fighting blood rose as he looked grimly at Durbin, who was smiling in self-satisfaction. So, thought Morley bitterly, this shallow society pet, but this nothing in the world

of men, is posing as a man, is he? a man as well as a worldling? And to him I must yield the girl who has been filling my empty life with exhilaration and love and ambition. See how he smiles in the joy of the prospect of robbing me! See how he is kind enough to patronize from every feature, gesture, word!

Durbin rose. "Five o'clock," he said. "If we start at six, we shall just about get the dregs of afternoon tea on the lawn and yet be invited to stay to dinner—which of course I shall accept. Now I've got time to lay the dust off me and make myself presentable. Order the runabout, Jack, while I get my man." And he went off to get his valet to help him lay the dust.

Jackson Morley was not the man to give up without fighting. He ordered the runabout and made himself presentable in ten minutes out of the thirty and the other twenty he spent in tugging at his lately brushed locks in consternation and despair. Then Ralph Durbin came out, smiling and immaculate, and the two sped away in silence.

II.

Mrs. Wendell's afternoon tea guests had gone. But the receiving party, consisting of Mrs. Wendell, Miss Bessie and a visitor, Miss Florence Winter, still remained on the lawn, enjoying the golden glow which the descending sun spread over the silent world as the shadows fell.

Suddenly an automobile whisked into view and out leaped our friends Durbin and Morley. Mrs. Wendell met both men with a cordial welcome. She seemed delighted to see Durbin again and Morley noticed, with somewhat a pang, the tone of affectionate familiarity with which she called him Ralph.

Bessie Wendell was a renowned beauty. The flutter she caused in society was enhanced by the knowledge that she appeared seldom. Her passion was for negligée, athletic, open air existence. She had a tall, magnificently rounded

figure, and her face was illuminated by glorious brown eyes, which blended well with a lighter shade of the same color in her wavy wreath of hair. She met every man with a hand shake and a smile that made them tingle, and though she could talk ever so cleverly herself, she was, to all appearances, an interested listener—even to a bore. In short, she was perfect. At least, so thought the two men whose hearts now pounded violently with love and jealousy.

After exchange of greeting with Mrs. Wendell and introductions to Miss Winter, Durbin rushed to Miss Wendell's side and pounced down beside her with conscious eagerness.

Perhaps there was something irritating to him in Morley's expression which made him say it. At any rate he threw at him an unnecessarily discomfiting remark about intending to make up for lost time. Poor Morley's anger rose. What if his Bessie should allow Durbin, considering the shortness of his visit, to monopolize her. This was in his mind all the time Miss Winter was plying him with inane questions.

This girl's conversation consisted chiefly of inane questions, asked in that aggravating affectation, mind you, of perfectly apparent and pitiable unlaughable ignorance. You wondered why she was the friend of Bessie Wendell till you heard her mother tell about the girl's sad home life, and till you knew Bessie's heart-whims. She had been at school with Bessie. This was her only accomplishment. Her manner was a mixture of unsophistication, studied slang to counteract it, and tittering vivacity. Men prayed to forget it. And now, Jack Morley, who was anxiously watching Durbin at work, said, "yes," when she asked him, "Are all automobubbles alike?"

Time was passing. And at last Miss Wendell, turning to Morley, extended the expected invitation. He accepted. But his answer was drowned by the frank outburst of gushing glee with which the politic Durbin brought down upon himself broad beams of favor.

"What do you think of a moonlight ride?" Bessie asked.

"I never thought of it in that light," the very much

alarmed Durbin had answered. Miss Winter tittered but Bessie merely said, "What a pity. Don't you ride?"

Morley saw his move. "I will, Bessie," he cried.

"Done," she answered, "the others shall drive." Morley chuckled inwardly as he thought of Durbin as one of the others. But he knew his friend's strategy—knew he wouldn't let this come about if he could help it.

Just now Durbin seemed in the depths. He leaned over Bessie's shoulder and whispered seriously, "Just here for one night—the dear old girl I have something to say to—and then—'the others shall drive,' you say—and I am one of the others. That's hardly fair, Bessie." So low did he whisper that no one but Bessie could hear.

"I like the assurance of the man," she said aloud and smiling. "He has been looking forward to taking dinner with us to-night. Never a thought had he that he might not have been invited. Jack," she said, "I can fit you out in brother Tom's riding apparel or will you ride just as you are?" "I accept your offer gratefully," he said. "Come," she replied, "we shall prepare." And Durbin watched them stroll to the house together.

III.

When is the world more enchanting than when it gleams, still and radiant and romantic, under the light of the moon? It is a kind of dead and glorified world—this world of moonlight—with its stretches of pure white, and its ghostly sentinels, living and stirring and yet so ethereally pale, with their long black shadows of the living day in the dead of night.

So seemed the trees which stood on either side of a still, white lane. The world round about was beautiful. On one side there was a view of lights in a little village which lay at the foot of the mountains. On the other side rose a great, white hill on the top of which there was a glorious view of woods and plains and of the far off sea. From down the lane came the sound of horses' hoofs and soon Bessie Wendell and Jack Morley clattered up to the spot described.

"Isn't the night just too glorious for words," cried the girl, who looked more charming than ever with her splendid hair flying in sweet disorder and her eyes so wild and bright. "And isn't the sensation of galloping through moonland delicious! Why—oh, why have we lived side by side so many sweet summers and never ridden together? Your old automobiles are responsible. You like horses, don't you, Jack? And in the future Black Prince shall be your horse." As she spoke she leaned over the curved black neck of Morley's horse and patted him with violent tenderness.

Filled with the same impulse, Jack leaned forward at the same moment. Their faces all but met. Jack's heart beat madly.

"Oh," she cried, "let's charge that hill and see the view." In a minute she was off, flying up the hill top, with Jack hard after her. And their life-blood leaped with the joy of living in the glory of the gallop and the moonlight and the view. For by this time they stood on the crest and, beholding the moon's rays on vast stretches of peaceful, sleeping pasture lands and its gleaming on the distant sea, both cried out and gazed long and hungrily.

Then the riders rode over the hill and came out on a wooded road. It was wild and sweet and dark and cool, but the road was very rough. So a halt was agreed upon ere they retraced their steps. The moon was traveling behind the tree tops, the fireflies were glittering here and there and gentle winds sighed peacefully and happily.

Jack felt his hour had come. Every night on his hot pillow he had planned to speak and had built his dreams on just such a scene as this. There had been moments. But, pessimist that he was, he had kept silent about his love because he thought her promised to another. But now he knew his time had come. He spoke. What need is there of quoting him? Romancers have made proposals so romantic and eloquent, and novelists so novel and clever, that the real-life, heart to heart thing your father and mine said to our mothers would seem too trite to tell.

What matters it what he said? He asked it—the old, old question. And what really matters, she said, “Yes.” And Jackson Morley on horseback kissed Bessie Wendell on horseback till a fool farmer jogged along.

Just at that moment a carriage was rumbling down the lane. In the back seat a young woman, with girlish enthusiasm, was asking an awfully tired looking young man if, “Hackett isn’t the cutest thing!”

IV.

They had been standing midst the shadows of the veranda. Now they shook hands, seriously and melodramatically. Then as she was about to disappear in the doorway, she called back to him, “Oh, Ralph, remember me to the world,” and then was gone.

He stood in the shadow stunned. The automobile drew up beside him. He shook himself out of a lethargy and got in. And the two men sped away in silence. With an effort Durbin forced a tone of grim cheerfulness and spoke in short, nervous phrases.

“Bessie told me. There’s many a slip. I was overconfident. I congratulate you.” All the while he smiled, and when he ended he began smoking strenuously and whistling tunelessly. Morley thanked him awkwardly. Then he lapsed into silence and was wrapped in the sanctity of serious thoughts.

When a man is feeling exuberantly happy he is only too glad to keep silent and wander deliciously through the paradise of his memories and dreams. When a man is feeling suddenly and suicidally taken down, he has a habit of smiling and smoking and whistling. It is not difficult to conjecture of what Morley was thinking. Love triumphant was in his eye as he drank deep draughts of moonlight till his heart overflowed. Durbin’s expression was more complex. Pain was written on his face and self-sympathy and injured pride. But there was that tragic something which made him whistle and smoke and smile, while deep inside of him he was sobbing the sob of the spoiled child’s first defeat.

D. C. Phillips, Jr.

THE POET OF MIST, SNOW AND RAIN.

WHEN Japan, answering at last the persistent knocking at her doors, granted entrance to the curious throng that was to turn her landscapes into factory lands, her studios into workshops, Hiroshigi had ceased to work. He was an Ukiye artist, that is, an artist of the "Drifting World," which occupies itself not with dragons, and gods and aristocrats, but with the great mass of the Japanese. Through the Ukiye World the commonfolk began to figure for the first time in the art and literature of Japan, just as the Dutch people found themselves taking part in the odd paintings of David Teniers.

Hiroshigi is the artist of evanescent Nature, an artist's artist. The morning sky, the misty rice fields, the wind in the reeds, the hazy trees, the driving rain, the soft-falling snow, the silence and hush of morning after a heavy snow-fall, the scurry of carts and people over a bridge to escape a shower, the folks one sees in the streets, the glory of a sunset, the silvery mystery of a moonlit night, we awake, after looking at Hiroshigi prints, with a shock of discovery. We are living unheeding in just such a charming world. He has made life more worth living.

And, as he worked, the well-known passion of the Japanese for travel received new stimulus. Pilgrims penetrated the recesses of the island. Books of travel appeared in vast numbers. As illustrations to these were many of those wonderful prints which we now admire. So it is that Hiroshigi has chained for us the bold, dazzling sweep of foam on Kamakura's curved sea-beach; that he has stamped in jagged silhouette the black rocks of Enoshima, the sharp wedge of Fuji-San the Peerless.

Mists! In no country will you see such mists as those of Japan. In no painter's folio will you find such mists as Hiroshigi's. They fill the universe with clinging azure particles, or mixed with faggot-smoke, sink down in ghostly strata upon a flat desert of blue-tiled roofs. They transform

city and suburb alike; rice-fields gleam up through them like uncut emeralds in cloud-quartz and trees take on new and mysterious forms. It is worth your while to be up before the sun in Tokio, if only for a walk about the inner moat. The old Chinese pines writhe down in gigantic vagueness over the moat walls that seem hewn from thick gray cubes of mist; a crow flying past is an ambiguous shadow; the peaked castle gate swims detached in an upper stratum of powdered amethyst. Across from the tall moat walls, and many feet below, lie the city streets on which you walk. The edges next the moat are planted at regular intervals with willows. In the early morning mist they are like great sponges breathing out dampness.

Snow! From this Hiroshigi derived his greatest inspiration. To the Japanese poet and lover of Nature snow did not seem a thing to be painted, any more than wind or sunlight were to be painted. He worshipped it, studied its effects and afterwards attempted to fix the impression—that was all. To daub it on like whitewash or icing was a method which did not present itself. He felt it to be a silence—like the personal name of a Deity. So he drew with unspeakable tenderness the outline of a tree changed beneath its white burden; he portrayed the round ghost-blossoms of a leafless cherry grove, he breathed pale radiance out through the space encrusting the twigs of a plum-tree—and that was to him the blush of a plum flower in snow.

In rain studies Hiroshigi combined the methods which he used in rendering mist and snow, the blur of the one, the changed pregnant outline of the other; and to these he added a third effect, that of rainfall, indicated by sharp black or gray lines, dominating the foreground of his picture. The variety of impression thus given is almost endless. In one of his famous views of the Tokaido the lines are blurred, banded and oblique. The drenched bamboos dip all one way; the cottage roofs cower down behind the mountain road; two peasants in the foreground set a half-opened paper umbrella against the storm. The litter-bearers are naked

and indifferent; the whole picture is soughing and dripping in the sudden storm. In another view, taken in the heart of the great city, the rain is a mere sprinkle, a lazy coquetry of Summer clouds. Nothing is vague. The tiled roofs of the castle are blue in the distance and Fuji-San has not even the precaution of a cloud. You feel the sunshine on the mountain's base, but Yedo will be fresh and sweet after the pretentious little shower has laughed itself away. Sometimes a whole picture is of a uniform leaden tone, a sheet of water falls helplessly from the upper to the lower edge. Trees and houses are black, sullen, soaked through and through with rain. You feel instinctively the essence of a rainy day in June.

But he must be a pastelliste who would thus catch for us effects worthy of a Corot? Not so—we hear from the modern print-maker “Diluted inks; a deft blur with the finger on the wet block just before it is applied to the absorbent paper; a delicate yet nervous grading of the force with which the block is pressed down.” This is, however, no explanation. It lies rather in the indescribable power that justifies us in calling Hiroshige a poet. If we may imagine a good genius hovering over a beautiful country, we will conceive rightly of Hiroshige, the impressionist of Japan, the Poet of Mist, Snow and Rain.

Walter B. Wolf.

THE MOUNTAIN WAY.

Upward along the rough-hewn mountain side,
Where briers tear and rocks bestrew the way,
A pathway leads,—and there no flowers bloom
Or scarce may any living thing abide;
For through ravines, whose crags shut out the day,
It creeps on ever upward through the gloom.
And yet, if one but climb, as all men may,
With strength and courage like to those of old,
And win the summit,—he can see, they say,
The glorious blood-red sunset, and a sky all gold.

J. H. Auchincloss.

NOTABILIA.

This issue of the *LIT.* marks the end of the 1907 competition. The competition has been notable only in the number of men who were at one time or another in the running; it has not been remarkably good, but doubly it has not been remarkably bad. One or two men are noticeable among the competitors,—one or two men generally are; these are the men who have done the most for the *LIT.* with the power of their work, who have perhaps, through the *LIT.*, done a little for Yale. In the little world of literary Yale they correspond to the All-American men who dominate athletic Yale. There are other men in the competition who might be likened to to simple Y men, hard-fighting, persistent men, who deserve no less credit, who have hardly done less than their literary betters. Lastly there are the metaphorical substitutes, men who have given all that was in them, and received—nothing? Now they, who understand the matter best, would hardly say that. They have learned, they have gained much in the years of competition, they have lost only a bauble which they never had.

A meeting of the Class of 1907 will shortly be called to elect the five *LIT.* editors from that class.

* * * *

The Senior competition for Chi Delta Theta triangles ends with the March number of the *LIT.*

J. N. G.

PORTFOLIO.

—Sinbad, Ali Baba, Aladdin,—children of the desert!
 We knew them first in the big arm-chair by the fireplace when
 our feet swung clear of the floor. Old
 friends are they who came to our lives when
 our hearts were fresh, and the great world
 was of just as fanciful dream-stuff. The spell
 of their misty, far-away fable-land never will leave us, with
 its long-stemmed flowers, its stiff palms, and its spice groves,
 where in hot nights chant the bulbul and the ring dove.
 Magic land of enchanters and genii! The world is yet search-
 ing for the key to the favors you lavished so freely. So we still
 thumb those yellow leaves of our childhood in the huge book
 that one must rest on the chair-arm, and we still dream in the
 fire-light. And there from that sputtering smoke-puff the
 black genie is rising. Oh, the horror of that voice of thunder!
 "What would'st thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave,
 I and the other slaves of the ring. Is it the world thou would'st
 see, my son?" So into that magic carpet of old we are tossed,
 and he whisks us to the farthest corner of the earth. The air
 grows moist and heavy about us. "This is the far-famed cave
 of the forty thieves," he says, "where Ali Baba came with the
 three asses." We push our way between costly bales and heaps
 of gold to the gateway. "And this dead man is the covetous
 brother. Take warning, my son, and be not a money-lover."
 The air freshens. The breath of poppy fields is in our faces.
 Soon we are among the snow mosques and minarets of the city
 of Caliphs. "See'st thou yon motley market scene, my son,
 where dark-skinned, turbaned merchants vend their wares?
 Behold that herd of packmules driven through the narrow
 street! In each of those casks that are strapped to their backs
 lurks a robber. To this well, Morgiana, the faithful, comes
 each day bearing her water flask. Here, unknown, in the
 night-time wanders Alraschid with Jaafer and Mesrûr, his
 trusty companions. Simple folk are they all,—naïve, untamed
 hearts fresh from the childhood of the race! Again the air
 grows murky. It is the grotto of Aladdin, heaped high with
 fabulous riches. We wander through the enchanted orchard

*A DREAM OF
 THE GREAT
 CALIPH.*

drooping with priceless fruit. And there in the niche in the wall smokes the lamp of Aladdin. We stretch out our hands for its silver chain. But a strange fear clutches us. We are alone. As the genie's black, vapory form curls away into the gloom, we hear the rumble of his voice, and it is almost tender: "Nay, child of the dust, no more will rubbing the lamp call to thy bidding the Fire Spirit. The grotto doors of Ali Baba will no longer swing back to thy 'Open, Sesame!' I shall build thee no more palaces in the air. Thou hast wandered a great way from our child-land of El Islam. Far to the east thou must look in the rose and saffron of the morning of thy life, and there perhaps thou wilt see the towers and minarets of Bagdad mirrored again from beyond the purple mountains . . ." The genie has vanished in the darkness. The cavern rings hollow as the ponderous door swings shut behind him. We raise our heavy eyelids. Only cold ashes whiten the hearth. At our feet the "Nights" of Alraschid lies outspread on the carpet.

Rolland M. Edmonds.

— "I wonder what's up with Sandy? He seems all put out since that letter came." My eyes following those of the speaker rested upon the figure of a man watching by the window. He had come to us several months before singularly reticent, but one whom we all admired for his ever-ready smile and simple gaiety. But in the flickering rays of the lantern there had stolen into his eyes a look, which seemed to reach across the snow-covered pines towards his distant home in the Scottish Highlands.

*FROM ACROSS
THE SEA.*

"Brace up, old man," said I, slapping him on the shoulder. "There's a little hot something waiting for you over here by the fire. It will put life into you. There ain't no need to get down in the mouth, man. There's lots of enjoyment just hanging around in these woods to make you happy. Let thinking alone and join us in a song or two."

"Ye dinna ken, ye dinna ken." That was all he could say.

I settled back in my chair. "Something's happened across the water," I whispered.

The men puffed on. The smoke from their pipes arose to drift in a grey haze among the rafters. At intervals, the silent figure at the window would turn and gaze at the fire always with a nameless longing in his eyes. Now and then someone spoke to his neighbor in a low undertone. All attempts at conversation were futile. The lantern swinging from a beam above flickered feebly and went out. On the hearth the logs burned low and the dull red coals reflected in sunbrowned faces. Far away over the hills arose the night-howl of a wolf searching for his prey. The gaunt pines swayed restlessly, and the hollow boom of an ice-bound lake echoed along the shore. One by one with a muttered good-night the men crept away to their bunks until at last I sat alone by the fireside.

"You'd better turn in now, Sandy. We've got a hard day before us tomorrow. These logs have got to be hauled over to Wilson's."

He scarce roused himself. "Ye dinna ken." And he gazed once more out upon the snow.

"Perhaps the night air would cheer you up. Take a walk and you'll feel more like."

Mechanically, he arose and stumbled over to his bunk. In a few minutes he appeared out of the gloom with his scarf wound about his neck. I opened the door and watched him stride away in the darkness. "Tough luck," I said to myself as I stirred up the ashes and sat down to await his return.

Hours passed away and I listened wakefully. At last I rose and went to the window. It was snowing heavily and no traces of footsteps were visible. My glance fell upon the table. His pipe was gone from its accustomed place. Instinctively I groped around his bunk, where I knew he kept his money. It was not there, and his clothes were scattered as from a hurried departure.

When the storm cleared away we set out on a useless search. "Ye dinna ken," he had said. And that was all.

W. W. Clarke.

—There, at last you had that old Tuxedo on. Why *did* you have to wear it, anyhow? The trousers weren't long enough, and the whole business felt uncomfortable. And Father laughed at you, too. You and Bobby were the only ones in the class that had Tuxedos, though, and that was some comfort.

THE DANCING
CLASS.

When you had got there, nearly everybody had come. There was Tommy Bateson, and Punk, and Amelia Norton, and Jenny Milbank, and—oh, everybody. And—er—Maidie. And there was Bobby, as usual, grinning at you from the head of the boy's line. He *always* came too early. And Maidie—she was talking to Annie Prescott, and didn't see you. You wondered if she looked at Bobby when *he* came in. Anyway, your Tuxedo was just as good as his.

There, Miss Pryde took her place, and the piano began to play. Didn't old Miss Slocum look funny, sitting up there, playing with one hand!

"One, two, three—one, two, three!" You *never* could get that waltz-step. The two-step wasn't so awfully hard, if you paid attention to the music, and the polka was just—oh, just as *ee-easy*! But you just *couldn't* learn that old waltz. Some day *you* were going to give a dance, and there wouldn't be any waltzes at all, only polkas, and two-steps. Oh, yes—and the Grand March. That was fun, because then you could talk to Maidie,—if you happened to be dancing with her—and you couldn't in the other dances. Except the polka, of course. If you did, you always got out of step, and then Miss Pryde found fault.

"One, two, three—one, two, three!" She had on her blue dress to-day. And blue hair-ribbons, and real grown-up pumps! There, she was looking at *you*! She was *smiling* at you! You immediately got all out of step, and Miss Pryde frowned, and said, "Kenneth!" right out loud. Well, Bobby needn't laugh so much; she hadn't smiled at him, anyhow.

* * * * *

There,—that was over, thank goodness. What! Well, look at that! That Bobby Thurston had more *nerve*. . .! You were going to ask her for the first two-step yourself, and there

he was, talking to her! Humph! If he only knew how he looked in that old Tuxedo of his! Anyhow, he couldn't polka, and the next *was* the polka. *Then* he'd see. Miss Pryde said that Maidie and you polka'd together better than any of the others. You'd rather know how to polka than waltz, anyhow. Maidie said *she* liked the polka better. So old Bobby needn't be so stuck up, even if. . . There! You knew how it'd be. Miss Pryde always asked you to dance with Alice Taintor. And you didn't like her at all. She wasn't even pretty, and her dancing was—it was just *punk!*

Never mind, old Bobby, just you wait till the polka—then we'll see who gets left!

* * * * *

There! That was the polka! Miss Slocum *always* played the same one, and you could dance it with your eyes shut, you and Maidie. "One, two-three, and *one*, two-three-e; one, two-three, and one-two. . ." And Maidie was dancing with you. You wondered what she'd say if you told her how pretty she was. Maybe—well, you hadn't better.

What! look at that! Well, doesn't that just serve him right! Old Bobby was dancing with Ethel Spencer, and he fell down, kerplunk, right before the whole class! Oh, my! good thing *for* him! And Maidie said he was clumsy, and Ethel cried! Now, Mr. Bobby, I guess you won't play any more mean tricks on people. That's what happens to fellows. . . .

"One, two-three, and *one* two three-ee"—what if you asked Maidie to let you walk home with her? Maybe—she let Alger Sawyer, once. What if—"

* * * * *

"One, two-three, and one—" Maidie had said she'd rather polka with you than anybody else! There, if old Bobby had heard that, you guessed he wouldn't be so smart! And Maidie had said that she didn't like Alger Sawyer a bit, and that you could walk home with her!

How much fun dancing-school was! And didn't Bobby look funny when he fell right square down! And Maidie—

"One, two three, and one, two three—" played Miss Slocum.

Edward Kendall Morse.

—The shadows were stealing slowly across the stone floor of the chapel and already the even intonations of the priests conducting vespers in the nave came faintly through the warm air, yet Andrea still worked fiercely at his picture, the Death of Our Lady, laying on the rich colors with feverish strokes. At last even his tireless

*THE JUDAS OF
ANDREA DAL
CASTAGNO.*

ambition could no longer find light for the straining eyes to direct the wavering hand; he called the boy to gather up his brushes and colors. It was wonderful, his picture! The foreshortened figure of the Virgin, the glorified forms of the Angels, the Eleven rejoicing even in their grief, all glowed in surpassing beauty; even in the gathering gloom the very features of the Apostles could be distinguished plainly as those of Puccio Pucci, Falganaccio, Malavolti, and other great Florentines. His good friend, Domenico, had truly taught him a precious secret in the new foreign art of painting in oils. It was Andrea's greatest picture, all complete except for a medallion apart from the holy group, which was set aside for the portrait of the accursed Judas. There he would place the head of his enemy, whose memory should thus be made infamous forever; such it was to gain the hatred of Andrea dal Castagno.

He turned to look upon Domenico's unfinished Marriage of the Virgin. Even by the fading light, even though the picture was incomplete, Andrea recognized the grandeur of his comrade's work. His own figures were but splendid shadows while those of Domenico lived; he fancied he could see their breasts heave and hear their soft-spoken words. This newcomer from Perugia still remained the one master of oil painting even though he had confided the mystery to his friend. Andrea seemed to see the people crowding into the completed chapel, casting scarcely a glance at his own picture before turning their backs upon it to stand reverently before the treasure of Santa Maria Novella, the work of Maestro Domenico.

On the morrow the pleasure-loving Domenico left his work some hours before dusk, carrying with him a gaily-beribboned lute which his boy had brought him. For a moment he was saddened by Andrea's refusal to join him on one of their merry-makings, but even as he stepped forth into the sunshine

he regained his light heart, breaking into a lilting song as he threw a laughing glance back over his shoulder at his comrade poring over smudgy, gray drawings. Yet his shadow had barely vanished over the threshold before Andrea sprang up, casting aside his all-absorbing sketches, and strode to a corner where lay a heap of queer old clothes in which was to pose the model for Judas.

It was already dark when a gay, young singer turned down one of the narrow ways leading from the old piazza. Suddenly a shadowy figure leaped from a dark corner. Twice he lifted a leaden weight and struck his reeling victim heavily. Then the assailant fled just in time to escape the bobbing lights of the watch, who found the singer lying among the fragments of a broken lute.

"Andrea!" grasped Domenico. "Send for Andrea!" He was scarcely able to speak when his friend arrived, panting, disheveled, weeping, but he raised himself and clasped his hands about the other's neck.

"Andrea—my comrade—revenge," he whispered.

Andrea rose and lifted his hands to heaven. The dying man listened to the oath-bound vow with flashing eyes. Then the drawn lips relaxed, in a smile of content, as Andrea stooped and took the broken body tenderly in his arms, moaning pitiingly, "Alas, my brother! alas, my brother!"

At sunrise the next morning Andrea was working upon the medallion. All through the long hot summer day he labored feverishly as though lashed on by a delirium. At times he stopped and laughed until his terrified apprentice shrank in a corner. At last he threw down his brush.

"Come hither, boy!" he cried. "What think you of my Judas?"

The trembling boy drew near and gazed wonderingly, glancing from time to time at the artist.

"Master," he ventured timidly, "is it not thy face?"

Andrea paused a moment before answering. "Thou art right, boy," he replied slowly. He gazed steadily at the cruel, sneering portrait; then, with a great sob, he buried his own face in his hands and added brokenly, "But—it is—Judas."

H. S. Lovejoy.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Le Cercle Français

On January 20th produced "Le Baron de Fourchevif" by Labiche and "L'Avocat Patelin."

The Prom. Concert

Was given at the Hyperion Theatre by the Musical Clubs on January 22d.

The Junior Prom.

Was held at the Second Regiment Armory on January 24th.

The Senior Prom. Committee

On February 30th was elected as follows:—Foster Harry Rockwell, 1906, Chairman; A. W. Andrews, 1906; R. Y. Flanders, 1906; E. F. Dustin, 1906; C. W. Goodyear, Jr., 1906; A. B. Gregory, 1906; L. V. Dousman, 1906; F. A. Preston, 1906 S.; J. S. Kilmer, 1906 S.; H. C. Williams, 1906 S.; L. K. Robinson, 1906 S.

In the I. A. A. Meet

Held on February 3d, the mile relay and the pole-vault were won by Yale.

Elections to Sigma Xi

Were announced on February 7th as follows:

From 1906—Arthur Douglas Bissell, Jr., Chester Kingsley Brooks, James Linwood Fawley, Lemuel Whittington Gorham, Stanley Robinson McLane, Raymond William Osborne, Edwin Ward Tillotson, Hiram Lee Ward, Edmund Leon Warren.

From 1906 S.—Harry Crawford English, George Frederick Gundelfinger, Israel Simon Kleiner, Willett Harold Kellogg, Jr., Willis Sargent Leggett, Jr., Erik Schjöth Palmer, Heaton Ridgeway Robertson, Charalombos G. Savidis, Herbert Lee Seward, Charles Frederick Taylor, William Leroy Ulrich, Arthur Cornwall Wells, George Ritch White.

From 1906 M.S.—Eugene Maurice Blake, Herbert Leopold Kennedy, Jeremiah Barrett Sullivan.

From 1906 F.S.—Fred Elijah Ames, John Bentley, Jr., Sydney Luard Moore, Arthur Bernhard Recknagel.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society

On February 8th announced the following elections from the Class of 1907: Howard Francis Bishop, Kenneth McLeod Bissell, Richmond Lennox Brown, William Ellsworth Clow, William Welch Collin, William Ernest Collins, Seth Turner Crawford, Forrest Leonard Daniels, Richard Douglas Davis, Jr., Philip Lyndon Dodge, Liguori Alphonsus Dpherty, Paul Alexander Drucklieb, Rolland Mooney Edmonds, Edward Henry Hart, Frederick Trowbridge Kelsey, Henry Stow Lovejoy, Frank Stockton McClintock, Herbert Lawrence Malcolm, Frederick Kinney Noyes, Charles Pomeroy Otis, Robert Edward Pfeiffer, Morgan Thomas Riley, James Cox Sander-son, Everitt Robbins Smith, Henry Harmon Stevens, Thomas Allen Tully, Herbert Hamilton Wagenhals, John Allen White, William Sheldon Whittlesey, Bayard Daniel York.

Hockey Scores

January 19—Yale 9, Brown 0.
 29—Yale 4, Columbia 0.
 31—Yale 2, New York Hockey Club 3.
 February 7—Yale 8, New York Athletic Club 5.

Basketball Scores

February 7—Yale 9, Harvard 25.

In Memoriam.

John Malone.
 William Knickerbocker VanReypen, 1905.
 John Slade Ely, 1881 S.

BOOK NOTICES.

Much of the benefit we receive from college life is supposed to be derived from the friendships we form while undergraduates. Certainly the dearest memories

FRIENDS. of our college days will linger about the friends we form here, even if we rarely meet with any of them in later years. But hide it as we may, we know how small are the chances of any but short and infrequent meetings with those men whose friendship here has been so much to us. Here, however, we can form other friendships that do not cease, with friends who do not separate from us. I mean the friendship of books.

Just as no one gives up to every new acquaintance his secrets and his trust, so should we test each acquaintance of the bookshelf before we admit him to the privacy of our friendship. And the test should be severe and long too. Often an acquaintance may present qualities that charm on first meeting him but which are found later to be smooth superficialities. We may be drawn at first by a dash and daring that later repel us, or by clever turns that we weary of, or by qualities we later confess appealed to our lower nature.

But when we have thoroughly tested and chosen, the joys of friendship are great. Though it must be confessed that there are many advantages that friends of the flesh have over our book-friends, there is much on the other side to balance. Think of the men with whom we may be intimate, men who in the flesh for various reasons would have been or are out of all touch with us! Some by their high position, some by their fame, are placed above us; some by their eccentricities or loose living we should not care to associate with. But there is none too high in station for a book-friend to the lowest of us; and there are many who take Byron as an intimate friend of the bookshelf. In fact we can choose and cherish these friends for their virtues, disregarding their faults, for faults can be more easily overlooked in a book-friend.

Another point in favor of our friends of the shelves is that they never oppress us with their company. There are often times when we do not care to be disturbed, we wish to be

alone with our thoughts. Friends of the shelves never intrude. We may disregard them all together—they do not censure; we may merely look upon them without conversing—they are a source of inspiration and arouse a train of memories; we may call them to us for speech and thought—they are always willing to come, bringing with them, as we bid, joy or sadness, stories or philosophy. In fact they are friends that question not, withhold not; they give without complaint all we can receive of them.

Immortality is the possession of our book-friends, that is, as far as concerns us. For if they are true friends they remain with us whether their fame fades or not until the end of our days. They are dependable and changeless. The years will roll over us leaving us scarred and worn, but these our friends will stay the same true friends to comfort us, offering solace after struggle and after labor rest.

In the choice of friends every man consults his own taste; this is true for both classes of friends. In one as in the other there should be an ideal sought—and the ideals do not differ much. I think purity, knowledge, wisdom, loyalty and interest should be in both. In both absolute perfection is not; recognizing this, if the virtues warrant, we forgive faults. But the ideals of both must be kept high, for the influence of our book-friends is strong too for good or ill. And though silent they speak, not only to us but to all, saying they are our friends. By our friends shall others know us.

Elementary Latin Writing. By Clara B. Jordan. The American Book Co.

We are always glad to receive a breath of fresh air such as this. It recalls to us the open fields, the shaggy-browed rock-bluffs, the wrinkled river and—lots of other things. Perhaps "fresh air" is not quite the term to use; a whiff of dainty perfume might be better. In sooth, this little, inexpensive and most attractive volume is as dainty a bit of femininity as could well be imagined. It makes one think of

"Whenas in silks my Julia goes,"

or of

"My love by her attire doth show her wit,"

or of

"Oh love, thy lips are warm and sweet,
Thy breath is like the rose perfume."

But as we said before, this book makes one think of lots of—other—things.

The real question is, what is the permanent character of this contribution to literature. It must of course be judged as a woman's work. Will it stand with Sappho's six immortal lines, with the intense religious work of Christina Georgina Rossetti, with the young-girlish, old-maidish sonnets of Mrs. Browning, with the analytical novels of Mrs. H. Ward? We do not know.

The Pardoner's Wallet. By S. M. Crothers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Crothers says he has no defence to make for the fourteenth century pardoner. But he thinks personal responsibility for evil conditions and censure for minor faults can easily be carried too far. He says, "Instead of joining another protesting society . . . how delightful it would be to go out and dicker with a well-conditioned pardoner

Streight comen fro the Court of Rome,"

and to pay him a slight consideration for indulgences. It is of essays on very pardonable faults that the book is composed. "Unseasonable Virtues," "An Hour with Our Prejudices," "The Difficulties of the Peacemakers," are some of the titles. In all there is a gentle humor tinged not a little with satire—he doesn't sell all indulgences in the "Wallet" over-willingly. The essays are of the general type of the lovable Elia's, and while the literary style can hardly compare with Lamb's, the humor and fancy and kindly feeling would not be unworthy of the master of the light essay.

The Baglioni. By Henry Lane Eno. Moffat, Yard & Co.

It is good to read a good work by an old LIT. man. In *The Baglioni* Mr. Eno has taken a most thrilling and powerful story and cast it in the form of a five-act drama in iambic pentameter verse. The scene of the drama is Perugia at the end of the fifteenth century.

The Baglioni are the rulers of the city; Griffonetto is the leader of them. The falseness of his wife Zenobia causes him to join in a plot to murder almost all the Baglioni family. The tragedy ends with the practical extermination of that family.

The verse of the drama is, generally speaking, good, and there is much of real poetry in the figures and the thought. The one objection is that the plot is not worked to its very best. The play is not as complete as it should be. Things seem to be hurried to the close. Though it is a rare occurrence to say that a work should be longer, in the case of *The Baglioni* the brevity seems to us a positive defect.

Hay Fever. By W. H. and G. C. Pollock. Longmans, Green & Co.

Hay Fever is the story of a wealthy broker who, being afflicted by the above-mentioned malady, takes hashish at the advice of a friend. The proper amount to commence with, as prescribed, was four drops; but sealing-wax had dropped on the directions. The patient remembered that his friend had said something about twenty drops being the right quantity. (In fact, he was to have gradually increased to twenty.) He takes the twenty and is soon under the hashish influence. His actions while under the influence constitute the remainder of the story. The humor is at times side-splitting, at others somewhat forced and self-conscious. In general, it is a very funny book, and worth reading.

A Maker of History. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co.

As a book that holds the attention from start to finish *A Maker of History* is the equal, if not more, of *The Mysterious Mr. Sabin*. The plot of this latest of Mr. Oppenheim's books is based on as slight an occurrence as the disappearance of a piece of paper, but high personages of the four greatest European nations are drawn into the story. As usual, Mr. Oppenheim is weak on character-drawing; but for a complication of mysteries this book is certainly a prize-winner. There can be no question of the book's interest. We know a good many people have been sitting up nights reading our copy.

Essentials in Mediaeval and Modern History. By Samuel Bannister Harding. American Book Co.

A careful and complete, though brief, compilation of the essentials in history between 800 and 1900 A. D. There are topical references to other works at the end of each chapter.

In addition to the above we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following, some of which will be reviewed in subsequent issues:

The Everett Press.

Frozen Dog Tales.

The Penn Publishing Co.

Betty Wales, Freshman.

Betty Wales, Sophomore.

G. W. Dillingham.

The International Spy.

Henry Holt & Co.

The Professor's Legacy.

Loser's Luck.

John W. Luce.

Bernard Shaw: His Plays.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Hearts Haven.

The Storm Signal.

The F. A. Stokes Co.

The Heart of Lady Anne.

McClure, Phillips & Co.

Swinburne.

Jennings & Graham.

The Prairie and the Sea.

The American Book Co.

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin.

Flores de España.

Little, Brown & Co.

The Sage Brush Parson.

On the Field of Glory.

R. F. Fenno & Co.

The Weight of the Crown.

The Grafton Press.

Mr. Scraggs.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Angel of Pain.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Wheel of Life.

Flashlights in the Jungle.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Journeys of La Salle.

Funk & Wagnalls.

The Castlecourt Diamond Case.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There is one college publication—may the kind Lord prosper it and the Devil give it good cheer!—which regularly mentions the YALE LIT. MAG. in its exchange columns: and occasionally there appear comments in others of the various college periodicals—but these are occasional, quite occasional, I may say. Concerning the One college publication—we of the Editorial Board of the YALE LIT. receive it eagerly, turning as we do immediately to the Exchange Department. "Ha!" cries Legs one month, "They like my work! They say I have written a fine essay!" He pauses to gaze admiringly upon the rest of us. "I am a genius!" There follows a general guffaw which is quite audible throughout the office. (Who is Legs? Oh, everyone knows who is Legs. If you ever see him, you will know without being told.) Or another month, The Saving Grace flings aside the One college publication carelessly and gracefully. He tosses his head, and by way of preliminary, says, "Hum!" in his own individual way. Then—"I've been waiting for someone to comment upon my leader. They approve of it entirely. Billy was tickled to death over it too. Hum!" and turning at the door he tosses his head once again and departs. (Who is the Saving Grace? But of course you know,—so what is the use?) As for the rest of us—we are quite famous already. Together we wrote that superb little lyric,

Come love, and wander with me,
For the house is cold and dark.
Yonder the stars shine britely
Out in the park.

So of course we are not greatly interested in the One college publication. And yet, should the One college publication see fit to comment favorably upon portions of *our* work, whichever of us might be the lucky fellow would be sure to advertise it. Now let me say right here, before I be misunderstood—for thus much that I have said may be misconstrued as ungrateful—that we are all of us flattered and pleased by the exchange comments in the One college publication or in any other college publication, and are quite prepared to bow and blush faintly (so charming in some people!) and murmur "Thank you," and then adroitly change the subject, or still more adroitly return the compliment, should we ever be brought face to face with a Fair Exchange Editor and her fair phrases: or should it be a masculine exchange editor,—but that of course would scarcely be interesting.

There comes to me at this moment (and accordingly I must set it down since I lack sufficient moral stamina to refrain from so doing) a most divinely romantic idea, the plot for a delightful love story, irresistibly charming. Joseph, an undergraduate, something of a budding poet, with a sweet literary face, is chosen by fate—and yet I am not so sure but that the good hand of Providence must be guiding it all—to be Exchange

Editor of his college paper. In a similar institution, Josephine, an undergraduatess, something of a dear poetess, with dim hazel eyes and a literary nose, is similarly chosen by fate—and yet again I am not so sure but that the kind hand of Providence must be guiding it all—to be Exchange Editor of her college paper. One day she opens the pages of another college paper, and after carefully perusing its contents, is finally rewarded at the finish by perceiving that her latest effusion has been quoted with suitably flattering remarks. She is charmed beyond words, her heart flutters, and she mentally determines to strive to be worthy of such an honor. It so happens that the next month her experience is repeated, and again the following month. She has, by this time, scanned the list of Editors, and has discovered that the Exchange Editor is Joseph ———. She perceives intuitively that she is being wooed. Her heart flutters for some months, and then she decides that Joseph's constancy deserves some sign of recognition. She quotes a poem of Joseph's, and her heart is sorely distressed for a whole month: when lo! there are two of her poems quoted in Joseph's paper. Why need I pursue this tale? You all know how it must end. During the vacation, Joseph and Josephine meet at a watering place—this again because of the guidance of Providence. Joseph adores Josephine's style of poetry. Joseph adores Josephine. Josephine reciprocates. When the moon, like a galleon, is sailing the heavens, Joseph looks questioningly into Josephine's face, raising his eyebrows. Josephine murmurs that mystical monosyllable. She is his: he is hers. Ah, the wash of the moonlight over the waters! Let us draw a veil over this sacred scene.

I have digressed so far from my main theme that I fear you have lost track of it altogether. I was endeavoring to express the idea that we of the Editorial Board of the *YALE LIT.* are immensely pleased to receive occasional comments upon the magazine, that this pleasure is but vanity (*O vanitas!*), though indeed we are most grateful to those who so kindly please us. And now, eliminating the personal equation (as much as is possible with such vanity as is ours),—for indeed we have no cause to complain of our own treatment since we have no Exchange Department and are somewhat in the position of beggars who are not choosers, we are for questioning the usefulness of the Exchange Department as it is generally conducted in college magazines. Surely, it is no affair of ours since we maintain none ourselves, but of late there has been evident a spirit of irritation on the part of some of the Exchange Editors against those magazines which do not conduct Exchange Departments. One Editor advises that Exchange Editors ignore all magazines which do not conduct Exchange Departments, and another ascribes the omission of Exchange Departments to laziness or indolence. Well—what's the use? We have observed that the general trend of exchange comments is appreciative rather than critical. Certainly, with regard to the verses, it is all appreciative, since only the best verses are mentioned and quoted. Of the comments on the prose work, the little which is critical is insufficiently so. A couple of sentences are given to this story and another to that

essay. They are but cursory remarks at the best, and as such are valueless. But what do I expect? A detailed criticism of every college paper in the country? Must the Exchange Department fill three quarters of a magazine? No, of course not, I say. But why then the Department at all? As it now is, it is no more than a page or two of compliments. And as for the individual Exchange Editor,—the individual Exchange Editor, to be conscientious, must read through pages of poorly written and less interesting matter to arrive at any conclusions at all: and this requires much time which might be spent in profitable reading or exercise or, for that matter, in profitable loafing. Indeed, there is no reason why the Exchange Editor, who desires, and who has the time, should not do justice to his task according to his own lights, but there is equally no reason for his becoming provoked because another does not choose to do as he.

"Ha!" said the fish, "Gobble-gobble!"

S. M. H.

Purcell Mfg. Co.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1906.

DONALD BRUCE.

SAMUEL M. HARRINGTON.

JOHN N. GREELY.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY.

J. H. WALLIS.

YALE HYPOCRISY.

"God hates a liar."

PRACTICALLY the whole of each of our succeeding classes comes under the influence of our society system, practically every man in each class labors under the delusion that he has a chance to make good. And this tremendous influence is powerful up to the very end of Junior year. A man must conform to its dictums or throw up his chances of social success; inevitably he is swayed by it. A discussion as to the virtues proper of individualism or of conformity to Yale standards is not the purport of this leader. "There is," says Sir Roger de Coverley, "much to be said on both sides"; and the subject is not new. But there is a phase of the question which has not lately, at least, been treated in detail: The Yale hypocrisy which this tremendous influence breeds.

A lie is an uncertain quantity. Mr. Kant, Herr Kant perhaps it should be, says that a lie is never justifiable; and I am rather disposed to agree with him. A lie under certain circumstances may seem absolutely justifiable to the liar; but

then it may seem absolutely unjustifiable to everybody else. The theory that the end justifies the means has been dragging out a rather precarious existence during the past few thousand years. Whether it is proper to bluff in poker, whether a lie to save a friend is excusable, a lie to save a woman commendable, is beside the question. But it will probably be acknowledged that it is wrong to tell a lie, to live a lie, for purely selfish ends. And it is this which is the hypocrisy of Yale.

Yale hypocrisy crops out under various conditions. Many of them to the average mind would almost justify the deception; others are wholly reprehensible. Perhaps the most reprehensible to the college mind is the very possible hypocrisy of a heeling of Dwight Hall. Very possible, I say, for the accusation can never be pushed wholly home. An absolute sinner who has aspired to Deaconship may angrily explain his inconsistencies by vaunting his struggle toward a better and a cleaner life. Nevertheless, college gossip has it that in some years the leaders of Dwight Hall, or at least men who aspired to such positions, have not been entirely dominated by an unselfish and Christian spirit. Of course it is not the positions of power in an uncongenial activity which has attracted such men; it is the fact that such positions have been used in other days as stepping stones to the ever-dominant Senior societies.

The same influence is exerted over the supposedly free college press. Undoubtedly there are *News* heelers, there are LIT. heelers, whose ultimate ambition more concerns a golden pin of strange device than it does the watch charms of the papers. But this is not the worst feature of our press hypocrisy. A man's conduct before he begins to exert any public influence most largely concerns only himself, and his ultimate college god. But the moment he does begin to influence others through the press, the whole college world comes into the question. And this college world has a right to the real opinions of this successful college man, opinions unaltered by what the powers that be might think, or what

he thinks they might think. Without doubt the public has a right to the true opinion of this man in college public life; but the public does not always get it. In Senior year it is true our college papers speak their mind comparatively freely; but it is only comparatively freely. For the vast influence to which they have yielded in earlier days has warped them, many of them, into ultraconservative men, which they were never meant to be.

The vast influence I speak of is no tangible thing; it is the influence of, may we call it again, a man's own college god—no god who stands by his side as he writes, saying, "Write this, do that," but a god whose influence is infinitely subtle, often misunderstood. But a false god who sways a man ever so slightly in a moment of indecision may send him over the precipice, into the darkness of hypocrisy.

I rather think that this influence is more dominant in our lives than in our speech. When a man writes a thing down, even when he says a thing, he is apt to reason it out, pro and con. And this reasoning element is not so evident in our actions. For others may read inconsistencies in his writings, note them in his speech; but his actions are all his own, inasmuch as he alone can entirely understand them. It is following out this analogy that a man will heel another doglike for a month, another whom he will not open his mouth to defend, and whom he will abuse openly the month following. It is a different matter to push this accusation home, to prove it on paper to be so. It would of course be the height of impoliteness to cite individual cases; and, on the other hand, the *News* would be very likely to refute anything less definite with a final assertion of opinion, "This is not so." But I think that there are men in academic Yale who may feel in their hearts that I do not lie. And it is to these men, and not to the editorial policy of the *News* or any other paper, that I would make the blackness of boot-licking evident. I heard a man say before one tap day that he would give his soul to make a Senior society. To my mind he had given it already; and I thought of a line or two

from Kipling's "Tomlinson,"—when the devilkins report to their Lord on Tomlinson's soul—

"And they said, 'The soul that he got from God
he has bartered clean away.
We have threshed a stook of print and book,
and winnowed a chattering wind,
And many a soul wherefrom he stole,
but his own we cannot find';"

Now hypocrisy in a man's general individual life is the most dangerous hypocrisy of all. It is possible that a man may hang his hypocrisy up over his office desk, or keep it between the leaves of the Bible in Dwight Hall, to be used only in office hours. But when he carries it around with him to his eating joint, to his room, over to the New Haven House to get a drink, it is pretty sure to be fastened on him fairly well by the end of his college life. Wherefore all discussion as to further form of our hypocrisy would come in the form of an anti-climax; and anti-climaxes are detestable.

I think that at the end we must admit that there is hypocrisy at Yale, all of us. But I can see that to many men this hypocrisy may still seem justifiable, or at the least excusable. A man who knows more of the world than the majority of college men told me that Yale standards, the standards, the forms which are responsible for our false attitudes, are the standards of the whole United States; and I rather think he was right. Conditions in American life, as well as conditions in our little Yale life, make men—and mar them. But two wrongs have never made a right; and I call Yale useless unless it can train men to a higher code than this over-busy, over-tolerant American life will give them. And there is a higher code, there must be, for I turn to the court of last appeal, and I find this—

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

J. N. Greely.

THE PUNISHMENT.

THE quivering leaves of the birch in the center of the clearing shone light green in the brilliant air, against the sparkling violet of the sunlit lake beyond. On either side the dark spruces, quietly dignified, stood back in the shadow. A dull brown wood-pile was heaped shaggily against the white stem of the birch. Comfortable in my flannel shirt, I leaned back against our log-built hut, and looked, and breathed. The neat little nose of a red squirrel peeped from the corner of the wood-pile, and then disappeared, at the muffled rattling of a newspaper behind me.

"Don't you think you've been carrying things a little far with Anna Lee?" rolled Johnnie's heavy voice.

"You're a nice one to talk about that," I replied. "What've you been doing yourself?"

"But leaving me out of the question, don't you really think you have?"

"I guess Miss Lee is old enough to take care of herself," I said coldly. I did not feel like talking. We were silent for several minutes.

"Here's something that might interest you," said John in a polite tone.

"Lord, that paper's three days old, and what's more, I don't want to hear anything about New York just now."

For an answer he shuffled out, and stuck the thing under my nose. From force of habit, I read: "Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Lee have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anna McMasters, to Mr. Courtney Strong of—"

I jumped up and threw the paper on the ground. Johnnie stretched out his hand. "Let me congratulate you, Court," he said, grinning.

"It's a ——— mistake!" I exclaimed. "It's some other Miss Lee, or at least some other Strong."

"Did you read it all?" he remarked sardonically, as he respectfully handed me the paper.

I read again: "—of this city. Mrs. and Miss Lee are at present sojourning in the Adirondacks, at the Pleasant-View. It is understood that Mr. Strong and a friend, Mr. John Wilton, are camping in the woods nearby."

I looked hard at the pupil of John's right eye. "You don't mean to say that girl took all that jolly seriously!"

"I don't mean to say anything," rumbled John pleasantly, as he looked away. "By the way," he added carelessly, "I saw them last night in the village, when I got the mail, and I invited them over to see the camp this morning. Said they'd be here by half past ten."

I shut my mouth tightly, looked at my watch, scanned the lake, stared at John, and then away again. I took out my pipe, lit it with the fourth match, and began to express my feelings in smoke. He wandered down the path to the landing. Had I been a Hamlet, I should have produced a wonderful soliloquy. Anna Lee certainly was a pippin—great on looks—could flirt like, well, like a lot of girls—knew something too—but she couldn't be so foolish—the paper stared at me uncompromisingly from my hand—"Mr. and Mrs."—what would my father say?—what an infernal mess. . . .

"Oh, Court!" bellowed Johnnie from the distance. "Better come down and help land!"

I put my pipe in my pocket and plunged down the path. At the end of our little wharf I almost pushed John overboard.

"You take Mrs.," I whispered energetically. "I've got to straighten this thing out."

"All right," he answered in an irritatingly loud tone.

Then we conversed no more, as the boat was already rippling close. I saw its three occupants as a man in a football game sees things. In the stern Mrs. Lee, attractive as usual in her light costume; in the center, the nondescript guide; and in the bow, Anna Lee. I could not have told how she was dressed, but I remember distinctly how she said "Hello, John," and then, in her low-modulated voice,

as it seemed to me with peculiar emphasis, "Hello, Courtney." I bowed to Mrs. Lee and grasped the bow, while John swung the stern around. Hardly daring to look at Anna, I offered her my hand, which she accepted with a firm pressure as she stepped out. Johnnie and Mrs. Lee walked ahead; Anna turned to look at the lake, and then we followed.

"Isn't it beautiful!" she said, softly.

"Yes," I replied.

She took my arm as we clambered up the stony path.

"Is that your camp?" she asked, pointing to our shack, which showed through the trees.

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, how charming!"

"Yes."

We went on in silence. I at once saw my mistake. John should have taken Anna, John should have explained. Perhaps it was not too late now. When we reached the clearing, he and Mrs. Lee were just coming out of the cabin. "Let me show you our quarters," said he to Anna. Rejoiced at being relieved, I delivered a quite astonishing bit of oratory about the view to Mrs. Lee, but suddenly remembered my position again. My speech sank down with a gulp, like a stone into water. Mrs. Lee looked at me rather suspiciously, I thought, and that increased my discomfort. And so, when Johnnie and Anna laughed behind us, I eagerly turned.

"Mrs. Lee, shall we go up to the look-out?" asked he in such a solemn voice that I knew he was enjoying the humor of the situation immensely.

Just then Anna's inspirited eyes flashed to mine a deeply trustful inquiry that under any other circumstances I should have rejoiced to see. Her mouth, curved from the spirit of her forgotten smile, gave her a sort of touching dignity. Her head bent forward a little, as if she were eagerly intent upon something. Then she dropped her eyes, and began to dig the soft black dirt with the white tip of her parasol. Before I knew it, the other two showed far among the trees on the hill path, and she stood alone with me.

"Let's not go up there," she said with a little sigh, "I am so tired." Then she looked up and smiled, but not with her eyes. When people smile with their eyes, the joke is on you; when they smile with their mouths, they want to be pleasant. "Come and sit on this log, won't you?" And then she sat down on the log, in the prettiest possible fashion, and smiled up at me again. I lumbered over, and squatted down beside her, with a crackling of bark and rotten wood. We gazed in silence, as if enjoying the picture. Perhaps she did. But for me the situation became worse every second. At first I had been troubled on my own account; now my conscience began to get in its work. Poor girl! how embarrassing it would be for her! And if she really were in love with me—Heavens! the longer I waited the worse I felt.

"Do you remember our er—conversation of Saturday evening?" I asked in a very matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes—dear." She laughed softly. "Out in the orchard, when I cut five dances? How could I forget it? I have thought of nothing else since."

What could I say? She became more tantalizing every minute. But I firmly resolved not to make the misunderstanding any worse. I started with a new line.

"Tell me, have you ever flirted much before?"

She cast an amused side glance at me. Then she sighed.

"Yes, some, but oh, it was so different." She laughed again, softly, and leaned towards me. "Jealous already?" she half whispered, slightly lifting her eyebrows.

Again we were silent.

"Do you know," she said in a low, serious tone, "although I should feel complimented if you were jealous on my account, still in a way I should feel better never to have you so. For there is something between two people who—care for each other, which is too deep, too—well, I don't know how to express it, but I am sure you must feel it." She turned, and looked full at me, seriously, and trustfully. It was awful. Before I could think, she had started again. Her voice vibrated with emotion as she spoke.

"And, although I have flirted some, I never could have enjoyed it unless I knew the other person was just as much fooling as I was. It's all right to have a good time, but when it comes down to the reality of affection, I wouldn't have the heart to make any one suffer so much as he would suffer when disillusioned. And really, although you may think I am too sentimental in my standards, if I had, through any foolishness, allowed a man whom I did not care for to think he was engaged to me, I should have felt it my duty to hold to the contract. But then, let's not think about those disagreeable things. That couldn't happen now!" She smiled at me, and then turned away and began to dig the earth with her parasol again. At first I had seen some slight humor in the situation; now it was positively terrifying. She had risen to heights which I had never imagined her capable of reaching. To her attractiveness was added a quality which demanded the highest admiration. I felt that I was taking things that did not belong to me. My duty was clear. I must tell her, plainly, at once. The opinion of me which she would hold afterwards I felt to be a suitable punishment for my indiscretion.

"There is something which I must tell you at once," I began. "I am afraid—"

"Oh *do* look at that *dear* little squirrel, Courtney!" She pointed to the wood-pile, and then her hand fell in my open palm. She did not draw it away. As if by instinct, my hand closed over it. She jumped up quickly.

"Come, let's be going back to the boat. I hear them coming."

So we rattled down the path. "Oh my ankle!" she exclaimed, and seized my arm. I had to nearly carry her the rest of the way, reproaching myself bitterly the while. It did not seem the proper situation in which to explain.

The guide slouched on the end of the wharf, reading a paper. We dropped on a board overturned for drying, near him. A headline in the paper seemed to catch her eye.

"Oh, Mr. Morrison, may I see that paper a minute?" she asked with a sudden show of interest. He handed it to her with a grunt.

"Thank you," she said sweetly. She glanced over the page, turned it, turned the next, and found the "Society Column."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Let's see what's doing in town!" Near the top of the column an item held my attention:

"We wish to correct a very unfortunate error in our last issue. Miss Anna McMasters Lee is engaged to Mr. John Wilton, of this city, and not to Mr. Courtney Strong. Mr. Wilton and Mr. Strong are camping together in the Adirondacks, a fact which caused our much regretted error."

I got up and looked at Anna Lee. I could not think for a full sixty seconds. Her eyes turned innocently aside, as she rose, and looked up the wharf. Then I did what I think was one of the noblest acts of my life. I seized her hand and said: "Miss Lee, I congratulate you with all my heart, and I think my opinion with regard to your fiancé ought to be about as trustworthy as anybody's." The moment was a serious one to me. But she smiled at me, this time with her eyes, in which sparkled all the concealed mischief of an hour; and then, quite irrelevantly, I thought, she burst into peals of uncontrollable laughter, which rang clearly from the shore back again and again. And the funny part of it was, that I laughed too. John and Mrs. Lee came up to us, and we all laughed. And then I congratulated John.

George H. Soule, Jr.

JACK LONDON AND THE PRIMITIVE.

FROM the day when the first traveler spun his first yarn, people have delighted in tales of strange lands. There is a curious fascination about a country where the laws, manners, customs, and conditions are different from anything we have ever known. This it is which gave the travels of Herodotus their popularity among the men of Phrygia. This lends charm to the illusive kingdoms of Anthony Hope. And this in great part first attracts one to that bleak, primitive country "north of Fifty-three" of which Jack London has given us so striking a representation.

But, with the strangeness, the likeness between such a land as the Ruritania of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and London's Klondike stops short. He portrays no vague, romantic country chosen as a happy background for the free play of a daring fancy. It is not a background at all, properly speaking. The land dominates the stories. Mr. London does not tell us of events and individuals. The North itself is what he shows us, the madness-breeding loneliness of its empty stretches of snow, the silence of its black, Arctic night, the pitiless cold, the savage life of its peoples, and the primitive desires—hate, love, hunger, and greed—of the strong men who have dared to penetrate it.

No man could have so exactly caught the atmosphere of those frozen vastnesses unless there were a bit of the primitive in his own make-up. In Mr. London there is a great deal. The unrest of a long line of pioneer ancestors is in his blood. His father was a trapper, scout, and frontiersman. Jack London, himself, was born on a Californian ranch. Before he entered high school, at eighteen, he had been a salmon fisher, oyster pirate, and fish patrolman, sailed as far as Japan in various forecastles as able seaman, and served on a poaching sealer on the Russian side of Behring Sea. "I loved life in the open," he says, "and I toiled in the open at the hardest kinds of work, learning no trade but drifting along from job to job." Working his way by such means,

he entered the University of California in '97. But in that year came the discovery of gold in the Klondike, and, answering the call of his nature, he was one of the first to cross the Chilkoot Pass. He found no gold, but in the year he spent there, before scurvy drove him out, the spirit entered into and possessed him as thoroughly as the spirit of India ever possessed Kipling.

Thus inspired, it was inevitable that Mr. London's stories should be tragedies. Humor, save in the grotesque hyperbole of hunters' tales or that careless cynicism which comes from too intimate an acquaintance with sudden death, can find little place in a land where men are so desperately intent on the struggle for existence. Nor is it a setting that lends itself to love tales. People are too busy to be demonstrative. Self-sacrifice, indeed, there is, and a heroic faithfulness to the ties of food and blanket. And few have used these themes more dramatically or realistically than Mr. London in such tales as "Grit of Women" and "The God of his Fathers." But he has nowhere given us anything like the conventional love story. Sentiment fits in neither with the spirit of the North nor the spirit of the man.

"The great short stories in the world's literary treasure-house," he says, "seems all to depend on the tragic and terrible for their strength and greatness. Not half of them deal with love at all, and when they do, they derive their greatness not from the love itself, but from the tragic and terrible with which the love is involved. Stress and strain are required to sound the depths of human nature, and there is neither stress nor strain in sweet optimistic and placidly happy events."

"Strength" and "greatness" here he uses as practically synonyms. According to this standard, Mr. London's work should hold the highest place in American literature. It is brutally strong,—there is no denying that, as strong as it is direct and simple. The sketch of the feeble Esquimaux chieftain, abandoned by his tribe, with nothing but a small stock of fire-wood to hold off the eternal cold, and the grim

philosophy he works out as the inexorable circle of wolves closes in, make a tale elemental in its power. The bitter, implacable hatred of the dog Bâtard for Leclère, working out to its inevitable tragedy, is as real as it is terrible. At times, it is true, there is a crudeness about this force, an excess of brutality and physical horrors, a taint of ostentatious mortality, but primitive life is never pretty. And, like the army, it would seem, "it shpoils a man's taste for moilder things."

This overpowering taste for the primitive is nowhere more clearly shown in Mr. London's work than in his vivid pictures of brute life. Like Leclère, he seems to know "the subtle speech of the things that move, of the rabbit in the snare, the moody raven beating the air with hollow wing, the bald-face shuffling under the moon, the wolf like a gray shadow gliding betwixt the twilight and the dark." He has not given us a dog from Buck down to the meanest husky that is not characteristically alive. But the less tamed they are the more graphically they are drawn. Bâtard, bristling, indomitable, half-wolf, is infinitely better than that sleek and sheltered Newfoundland, Curley. In Buck's splendid reversion to type, the latter stages, where the centuries of civilization are slipping from him, are much the most ably handled. And, finally, the character he has devoted the most care to in all his work is Wolf Larsen, a being less a man than a primordial fighting brute gifted with intellect and reasoning power. His creed is just that which a strong animal would evolve if it could think. "Life is a mess," he says. "It is like a yeast, a ferment, a thing that moves and may move for a minute, an hour, a year, or a hundred years, but that, in the end, must cease to move. The big eat the little, that they may continue to move; the strong eat the weak, that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all."

Brute force, in other words, the law of the wolf-pack, the most primitive code of man! Mr. London would undoubtedly deplore such a creed as a working basis for society.

But the touch of elemental things has wakened in him that love of power which is somewhere in every man. Strength of character, strength of body, strength of will, strength of action, the mastering of circumstances,—these are the qualities that move him and these are the things that he has put into his stories. Time may temper them with a little more delicacy and art. But at least he is sincere. The spirit of the man and of that great, primitive, and terrible country which he has known and loved breathe through every line that he has written.

J. S. Newberry.

IN VAGABOND GOLDEN AND VAGABOND GRAY.

The road of the vagabond's mottled and winding:
It runs through the hills and round by the sea,
And the end of it takes a long day for the finding,
And the heart of the man must be vagabond-free.
Vagabond, vagabond, vagabond he
Who follows the trail for the whole of his day,
Who hearkens unto the road's decree,
"Vagabond golden and vagabond gray."

It matters no whit that the long night be blinding—
Who knows but a star may break o'er the lea?—
And the sea may forever go on with its grinding;
None knows what the waves at the last are to be.
This only is certain: the wind in the tree,
The feel of the air and the stinging spray,
The sun, and the rain, and the wild things alee
Are vagabond golden and vagabond gray.

The call of the road is sacredly binding—
Tattered or girded, of every degree,
All for the golden, the gray never minding,
An host has departed,—and lo, where the bee
Clambering, filches his honey-fee,
His vagabond kin gleaned, yesterday,
Vagabond beauties such as folk see
In vagabond golden and vagabond gray.

In the face of the night they turn not to flee:
They are vagabonds careless and vagabonds gay.
Ah—what hale-hearted vagabond comrades are ye
In vagabond golden and vagabond gray!

S. M. Harrington.

THE PASSING OF A POET.

THESE are decadent days, say the critics. Pure poetry died with Tennyson, say the critics. And they turn to the younger writers, Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, to pray hopefully for a renaissance. They have no word to say of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The critics of yesterday found little time to bemoan the glories of old times. Browning was living yesterday, Tennyson, Rossetti, and—Swinburne the poet. Browning did not outlive his genius, nor did Rossetti; Tennyson the poet died gloriously, with Tennyson the man. But Swinburne's fate is not so kind. He has seen the red glow of his genius grow grey and cold. We of this day and generation have seen the passing of a true poet.

Swinburne came uglily into the literary world. The clamor that greeted some of his very earliest works awoke even before the most peculiarly effective volume—"Poem and Ballads"—was formally published, and the echoes of it have not yet died away. Years later this volume lost him the laureateship that was justly his, and there are many educated people of today who know of Swinburne solely through what was evil in his early work. He came suddenly, in all the hot intolerance of his youth, upon a world that was wholly unprepared for him, a staid and sober world, that had forgotten the indiscretions of Byron. He came upon his world as a naked wine-stained Bacchus might come upon a Scotch-Presbyterian congregation on its way home from church. Old ladies fainted, sober deacons grew purple-faced in righteous indignation; never was such a commotion. The very ends of the world knew that Bacchus Swinburne was born. In a day he was famous; in that same day he was notorious. Good folk saw that he was naked, and wine-stained, and pagan; they covered their eyes in horror, and, for the moment, saw no more.

Naturally there were immediately Swinburne devotees, foul ones who would have classed his song with mere French

filth. But these may be immediately dismissed, their opinion is worse than useless, and Swinburne never intentionally catered to it. He sang only for the pure joy of song. Nor did he care what bigots thought, pious people who would expurgate Shakespeare. The only appreciation that he ever wanted, that any great man ever wants, was that of men and women that thought and felt. And it came to him. This audience saw in his pagan intolerance, feeling and thought, in the wine stains on his lips, a lyric mellowness, in his nakedness, the beauty and the freedom of primeval man. Above all they saw that he was a man, with something to say, something that no laws of propriety could keep silent. Superlatively in these earlier poems Swinburne showed the man. His indecencies, his profanities, are not deliberate; they are the extremities to which his hot intolerance occasionally carries him. There are certain passages of "*Laus Veneris*" that may not be freely quoted. But these passages merely voice the extreme pitch to which he works himself up in such sensuous stanzas as

"The broken little laugh that spoils a kiss,
The ache of purple pulses, and the bliss
Of blinded eyelids that expand again—
Love draws them open with those lips of his."

But perhaps "*Dolores*" shows the man Swinburne as does none other of his works. In other works he shows various influences,—the Elizabethan dramatists, and the Greek, old Hebrew scribes, Shelley, Keats, have all influenced him. But here, untrammelled by any convention, he pours himself out in half incoherent, but impassioned and melodious stanzas.

"Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel,
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower.
When these are gone by in their glories,
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?"

illustrates perfectly the genius that marks his early work, the lyric passion of man, self-sufficient unto himself.

This passion is never seen absolutely untrammelled again. In the second stage Bacchus has wrapped himself in a leopard's skin. Now the skin befits him, making him more understandable, perhaps even more beautiful, but it is a sad sign that the world has showed our Bacchus the false necessity of clothes, has taken away the self-sufficiency that was his divine gift. The leopard's skin in this instance happened to be the spirit of liberty that was sweeping the world. It fitted Swinburne well, giving free scope to the passion that the world had not yet killed. "Songs Before Sunrise," the most typical volume of this period, is considered his finest work. But here is shown the first touch of the external; it is the external, what the world thought about, that awakens song in him, the whole operation is no longer within.

"The trumpets of the four winds of the world
From the ends of the earth blow battle. . . ."

and Swinburne but echoes them. It is not that he is a mere mouthpiece, as yet. Indeed in a way this is the period of his greatest work. He has added substance, and polish, and has lost little if any of his old lyric passion, as "Mater Dolorosa," a tremendous hymn to down-trodden liberty, shows:

"Who is it that sits by the way, by the wild wayside,
In a rent stained garment, the robe of a cast-off bride,
In the dust, in the rainfall sitting, with soiled feet bare,
With the night for a garment upon her, with wet torn hair?
She is fairer of face than the daughters of men, and her eyes,
Worn through with her tears, are deep as the depth of skies."

But this was something of an artificial glory. The wealth of the world without, in enriching the genius of Swinburne, killed it.

In the third period Swinburne falls, crumblingly. The earlier days of this period show an occasional glimmer of the old genius, but the most of his latter-day work is the work of a simple scholar. He has learned the formalities of the world, and he takes upon him artificial forms to hide the fading of his genius of youth and beauty. He is again

the Bacchus; but Bacchus, obedient to the dictates of the world that killed the God in him, is wearing trousers. The scholar in Swinburne did not kill the poet. The world killed him, and the scholar cropped out to take his place. "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Erechthaus" are perfect forms of Greek drama. But in "Atalanta," one of the poet's earliest works, the form is entirely subservient to the spirit of the thing. There is a youth and sparkle that the Archaic Greek form enhances through contrast. The later play, "Erechthaus," is a letter-perfect imitation of the old Greek, and nothing else. In these later days Swinburne wrote also many rondels. Imagine "Laus Veneris" written in rondels! But he found this wholly artificial form a good one for the expression of the pretty but conventional ideas that were the remains of his glorious subject matter.

"No rosebud yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flower in the world—
A baby's hands."

The quiet conventionalism and conservatism of this are in almost absurd contrast with the wild fire of such as "Dolores." And as Dolores, and Faustine, and Fise, the mad phantasies of his God-given youth, have given way to babies' hands, so the radicalism of "Songs Before Sunrise" had faded to the dull conservatism of such commonplaces as this, of England:

"We find her, as our fathers found
Earth's lordliest commonweal."

Swinburne is not popular these days. The world is not fond of anticlimaxes, and his work had been one long series of them. The divine glow of his genius faded through all the phases of true feeling, and died out in form. All his present day work has been without a touch of it. Since the publication of "Astrophel" in 1893, he has written nothing that is in any way worthy of him. But dim posterity, that knows a man solely through his best work, will rank him again with Browning and his peers. A great poet has passed, and we will not soon see his like again.

J. N. Greely.

PAOLO.

A FRAGMENT IN THREE SCENES.

A fairly large, well-lighted chamber in the monastery of San Luca in northern Italy. A warm April afternoon in the year 1476. The chamber is bare, with few and simple furnishings and nothing in the way of ornament, save a large picture of the Virgin and Child, resting on an easel. Two men stand before it. The elder, Fra Antonio, is short, a trifle corpulent, with gray hair fringing his tonsure, face cobwebbed with kindly wrinkles, and the clear mild eye that comes from the even existence of the monastery. His face is one of accomplished serenity, while that of his companion, Paolo, the novice, is alive rather with potentiality. His questioning eyes, delicate nostrils and thin sensitive lips show a latent capacity for emotion which it has never been his to experience. The elder man is frowning slightly as he looks at the picture.

Fra Antonio

My son, thou hast done well, done very well.
It is a credit to thyself and me,
Who am thy humble teacher, and to Him
From whom all inspiration flows. And yet—

(He moves closer for more critical examination, then draws back to get the general effect, while Paolo follows him with anxious eyes that show all the love and reverence he bears him.)

I fear, my son, I fear that thou hast passed
The utmost limit of my skill to teach,
Almost to criticise. The drawing seems
All flawless, true proportioned every part,
The color varied, rich, harmonious;
Our Lady's face is very pure and fair,
And yet,—and yet,—she does not live and feel,
She hath no soul! I know not—I—

Paolo (in despair)

What more

Is left for me to try? I am not fit
To paint Our Lady's face, or else

Ere now I had accomplished it. Ah me!
The weary days, the long and weary days
When rebel hand refused my mind's command!
It was so long ere I could but begin
To draw the thing I saw. And now at last
When sometimes I can paint the face all clear
Just as my eye perceives it, there is more
To learn! But now no longer do I know
Whither to turn my labors. Ah, I fear
I am not worthy of thy teachings.

Fra Antonio (whose face grows very gentle as he listens)

Peace!

Patience, my son. Give not the Tempter ear
Who would make faint thy heart. God rules, is just;
And thou hast lived thy life as thou shouldst live
And worked as thou shouldst work. No luxury
Of flesh hath stained thee, nor thine eyes been raised
To eyes of women,—eyes that blight the souls
Of those who turn toward them,—thou hast obeyed
Thy Church, its rulers and the word of God.
And He in His good time in mercy great
Will grant, if thou but live as thou hast lived,
That thou mayest paint the perfect picture
Which thou hast dreamed of.

Paolo (more cheerfully, yet still doubting)

Ah, if that might be!

I am not fit—

Fra Antonio (peremptorily)

Come, come, no more of that!

(Then more kindly)

Waste not thy time in vain repinings, work!
Work for the honor of thy teacher, me;
Work for this monastery sheltering thee;
Work for the joy of working, work for God,
And thank Him that He's given thee strength to work.

Paolo (kneeling before him)

Father, forgive me, I was wrong, most wrong.
Still will I work, and hope, and pray, and work.

Fra Antonio

'Tis well. Come, rise, my son, and put aside
For now these thoughts. Thou'rt weary, thou must rest.

(Reflects for a moment)

The peasant, Beppo, he that lives hard by
The shrine of San Francesco on the road
To Florence, hath a little, sickly child.
There had I gone this afternoon with herbs
And healing potions. Thou shalt take my place.
The pleasant walk, the balmy afternoon
Will rest thy tired mind.

Paolo

I do thy will,
And thank thee from my heart for thy kind care.

SCENE II.

The monastery chamber two weeks later. A picture of the Virgin and Child, not the same as in the last scene, on the easel. Enter Fra Antonio with head bowed in thought. Crosses and stands before the picture without noticing it. Then looking up, starts, and kneeling before it, speaks with awed voice.

Fra Antonio

The blessed Virgin Mary with Her Child,
In Her own presence sitting here—

(Collects himself and rises)

'Tis done
So wondrous well, I near had thought Her quick!
Such beauty passes earth,—yet leaves no doubt
It is of earth. What means the mystery
Of those deep-seeing eyes? It cannot be
Paolo has done this!

(Examines more closely)

The work is his,
I know his brush stroke well. The wonder of it!
Many a picture known to fame I've seen
Not half its worth. This is reality,
Not picture.

(Pauses, then continues)

And to think that I have been
Teacher to him who painted this! Just God,
I thank Thee from my heart for this Thy gift
To me, and bounty. Thou hast been too kind
To one who, though his best hath done so ill,
I thank Thee for Thy—

(Enter a novice)

Novice

Father!

Fra Antonio

Speak, my son.

Novice

The Fra Alberto bids me ask of thee
If thou knowest aught of where Paolo is.
No one has seen him now since yester eve,
And knowing thou hast been his monitor
In many things, he sent me here to thee.

Fra Antonio (wondering)

Paolo not been here since yester eve?
Nay, I know naught of him.

(Exit novice)

Perhaps the boy
In pride of this his work hath sought to be
Alone with thought of his accomplishment,
And hid away,—yet had I deemed that he
Had early brought to me his tidings glad.

(Enter the peasant, Beppo, beside himself with rage. He storms over to the monk, and gesticulates wildly while he speaks)

Beppo

I want my child, Bianca; give me back
My lovely daughter. Bring her back to me.
Oh, make him bring her back—

Fra Antonio (horror struck)

Seduced thy child, thou say'st?

Beppo (scornfully)

They sent me word that some cursed wandering monk
Had married them ere they had gone a mile—
Sent word by that same monk had married them.
My wife seemed glad thereat,—said it was "Love,"—
Near blessed them for it. Pah! She is a fool.

(Then his anger returning)

God's curse on him—

Fra Antonio (severely)

Blaspheme not!

Beppo (wildly)

How! Blaspheme!

I tell thee God's a weakling, or a knave,
Else this had never been!

Fra Antonio (very cold and quiet)

Begone! Get hence!

And come not back to me till thou art sane.

(The two stand looking at each other, until Beppo's eyes slowly drop, and turning he slinks from the room. Fra Antonio's figure, which, while Beppo was before him was commandingly erect, gradually seems to shrivel up, until he appears but a bent old man.)

Fra Antonio

Ah, God, why hath this been, why hath this been!

(He walks with bowed head until he stops before the picture)

Thank Thee at least for this, good God; *this* stays
A testament of all the purity
That once was his—

(Then the full significance of it all comes over him. He stares for a moment aghast; then attacks the canvas with his finger-nails and finally with the sharp corners of the crucifix he wears, until the Virgin's face is gashed and torn.)

My God! My God!

SCENE III.

The monastery chamber a month later. The easel with its Madonna is draped and hidden with black hangings. Fra Antonio, who seems older and more feeble, is pacing back and forth with head bowed, and hands folded behind his back.

Fra Antonio

Ah, God, forgive me for my many sins!
I had not thought that I had grown so weak.
These years of freedom from temptation's stress
Had lulled to sleep my conscience. Ah, forgive!
And then in senseless rage and injured pride,
His picture of the Virgin I destroyed,
Holy in its perfection, though the source

Of inspiration was a woman's smile.

Ah, Lord, forgive!

The picture, I have draped
In sombre black to mind me of my sin.
And thrice each day—but God, e'en now I sin—
The sin of selfishness—for my own soul
I only care, nor pause to give a thought
To all the suffering and misery
That must ere now have found Paolo out,
Too weak, poor lad, to fight this sordid world—

(Enter a Lay Brother)

Lay Brother

A messenger from Florence hath arrived
And brings despatches to thee from thy friend
Fra Angelo.

Fra Antonio

My thanks. See he is fed
And cared for.

(Lay Brother hands him a letter and exit. Fra Antonio reads quietly the first half, then starts, gives a cry of astonishment, and re-reads a portion.)

What! What's this? *(reads)* "A strange event—
A new star in the firmament—a youth
Who paints most wondrously—Paolo named—
He came from none knows where—a pretty maid—
He said his wife—Lorenzo's eye—he pleased—
Lorenzo now his patron—Fortune smiles
On him—" *(drops the letter)*

Paolo happy! prosperous!

(He walks wildly about, his hands fumbling nervously with his crucifix.)

The love of woman make him happy, great!
Oh, God, why dost Thou let Thy will be hid,
For Thine own secret purposes, from men
By earthly triumph of the Tempter's wiles?
'Tis hard—

(Enter Paolo, travel-stained and weary. He walks dejectedly over to Fra Antonio and kneels humbly before him. His voice sounds dead as he speaks.)

Paolo

I have come back, thou see'st.

Fra Antonio (recovering from his amazement makes an involuntary motion to take the boy into his arms, then checks himself sternly.)

I see.

There came but recently some news of thee
In Florence, living life of luxury,—
What brings thee back?

Paolo

She left me—. Went away
With the first fire-eating captain courted her.
I find I cannot paint again:—and so
I have come back (*bitterly*) repentant.

Fra Antonio

God be praised!

Come, rise,—

Paolo (who has caught sight of the veiled picture)

Praise God that this is left to me,
A relic of my purest happiness, when I
Thinking that she had loved me, worked to prove
My worthiness of her.

(Crosses to picture, but hesitates before it, as if afraid to remove the drapery.)

Fra Antonio (joyfully)

Thank God, my son,
I have destroyed it. It had been to thee
A link that bound thee to thy wickedness.

(Paolo tears off the drapery, and at sight of the mangled face, drops on his knees in tearless despair. Fra Antonio goes to him, and rests his hand caressingly on his shoulder.)

Thank God, my son, that, once again, thou see'st,
And once more thou art whole. Thank God! Thank God!

(His eyes beam on the crouching boy with a sweet and wonderful tenderness. For he does not see the blind misery and utter hopelessness in Paolo's eyes.)

Donald Bruce.

NOTABILIA.

As the 1906 LIT. Board resigns its charge into others' hands, it glances backwards with mingled satisfaction and regret. The Board must regret the fact that it has not always made the most of its opportunities, although it is very probable that few Boards do. But on the whole it is with satisfaction that the Board throws that one last glance backward before it passes from the ken of Yale literary life. For the LIT. has helped its 1906 Editors; and they are happy in the thought that they may in some degree have helped the LIT. to its ultimate end,—helped it to be all that the name implies: THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

J. N. G.

PORTFOLIO.

—Mama had a headache and was resting: so we three girls set out alone down a long street to the end of the town, and then managed to get safely over a damp pathway to the edge of the beach. The river was way below us. It is pretty wide, but terribly muddy; and near the other side there were great clay flats which were anything but picturesque. At high tide, with forty feet more of water, it's a good deal prettier, they say. We walked along the beach a little ways, then sat down in front of a sort of wooden embankment which they have to keep specially high tides out. There wasn't a soul in sight except a group of little boys way down by the water's edge. They were fishing for eels, we found out. Mamie and Jess both wanted to go down closer; but I thought we had better not, because the hotel clerk said the bore was sometimes six or eight feet high and I was afraid we might be splashed.

While we were waiting we had quite a discussion about what a bore was. Mamie thought it must be something like a whirlpool, with a hole in the middle of the river like what a great gimlet might *bore*. But the picture in the circular didn't look like that. Jess thought that a long curvy mass of water wriggled up the river like a *boa*. But we thought that would be almost too poetical for these Canadians. Mamie said it might be a sort of solid lump of water which rushed up furiously, like a wild-*boar*! But that would be terribly far-fetched, and I didn't believe it was a bit more likely than what Jess said. I finally guessed they call it a bore because it keeps you waiting so long without *doing* anything—like R— (you know)! When I get home I mean to look it up in the dictionary.

Well, suddenly there were two or three ripples—the least little bit of a stir in the water—and we expected to see the bore coming. Of course we were all excitement, but *nothing happened*! The boys had moved up out of the way with their baskets and poles, and stood not far from us throwing little lumps of mud toward the river. Mamie insisted on asking them about the bore, and I finally let her.

They were terribly polite to her, but she found they would only speak two or three French words which she couldn't understand. However, after we had sat waiting a little longer, one of them came to us, touched his great straw-hat and asked in queer English what he might be able to tell for us.

We couldn't think of just what to say; but Mamie finally asked what sort of a thing the bore was.

The little fellow hesitated, then pointed up the river and said something like this: "Bore all pass—today not much good."

Just *imagine* how surprised we were!

I gave the boy a couple of pennies and he ran off with his hat in his hand. He was *too cute*!

We decided that the two *ripples* we had noticed must have been the famous bore! Pretty soon we walked back to the hotel, and the clerk told us that the moon wasn't right for a big bore. He had tried to jolly us once before, so this time we only laughed at him. That night for supper we had celery soup and fried eels and *delicious* ice cream. I'm glad we stopped there anyway, because we can at least say we've seen it.

W. L. Squire.

—"Come!" she called softly to him from among the shadows,—*"here's a grand place—all pine needles and mossy!"*

"There?" From the canoe he tossed one of the cushions up among the vague dark trunks just short of where he saw the white of her shirt-waist smothered in the gloom.

"And shan't I bring your jacket?" he asked; "it'll be a bit chilly may be, after paddling."

"Oh, no, you silly, I'd roast!" But he brought it. "Now let's fix these pillows so's they're comfortable," she whispered, "There, how's that?" and she drew his head gently down into the hollow of her shoulder.

He had not expected to have arrived so readily at this intimacy and must have submitted rather than responded to her freedom, for she asked again, "All right?" and "Oh, it's great!" he hastened to enthuse.

Together in silence they watched the moon glide lazily from the ragged edge of a great cloud-pack and, over the white meeting house, half hidden by the great black pines opposite, flash a silver-splintered path across the water. The boy raised

his head to see better the lighted face beside him. The charm of it—the wonderful feminine line of the profile—so simple, so appealing! It thrilled him to let his eyes slowly caress the white forehead under dusky mysteries of subtle-scented hair; to follow the perfect line of her nose, of the pouting, baby lips and sensitive chin that curved and vanished in the soft shadows of her throat. Ah, night; summer; in such stillness with this thrilling, wonderful thing! This was life! This was to live! He drew a great, exquisite breath as she turned, passion-grave, and leaned towards him to kiss.

From the meeting house over across the lake a faint light showed from one of the many-paned, old fashioned windows. Looking up and seeing it, the boy, faint and strangely embarrassed from the first contact with such lips, brokenly queried, "What's the light?"

"Oh, only the organist—he often plays there evenings," she assured him. "See, he's put the window up!"

But he did not hear her very well; the branches stirred with little puffs of freshened air and his heart was beating very loud.

"He's playing now!" she cried, and sat up to listen. But her mind was not on the music. She watched the boy and smiled with satisfaction. He had been easy. Clothes; the ready agreement to canoe on the lake; most of all his half-shy, half-confiding, home manner—all made him out to her as a "friend" quite worth gaining—and only his freshman year, he had said!

"That isn't half so pretty as what he played the *other* night!" She tried to provoke him into a first definite jealousy. But he heard her not at all and she humored his absorption in the faint, distance-softened music.

It had taken some time to follow its first haunting touches on his memory and then leap back with it, past the long, cold years in his New England school, to the far, far childhood times; sunny laughing days and warm nights of calm dreams. He turned again to the girl opposite him in the moonlight. He caught the sullen droop of the mouth, its corners empty of meaning, before she smiled. He caught the look of the greedy, hungry estimate in her eyes before she could crinkle them into merriment for him, and his own look of troubled pity grew into one of gentle but clear determination. He rose and held out his hand. Then to the consternation that suddenly broke

through the impudence of her smile, in a voice that had grown old but strong,

"Come!" he said.

Ralph W. Wescott.

—When the day is over and tired men gather together to sit and smoke before turning in, a fire takes the place of conversation. The loud bantering and exchange of stories that has been going on, ceases when night falls and when the red-glow of the firelight flickers on the stubby sun-blistered faces about it.

*A CAMP-FIRE
IN THE
HILLS.*

The bright light in front makes the light beyond seem blacker than it is, and a little world seems carved out of black impenetrable space, a little world in which we are the only ones living. The stars, the outlines of the great mountains, the trees, all are visible and we see only the dim-lit reminiscent faces of our friends. And we think in wonder that thousands of such little worlds, many thousands of such friends are scattered about the earth from the desolate Arctic Lands to the Great Sahara Desert. Houseless men from pole to pole, be they honest or dishonest, great or small, drive back the terror of night by such a fire as ours.

Come thoughts of bygone fires and dim images of friends now far away. As they troop before us we remember only their virtues, only what was strong about them, and their weaknesses being out of sight, we wonder why we have never appreciated these friends before, and resolve to know them better if ever we meet again. Almost any sin could be pardoned or any man loved, if thought upon only in the softening light of a wood-fire.

We think a little of our past and wonder sadly at our grievous shortcomings. We take a firm resolve that from now on we shall do nothing small or mean, nothing that would seem right if judged in the glamor of the firelight.

A log burns through and, falling, sends up a shower of sparks. A startled rustle from behind reminds us that there is after all a world outside our little circle. The fresh moist night wind blows gently upon our backs. "Who's for bed?" asks some one, and in silence we seek our blankets, pondering mystified on the vastness of nature, even as our primitive forebears pondered in the days when Life was young.

L. W. Perrin.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The "Yale News"

On February 10th, announced the following elections from the class of 1908: Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, Conn., and Charles Fisher Luther, of Providence, R. I.

The Track Team

On February 10th, won the relay race from Harvard at the Boston Athletic Club games.

The Dramatic Association

On February 20th, elected to membership the following: T. L. Bouscaren, 1906; G. Abbott, A. S. Mather, C. McCormick and W. Webb, 1907; W. M. Crunden, W. R. Dray, S. R. Overall, and H. Sturges, 1908; S. W. Holmes, M. O. Parry, R. Pierce, and H. Smith, 1909.

The Junior Class.

On February 21st, elected the 1906 LIT. Board as follows: W. B. Wolf of Chicago, Ill. (Chairman); R. M. Edmonds of Springfield, O. (Book Reviews); E. H. Lewis of Syracuse, N. Y. (Editor's Table); H. F. Bishop of Chicago, Ill. (Notabilia); R. E. Danielson of Brooklyn, Conn. (Managing Editor).

The Track Team

On February 22d, won the relay races from Pennsylvania at the meet held under the auspices of Company E, First Regiment, and the mile relay and high jump in the meet at Troy, N. Y.

The Football Officers for 1906

On March 1st, were elected as follows: H. S. Knox, 1907, President; F. O. Bennett, '08 S., Vice President; J. T. Foster, 1908, Assistant Manager; K. B. Welles, Secretary.

The "Yale News"

On March 3d, announced the following elections to its editorial Board: E. J. Curtis, 1907, of Clinton, Ia; J. B. Grant, Jr., 1907, of Denver, Col.; F. O. Mason, 1907, of Chicago, Ill.

The Pundits

On March 6th, celebrated the centenary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Hockey Scores.

February 12—Yale 3, Princeton 0.
19—Yale 3, Harvard 4.

Basketball Scores.

February 19—Yale 31, Cornell 7.
26—Yale 18, Wesleyan 37.
28—Yale 17, Columbia 5.
March 5—Yale 16, Dartmouth 34.

BOOK NOTICES.

During the past year we have received for review books of all sizes and colors, with subjects ranging from "The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians" and "The Eternal Life" to "The Foolish Dictionary" and "Teddy Sunbeam." We have been pleased to receive all that came our way. Some we have thus far kept; of these many we shall continue to keep. Some we have turned into cold cash at Judd's and elsewhere; others have yet to suffer that transformation. Books of history or law, essays, poems and the like, we have generally kept from a feeling that they may be of value; but the majority of the novels are now in other hands than ours.

Yet novels are without any question the best selling books of to-day; that is, contemporary modern novels. What is the cause of the vast popularity? Some are worth reading; "Partners of the Tide," "The Gardens of Allah," and "Squire Phin" are among these. Yet the first and last mentioned are not among the very popular books. Why not? And why the popularity of certainly worthless books?

This great favor shown to the trashy modern novel is a result and a symptom of our modern life. The modern man thinks his actions are much more important than his thoughts. He considers it a disgrace to show bodily sloth and only relaxes from the strenuous life when necessary. But though he refuses to relax in his activities of business, of the world, in his own thought he refuses to do anything else than relax. When he has a few moments for a meal of "literature" he does not want beefsteak; he wants dessert—and he wants it spiced. If he feels awake enough to go to the theatre he hasn't enough mental vigor for Shakespeare; he "takes in" a "comic uproar." He uses up his mental energy in his business; when that is finished for the time, he looks for relaxation.

As far as reading is concerned the modern man finds relaxation in the trashy modern novel. It requires no thought; it runs along smoothly; the characters need not be studied, the rapidly developed plot is the main thing. There is usually a dash of spice in a trashy novel as an appetizer—in about the second chapter. This keeps the modern man's interest up till the love scenes. In fact, the modern novel is a prime relaxation for the modern man. Considering the life of the modern man it is no wonder that the trashy novel is the popular book

of the day. The modern novel is, as we said above, the natural outcome of modern life. There will be no general betterment until there is a larger class whose life is not so strenuous as the ordinary life of to-day.

It is largely dependent on college men to encourage good literature. It behooves us then to arrange our time in the future, with some aim toward the reading of good books, that the class of people who are to make literature better may be increased. Reading a trashy novel is like taking a warm shower-bath when you know it isn't going to do you any good, but you haven't the nerve to turn on the cold. If we haven't the nerve for continued cold showers, let's remember they are better for us and take one once in a while.

The Idlers. By Morley Roberts. L. C. Page & Co.

Jack Bexley, only son of an English country gentleman, is petted and fondled and kept from all evil influences by his mother until he is twenty. Then he goes to the devil most innocently, reforms and marries the sweetheart of his youth. The plot is simple enough.

The characters have some life and individuality to them; Bexley's father is probably the best, clearest and most original, but the younger Bexley and his fiancée are fairly well done.

The immorality depicted impresses one as loathsome and disgusting, whereas the heroine is attractively pure. She is not ignorantly pure. She knows all about Bexley but loves him in despite of what he has done, seeing the natural manliness and purity that is in him. The general impression of the book is invigorating and clean.

The Castlecourt Diamond Case. By Geraldine Bonner. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This is not a detective story, although so advertised. It is a robbery story with a detective. It is dull and valueless.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following in addition to those reviewed above:

The Chicago University Press.

A Decade of Civil Development.

Egoism.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Development of the European Nations, Vol. II.

Poetry and the Individual.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The pronunciation of a farewell: it is something of an art. It may be that there is much to be said which can never be said, which can only be suggested: or perhaps, there is nothing to be said,—yet for form's sake one must say something. Or, to make a finer distinction, there is much, yet nothing to be said; and still for form's sake again something must be said. This last sets forth my position. We of the 1906 Editorial Board of the *YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE* have ruled for a year. It has meant much to us, more perhaps than we now realize. Still, there is little to be said, now. For us, there has been effort, there has been profit, there has been pleasure—a goodly combination. Mark, now—we are of the ranks of those who have gone before us. That is all. As for you who now are entering upon your editorial duties, take heed. You will be with us in a year. So—for a time—good-by. And to all others: adieu.

S. M. H.

Purcell Mfg. Co.

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THE
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No. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1907.

HOWARD F. BISHOP.

ROLLAND M. EDMONDS.

RICHARD E. DANIELSON.

HARRY S. LEWIS.

WALTER B. WOLF.

BUSINESS MANAGER,

- - LAMSON JENNINGS.

“MUCKERS”—SOMETHING DEFINITIVE.

A “MUCKER” is a man who is afraid to lose. He does not hate to lose; that is natural and necessary—for a gentleman. But he fears to lose! It is in crises that cap the very progress of our life that we see before us, in unmistakable lines, the difference between a “mucker” and a gentleman. In these crucial moments the gentleman bears himself with equanimity, prepared to win gracefully or to lose with equal grace. Not so the mucker! His outward appearances reveal the agitation within, for he fears to lose, and therefore, prey to his fear, is not a good loser, nor yet—a good winner. Believe me no mucker is a gentleman.

And among us there *are* gentlemen, the backbone of the University, but just so surely there are muckers, her incubus and her shame!—Otherwise this leader would not have been written.—The “mucker” is no alien, his ways are often as subtle and as ingratiating as those of any Tartuffe. Against the far-off sky line a noble castle looms up, all turrets, all beauty. Yet it would be unusual if no note in the color

scheme sounded discord, or if on further approach we should find no spot on this beautiful edifice, that in its very contrast to the splendor against which it stands, is unsightly. Thus it is that we have "muckers" in our midst, not comprising in themselves a community, but rather an innegligible factor in that community of draw-backs, narrownesses and injustices that *per se* enhance the greatness of our University.

The phases of the "mucker" are very numerous—not so numerous as to daunt our optimism, nor so few as to escape our condemnation, nor to meet our disregard. The "mucker" is thin-skinned, and once scratch that skin and the blood comes, not to clot like that of a gentleman, but to poison by its very weakness. Located as we are in the very heart of the city, a city whose heart impulses are often determined by our attitude, the "mucker" stands alone as the inconsiderate, yet all-too-willing partaker of this city's advantages. Thoughtlessness is excusable, but not wantonness! Why certain individuals consider the right of way on the crowded streets theirs, why the same individuals have no consideration for either man or woman in boarding trains, but assert themselves in a rude manner,—this must be answered. It is that these few are "muckers." They lack the regard for other people's privileges that to some is inborn. They hold as intenable the authority of moderation. They are the first to shirk this authority. All this because they are not gentlemen. A gentleman's standard of action is fixed; the "mucker's" standard varies inconsistently and roughly from the sane mean and is a vagrant system of rules defiant to all rights. The proper place for "picking holes" is at the Field, not where the crowd is thickest and where courtesy is most imperative. Whence is this attitude of some few towards New Haven? Let me repeat. A "mucker" is not a gentleman.

Truly, our University is never so publicly displayed in its entirety as in its athletics! It has been said a leader is not to be a sermon. This leader is no sermon; it is a criticism

that has as its purpose the welfare of the University. Initial appearances, how much weight they carry! Some universities have in every instance failed to make a good public appearance. Oftentimes their learning is of the highest, their world influence of the widest. There has never been any such danger at Yale, powerful and far-reaching as is her name. The "muckers" among us, however, *detract* from our public appearance, "muckers" who at football games sit in the grand-stands, and at baseball games sit in the bleachers. And this is the relation of the "mucker" to athletics. Remember the scene that is enacted in a fierce game when the score is close and our team, with the ball in its possession, is near to our side-lines. An uplifted hand seen all over the field and our stands are silent in suspense. The signals ring cold and clear.—But let the opposing team hold the same position, a short distance from our goal. In vain our men attempt to quiet the stir and hum arising from the excited onlookers. One play and the stands are a howling mass, among which some few are *conspicuous*. Confusion and excitement know no bounds. But soon there is order. A strong picture has been blazed upon our minds, a complicate study of human passions. Now it is a baseball game. Our pitcher is up. The suspense becomes oppressive, waiting to be broken even as quickly as when a dangerous chemical bursts into explosion. But the opposing pitcher is in the same position, for the score is very close. Note his reception. No words from the diamond can silence the stamping and banging that tries the ablest pitcher's "nerve." Obviously this is not right. Again the "muckers" are to blame. There are no "muckers" on the field. In the stand or bleachers there are some who are nervously incapable of bearing in quiet, the strain. These never make a show of themselves; they are not culpable. Nor is the crowd to blame. In that overcharged atmosphere it must needs follow the initial impulses, even as in the theatre, a whole audience answers to the "professional clapper." But the clappers are to blame, the few that make a display of themselves, who may not

await the crisis in equanimity and this because they are afraid to lose. This it is to have "muckers" among us. You will say "but this will always be so." Alas, to a certain degree this will always be so. There are always those who throw off the veneer of a gentleman, along with their composure, and furnish the initial impulses that sway the crowd. For such a public performance the "muckers" are to blame. They alone create the bad impression, they alone make themselves conspicuous. This "fear to lose" is as dreadful as the many aspects of fear that work insidiously towards ruin. Yet it will "always be so," but in a far limited degree, if we suppress the initial disturbers, they who by their dramatic actions do not spoil because they cannot, but rather taint the true spirit of athletics.

And in the University herself! The disturbing element, in lectures, in class-room and in chapel must be attributed to the "mucker." When a lecture drags, the lecturer is insulted, not harshly, but in that mean way that invariably fosters resentment. Resentment, will any one underrate its danger! Who will say "He should have known better. He knew who his audience was. He should have amused us." If we may not be interested we can at least be polite. Nor are we untrue to ourselves when, instead of rustling in our seats, coughing or, childlike, dropping our pencils, we preserve the outward attention requisite of a host. Lecturers, preachers, instructors, they are our guests. We are not philistines, nor ingrates; but hosts. The rights of a guest, the duties of a host were inviolable long before the Christian era, and our civilization is not decadent. A host is a gentleman. I think you will understand when I say that a "mucker" is not a gentleman.

And now we have seen "muckerism" in its relation to New Haven, to the University, and to athletics. The "mucker" has stood forth in a two-fold capacity; first, in his *nongentlemanliness*, second, in his fear to lose. There will be those who say "You have drawn the 'mucker' in lines much too broad. You have not given us the representative

'mucker.' " It may be, but I have done so purposely. This "mucker" of subtle ways, and, at times, unimpeachable manners, has not been shown forth under the strong light of inquiry. It takes a good man to look another good man squarely in the eye. Thus this sort of "mucker," the "mucker" of the class-room, is most dangerous, just as he is most petty, most sneaking and most cowardly. "Muckers" may taint the true spirit of athletics, but may not spoil it. "Muckers" may spoil the fair name of a university.—And against them we should turn as Crusaders championing the name Gentleman. Let Yale stand for culture. And let us accord with Matthew Arnold in his definition of culture as "sweetness and light." The "mucker" is out of place among us. They who are strong in their allegiance to the Yale spirit can never be "muckers." Indefinable our Yale spirit undoubtedly is, but it is, nevertheless, the outgrowth of that keen competition which Yale guarantees one and all who would participate in her activity. It is in the competition itself that proneness toward "muckerism" is strongest. Yet Yale spirit stands for this, "Play fair and await the crisis calmly. Win and may we win!—gracefully! Lose if we must and lose gracefully." Around this banner we must all rally, and if once we do so, with all honesty, there will be no "mucker" in our midst.

"Fair our name has ever been;
May it ever be!"

Walter B. Wolf.

THE RING OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Within his tent the Gold King of the North
Sat feasting; merry bits of Swedish songs
Or solemn, deep-toned hymns of Germany
Broke forth in turn and trembled on the air
Till shouts of laughter drowned their melody.
An hundred torches flaring in their racks
Cast on the warriors' arms a dancing light
And reddened their fair hair and flaxen beards.
A noble, near the entrance, raised the flap
And gazed into the night; then, "See!" he cried,
"The North Wind holds; for Sweden that bodes good.
Success awaits us! Lord, I drink to thee!
Gustavus! Hail, Gustavus, hero-king!
'Cum Deo et victricibus armis!'"

The king, with eyes alight and fair cheeks flushed,
Sprang smiling to his feet. "My friends," he cried,
"I thank you. If your arms be but as strong
As your good-will, I fear no Wallenstein.
We shall prevail. I have a talisman
That, while I keep it, shields me from all harm.
When Gustav Vasa at the Mora Stone
Took oath to free our Sweden from the Danes,
A priest, the last who served the old Norse gods,
Gave him a ring on which in ancient runes
Was graven deep, 'Great Odin grants to him
Who wears this ring long life and sure success
As long as he is just and merciful.'
From sire to son this talisman has passed
A precious heirloom for our race, preserved
By mercy and by justice in our rule."
Gustavus ceased and fumbled at his throat.
"My lords," he said, "you shall behold the ring
That fights for me and guards my very life
As long as I am 'just and merciful.'"
But suddenly there burst into the tent
A soldier with bound hands and naked back;
He pushed his way among the startled lords

And threw himself before the angry king.
"Oh wise and gracious sovereign, pity me;
Look at these wounds I gained in serving you."
The suppliant raised his head. "As you are just
I pray you give me justice, my dread king."
Gustavus, red with sense of injured pride,
Indignant for his interrupted tale,
Disdained the soldier kneeling at his feet.
"Seize him and drag him forth to punishment,"
He bade the guards who waited at the door.
"And in addition to the sentence passed
Give him a score of lashes with your thongs;
Presumption such as this deserves no less."
The soldier slowly rose to his full height
And stared into the hard eyes of the king
That flashed with thousand points of chilly steel.
"Oh, most just king," he said, and then he laughed,
"Most cruel rather than most just," he sneered.
Wrath choked the king; he swayed upon his feet
And whispered to himself in maddened rage;
Than frantically he tore his doublet's throat
And thrust his trembling hand into his breast.
A moment thus he stood while o'er his face
There spread an infinite astonishment
That gradually congealed to numbing fear;
A weakness seized his limbs and pulled him down.
"The ring!" he gasped. "The ring that Odin gave!
The ring that guards my life and brings success!
'Tis gone! I've lost it! I have lost my ring!"
Then as he sat, The Lion of the North,
His great head bowed between his mighty hands,
There stole into the tent a filmy mist;
It thickened and became a heavy fog
That, rolling on before the damp South Wind,
Hung o'er the field of Lutzen like a pall
And stole between the king and all his lords
Until he seemed a shadow of himself,
A dim, gigantic ghost that wept and wept,
And muttered ceaselessly, "My ring, my ring."

H. S. Lovejoy.

SIDNEY LANIER,

"IN the land of the Phæacians, in the palace of Alcinous, with walls of brass and doors of gold, with beds of flowers and fountains that never failed, came the servants of the king leading Demodocus holding his lyre." "For the gods had given to him above all others the gift of song wherewith to delight the hearts of men, and much did the muse love him, but she had given him both good and evil. . . . Then did the minstrel sing a song the fame of which had reached heaven, and the heart of Ulysses was melted within him as he listened, and the tears ran down his cheeks."

Bare halls of Norse kings by a northern sea resounded with the songs of bards in later centuries. These songs were of battle and fate, with huge imaginings and whimsical tales of rude, boisterous gods. The grim songster's mission was to keep aflame that Norse spirit of bravery in death or life, and to sing the irrefragable fate of the gods. Such a singer was the wandering Widsith and such the poet of Beowulf.

In a later century to the land of France came the troubadours, the minstrels of Provence, whose vagrant lives and wandering loves have given their name abiding charm. Royal poets they were, royal in lineage and gift, with singers such as Bertrand de Born, Richard Coeur de Lion, and William IX of Poitou, fierce warriors, passionate lovers, gay singers whose songs were care-free, frivolously fanciful, and burdened with love alone.

* * * * *

Seldom do we hear to-day of a poet who, truly bard-like, draws melody and inspiration from flute or harp, who combines the gifts of a great musician with a poet's beauty of expression. In this literal sense, there is no American poet more bard-like than Sidney Lanier. It is a suggestive fact that Lanier had musical ancestors at the courts of Elizabeth and James I, who apparently acted in a capacity remotely

allied to that of the vanished troubadours. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to imagine that a vein of musical genius, hidden in its descent for over two centuries like a rich mineral strata, long buried and suddenly upheaved, found its brilliant culmination in this southern poet. Lanier was so passionately devoted to his violin that he more than once sank into a trance from the very delight of his music-love. As he lay confined in a dingy war prison, he took comfort in his flute, the comrade of his dreariest hours, with which he never parted through all the bitter struggle. Here truly is a suggestion of the far-away troubadour days. In the Confederate camps, through the battlefields of Seven Pines, Drury's Bluff, and Malvern Hill, in the enemy's prison, and through the after years, hard with encroaching poverty and failing health, Lanier never lost his music-love. Melody seemed a part of the man. It lives in his poetry.

Like a true songster, Lanier's heart was in his song through life, and life enriched his song. He appears as though war, sickness, love, sorrow, brightness and gloom, were to him but rich tones in his great harmony, tones exquisitely tender and sad, tones rapturously soft and sweet, tones forever wonderful and beautiful. As he wandered from place to place fleeing the shadow of early death, fighting with sickness, grappling with poverty, his song became more ethereal and tender, more deep and strong, more rich and strange, like the sound of his own violin with wood well seasoned. Who can know the story of Lanier's life and not know too that out of its very hardness he gained a genuine intimacy, a personal affection, an inspiring love for "the live oaks, the marsh and the main," that the music of the little green leaves came to him in his sleep, and the sad, unceasing song of the sea found in him a sympathetic response? To the trees of his favorite haunts he cries:

"I have waked, I have come, my beloved, I might not abide;
I have come e'er the dawn, O beloved, my live oaks to hide
In your gospelling glooms to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea my sea."

According to dictates of fancy, or perhaps because of Lanier's romantic ancestry, his musical talent and his poetic fer-

vor, it is pleasant to compare him with troubadours, or, if you please, Viking bards. When health and wealth and even life are almost gone, Lanier's song is still joyous as that of a wandering troubadour. Like a troubadour defiantly care-free and song-loving, he sings to death:

"Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare,
Look how compounded with what care,
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity."

And to time he cries:

"Then time let not a drop be spilt,
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt,
'T is thy rich stirrup cup to me,
I'll drink it down right smilingly."

Again the spirit of troubadour and Viking mingled in his poetry and his verse combines the prettiness, the romantic fervency, the frivolous hops of fancy that we associate with those castle-haunting minstrels, and the strangely sad, whimsically serious imagination of old Norse sea-kings. In most of Lanier's poetry these elements mingle, as

"The gloom of the live oaks beautiful, braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vine that myriad cloven
Clambors the forks of the multiform boughs"

in his favorite marsh by the sea.

But as Lanier, tossed with fever, lay very near to death's door, the spirit of the Viking swept in upon him. His soul "seemed suddenly free, by the length and the breadth of the marshes of Glynn." It was then that he sang his "message of range and of sweep," his song of the world and fate, with the huge imaginings and brave spirit of a Norse bard, beautified by the quiet faith and delicate sympathy of a Christian poet.

"I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies,
By so many roots as the marsh grass send in the sod
I will lay me a hold on the greatness of God."

So Lanier sang in the last brave days of his life. With struggles and failures and poverty past, with his song well sung, he could quaff his "stirrup cup" joyously with all the brave spirit of Norse sea-kings and the calm faith of

"The Catholic man who has mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain."

S. D. Frissell.

"WANDERLUST."

THE upper stories of the buildings along Broadway rose obscurely in the gray drizzle to lose themselves above in the black shadows of the night. The street lights and great electric signs dropped long splashes of light down the wet pavements and sidewalks. On a corner was gathered a knot of shabbily-dressed men and curious boys, with collars turned up and hands in pockets. Cymbals, tinning discordantly, marked uncertain time to a flat, nasal rendering of "Throw out the Life-line." When the rally hymn ceased, an evangelist with feverish black eyes mounted upon a dry-goods box to harangue the crowd. His voice, straining in its desperate earnestness, pleaded insistently.

A well-dressed passer-by smiled at the emotion and glanced inquisitively at the crowd. Some were visibly affected by the frank allusions to their sins, and others laughed noiselessly, nudging one another. But the pale, sad-eyed orator knew the way to the hearts of the street, and when he closed there was a circle of damp, earnest faces close about him.

"If there be anyone here who is willing to declare his intention of leading a pure, Christian life hereafter, will he please step forward."

One young fellow who had plainly been born in the country, but who had the evil brand of the city on his face, stepped to the box. His weak lips trembled a little. An old man with a scrubby beard and watery eyes followed him. The passer-by, who swayed slightly, looked on with the same amused smile. Then he moved forward, trying to force the dare-devil grin on his thin lips into a pious droop. Pushing his way unceremoniously toward the speaker, he expressed a desire for conversion. Then he cried, in a voice which was a trifle thick:

"Brothers 'n fellow sinners!" (Grasping the orator's arm, he pulled himself up to the box. His young face was lean and handsome under the glare of the arc-light, and his voice

preternaturally solemn.) "Moved by the tender mem'ry of my days of innocence, I wish to affirm my desire to return to them. Also to make myself a horr'ble example. Good friends, take warning from me. When I think of my good old wife 'n' sixteen children I have deserted, it alm-most breaks m'heart." He wiped his eye on his sleeve and sniffed. The Salvation Army band looked at him suspiciously. "When I was a li'l feller forty years ago, on the plains of Zambezi, m'heart was as gay 'n' innocent as a li'l white flower." The evangelist's brow contracted. Somebody on the outskirts of the crowd giggled. "My mother used to say to me: 'Reginald,' she used to say, 'Reginald, Reginald—'" The speaker seemed to be inordinately pleased with his name, and a joyous smile twisted his lips. "'Reginald,'" he started again,—then broke into shrill, bibulous laughter. A young man in an opera hat broke through the crowd. He reached for the would-be convert and jerked him down angrily. The spectators divided before the pair, as the new comer pushed the inebriate from the scene of his pitiable performance. The orator rose again, a look half of anger, half of sorrow on his face, and attempted to pick up the thread of his work. But his converts had slunk back into the crowd, and his last halting words fell on deaf ears.

"Ted, you pitiful fool, what made you do that?" ejaculated the stern-faced, young fellow to his unsteady companion as he conducted him down the side street. "Why didn't you wait for me?"

"I say, Monk, can't a fellow have a li'l fun. My God, I'm rotting away in this cursed town. I got t' have some 'xcitement, Monk. That's the reason I took a drink. I'm not drunk, Monk, don't think it f'r a minute. I just got t' have a li'l 'xcitement."

An impatient grunt answered him.

"A man who's lived the life I have isn't going to sit still 'n' twiddle his thumbs all the rest of's life, not by a d—n sight! I got t' have some 'xcitement, Monk!" he repeated querulously.

His companion looked at him and the anger gradually faded from his eyes. There was something irresistible in the clear, tanned face. The thin, moist lips trembled a little, but there was no weakness in the sharp, well-modelled chin. The nose was thin and aquiline. The whole cast of his head displayed cleverness and absolute daring. But his eyes! Not even the fumes of wine had fogged their dark brilliance. When he was sober they were sparkling and brilliant. Now they were human and lovable. His companion threw an impulsive arm across his shoulders.

"I know, Ted, but there are lots of things in life better than excitement, and you know it, too."

"Yes, Monk, tha's right. But sometimes there's a kind of feeling comes over me—I jus' got to get up and do something, go somewhere—to get excitement—you know—experience!"

"Ted, Throckton told me to-day you were the most promising journalist in New York," urged his friend's soothing voice. "There's not another man with your insight and address, or nerve. You know more of life than most old men, and you're not thirty yet. Cut this out, Ted, and come home with me. You're starting out on another rip now, and God only knows where it will take you to. You're ruining your career."

Ted Morris shook his head. "If I hadn't had the devil in me, Monk, I'd never been a writer. But rather than go back and work on my book or begin on that Loring case, just now, I'd rather die right here 'n' the sidewalk. I got t'have 'xcitement, Monk."

The man he called Monk was silent. Finally he asked, "Where are you going now, Ted. Won't you come home?"

"No, Monk. No, I can't. Got to see that Russian to-night. I'm on my way now. Monk, old boy, we're going to revolutionize Russia!" The wine was in his head again. "This guy is a count—real goods—I know. Got all kinds of money and can get more. It's a regular society of exiled nobles and they want an American soldier. I'm their man,

Monk! We're goin' over 'n' pitch into the revolution, and shoot hell out of the Czar. Some day you'll read: 'Theodore Morris, Secretary of War and Commander-in-Chief of the army of Russia! What'll I be if I stay here?—Morris, the great author 'n' editor—ha! ha! ha! Hell!' His voice was loud and raucous, therefore his friend led him on until the rain had cooled his head again.

Finally Morris stopped abruptly. "I must leave you now, Monk. I'm off for the Russian."

His friend looked him steadily in the eye. "Ted," he ejaculated, "I've got just one thing more to say to you. I dislike to mention it now, but I have to. Have you thought what this step means to Helen?"

Morris's jaw tightened suddenly; his hands clasped and unclasped. His head bent a moment and he sought vainly for words. At length he drew a breath that hissed in his teeth. "Monk," he said, "I'm not worthy of her. It's best I should go."

His friend's face twitched and the skin tightened about his mouth as he said, "Ted, stay here and make yourself worthy of her. It will break her heart."

Another strained silence, then Morris spoke. He was sober enough now. "I love her, Monk, but I've loved before, and there's something dead in my heart. There's nothing there now but a passion to be out in the rough, with rough men, with rough deeds to do. I want to feel the blood seethe in my body, and my head light as air. God! that's life, and I want it again."

His friend shook his head sadly. He did not even offer his hand as he finally turned away.

Byron Thanning, whom Morris affectionately called Monk, was in the mood in which good men lose their souls, when he left his friend that night. To save this man, who had been the most daring, roving, lovable prodigal in the world, he would have given his soul, and had given the dearest thing in his life.

After his last escapade in a South American broil, in which he had risen to the rank of general in two short months, and then been shot perilously near to death for his pains, Morris had come to New York a pitiful wreck. Thanning took him in, and knowing his inherent ability as a writer, persuaded him to settle down to literature. Gradually he recuperated, and in order to strengthen the ties to a profitable life, Thanning brought him into a circle of cultured, congenial friends. Among them his handsome, sensitive face and brilliant, reckless personality made him as well loved as he had been by kindred spirits in his wanderings.

Among these friends was a girl whom Thanning had loved in his patient way for years, and just as he seemed to be acceptable to her, in stepped Morris with his handsome face and blazing eyes. The girl lost her heart in that moment. Knowing his life as she did through Thanning, he seemed to her a kind of god-like devil. Attracted magically by the devil in him, she longed to shrive him of all save his goodness. She had been succeeding rapidly, and the noble Thanning had forced a smile past the tightness in his throat.

For months Morris rejoiced in his new life. Once the old longing came over him to be out with wild men in strange places, but the fire in the girl's eyes had mastered the flame of wandering in his own heart. His wooing had been as characteristic as his other acts, but the girl's surrender brought him a shuddering sense of his unfitness. His best love had been burned out in strange lands, and warm ashes alone remained. Knowing nothing of Thanning's love, however, the good in him bound him without great regret to a life of humdrum happiness with this beautiful, romantic girl.

Now the old desires, leaping higher from long restraint, scorched all the good from his mind. The devil of wandering roused in him the devil of drink, and the pair were whirling him off in a mad race to Hell.

Thanning thought all this over and lifted burning eyes to the heartless mist. Was this the reward of a clean life—to lose his two dearest treasures, his friend and his love? He had gladly sacrificed his love to save his friend—now he was about to lose both.

Morning came and roused him from a restless sleep. When he opened his eyes he saw Morris moving about the room, packing his effects in a steamer trunk. He had not slept, but his eyes glowed brightly and his step was quick and eager. He stopped short when he saw that his friend was awake.

"Monk," he said steadily, "I leave at noon for San Francisco. From there I'm going to Japan to recruit American assistance for the Revolution. Something's going to bust pretty soon, and I want to be there when it happens."

Thanning looked at him sadly. "Have you told Helen yet?" he asked.

"No, it's best I should spare her that pain."

"Then you drop her without a word, without even asking her to wait until you come back?"

Morris nodded.

"My God, that's inhuman, Ted!"

Morris paled, but persisted.

"Look here, are you a coward, Ted? What is it? Why don't you tell her the truth? Some day you'll come back."

The other shook his head. "No, Monk, I'm never coming back,—to her. I am no man to marry. If I leave this way she will forget me, and some day find a good man—like you, Monk."

A sudden flush tinged the face of the man on the bed, but he answered calmly.

"No, no, a girl like Helen loves once, and then she burns her heart out. She'll never love anyone else."

Morris was gazing at his friend with an increasing terror. With that flush the truth had at last dawned in his erratic mind. The realization of Thanning's sacrifice gave him the

sensation of falling suddenly from a great height. He leaned forward and buried his face in his arms.

When he finally looked up there was something of the old dare-devil in his eyes.

"Monk," he said, "I will go and see Helen when I have finished packing. That will be about nine o'clock. At ten minutes after nine you must come over. You two are my only friends, and it will be easier for her as well as for me if you are there."

"Then you still insist on going?"

"Yes, Monk, don't think I'm ungrateful for your love and help, but there's something in me—I'd rather die than live this humdrum life. I thank you—for—" His voice broke and he turned to his friend the face of a man pleading for his life before a judge.

Shortly after nine Thanning followed Morris to Helen's home. His friend had preceded him by a few minutes. Thanning was wondering vaguely why he had been asked to come, but Morris had insisted so strongly that he could not refuse. He climbed the brown steps and rang. After a moment Jepson, usually pale and dignified, opened for him. The butler was red and flustered. Thanning's keen nose scented strong drink, but it was not on Jepson, who fidgeted nervously. Behind the closed doors of the drawing room he heard a loud voice, somewhat thick. He started in dismay. It was Ted's, and in the same tone he had heard on the street corner the night before.

As he listened the voice rose angrily, punctuated by faint, feminine cries. For a moment Thanning stood like graven stone, then he heard a fierce revolting oath and the crash of a heavy vase. He dashed at the door and flung it open. Morris, maudlin and dishevelled, leaned against a table in the center of the room, hurling a blasphemous sentence at the frightened girl, who trembled against a portière in the corner. The words were the words of drunken teamsters, and his handsome face was distorted maliciously. As the girl shrank from him there was absolute loathing in her face.

With a pained cry Thanning rushed for the intoxicated wretch and dragged him toward the door. Morris, cursing, struggled half-heartedly, but was evidently cowed by his friend's appearance. He afforded great difficulty in donning his coat, but Jepson finally pushed him into it. Thanning led him down the steps. He was sick with grief.

A cab stood across the street and started up at his hail. He opened the door and pushed Morris in without difficulty. When he attempted to get in himself, however, the door slammed back in his face. Immediately Morris's head issued from the window. He ordered the driver to go on, then turned back to Thanning and said in a voice under perfect control: "You go back to *her*, Monk. She needs you."

C. L. Watkins.

"AS A SICK MAN WATCHETH FOR THE MORN."

The dim gas-light on the white, white walls
Flickers and blinks and flares again
And the sick boy listens to quick foot-falls
Of a nurse as she hurries through distant halls
To a patient worn by pain.
Then the gas-light flickers and flares again.

The clinking hoofs in the street below
Echo and ring through the silent room;
The lingering seconds faster go
On a watch that ticks now loud, now low
Making more live, more real the gloom
By sounding the emptiness of the room.

The burning sheets on the cool iron bed
And the restless thirst of the fevered tongue
Send a dream of brooks through the throbbing head
That pain-tossed on pillows of heated lead,
Not sleeping but delirium wrung,
Feels only sheets and fevered tongue.

The blessed light of the early day
Now cools the fever of the night,
It drives the fear of death away
And lets the sufferer breathe and pray.
Then sleep comes on with soothing might
And all forgot are the pains of night.

William B. Belknap.

THE STAR OF THE WEST.

SAM had first attracted my attention at Laota Landing. It was here, as the big river packet pushed her nose close in towards the quay, that I first saw the little coal-black deck hand and his huge "culu'd" companion jump from her bow to fasten a line ashore. A second later they were clinging desperately to the end of their rope, while the current of the Mississippi caught our steamer and quickly swung her down stream. Inch by inch she dragged them along breathless from their exertions, till at last, on the very edge of the landing, Sam gasped,

"T-t-t-t-taint no use," and the rope, slipping from their hands, fell with a splash into the river.

In reply to the torrent of oaths from the captain he looked up with an *air of injured innocence* so laughable that I decided to make his acquaintance as soon as possible. Accordingly, one evening soon after this, with the aid of the second mate, I succeeded in drawing him into the pleasant occupation of "swoppin' ya'ns," as we lounged on one of the cotton bales of the lower deck.

"Dee Dolphin wuz atakin' feed tuh dee Union boys 'roun' Vicksbu'g 'bout '63 an' we met dee Stah ob dee West. Cap'n Geo'ge wuz mighty jealous ob huh. Dee Dolphin wa'n't a dooce spot tuh huh. She wuz dat fas'! Well dee Stah wuz adriftin' towa'ds dee Rebel fo'ts, wheel-shaf' busted an jes' as helpless! Massa Geo'ge jes' lock hisse'f into dee Dolphin's pilot-house an' steah straight fo' huh. When dee Star seed he wuz agoin' tuh ram huh dey jes' up wid dey guns an let fly. Cap'n Geo'ge jes' chuckled away lahk a divil. Fust I knowed we smashed into dee Stah. Nex' moment we wuz abackin' off. Jes' lef' dee men tuh get tuh lan' bes' dey could. An' she a Union boat, too!

"Nevah done nothing tuh Cap'n. In cou't he sez he b'lieved it wuz a Rebel boat an' atryin' tuh git him whah dee Rebel guns could knock him sky-high. Whut did dey shoot at him fo'?

"He had tuh tie dee Dolphin up. No 'un'd give him nothin' tuh tote no moah. Jined dee Rebels an' ain't bin 'roun' yeah sence. He jes' went crazy fo' a time when he had dee chance tuh sink dee Stah. Cap'n ob dee Stah went plumb crazy, too. Built a boat somewhah 'roun' yeah. Made it out ob drif'-wood. Dey sez he jes' 'magines he's navigatin'. When dee rivah floods dem mud flats he,—Almos' tuh Vicksbu'g, ah vow. Whut's dis Cap'n's name? Massa Geo'ge? Ah knowed he looked lahk him. Didn' get a good look at him at St. Louis. Yes sah, time ah wuz amovin'. Thank yuh sah."

Very thoughtfully we climbed to the upper deck. There was a slight mist hanging over the river, through which the full moon above us shone down in dancing flakes of gold on the water. The dim outline of a bank against the yellow glow of the lights of Vicksburg in the distance was the only thing to tell us that the greyish curtain did not cover a limitless stretch of water. But now a long, glowing, yellow arm began to move up and down the river. It was the searchlight picking out the path for us. All else was dim in the half darkness.

Suddenly the mate grasped my arm. The searchlight was fixed on a dim, white object some distance down stream. As we approached it slowly took form before my eyes,—a skeleton ship. The next instant someone rushed towards us and fell on the deck just at my feet. It was Sam.

"Massa," he gasped, and I saw by the flicker of the lantern the white circles of his eyes gleaming with fear. "Dee Stah," he managed to stammer.

His fear was catching. The quivering of the deck under the throb of the engine, the mist, pale yellow in the moonlight, the brilliant arm of the searchlight, which just before were so natural, seemed now to lend a ghostly mystery to the world about us. Shadows, here and there, perhaps of the imagination, added to charm the sense into hearing the whisper of ghostly trees along the river bank. It was a world of silent, shapeless, shadows into which the moonlight passed, blended, yet hardly disappeared. Who could tell where on

that horizon the glow of the lights of Vicksburg ended or the greyish shadows began? The shadow and the dim lights were one and the chill of the river air seemed but the clammy touch of that vaporous veil. It was a night such that, in spite of our surroundings, we seemed to be in a vast solitude; though the throb of the engines mingling inseparably with the quiver of the deck beat on our ears, yet there seemed to be a strange silence about us. And still above the silence I almost thought I heard the soft gurgle of the river struggling against the bow and the noisy splash of the sheets of spray which the great wheel spurned backward into the angry, foaming mass behind; while the mist, tossed high into the air and mysteriously melting into the fog about us, seemed but part of the restless, half-imagined silence.

Almost unconsciously I noted the captain as he stood clutching the spokes of the steering wheel. He was leaning forward, motionless, spellbound, straining to see the spectre before him. I felt rather than saw the terror in his face, hidden as it was in the shadows of the pilot house, but I knew it was there. More distinct grew the form of the skeleton ship, the greyish lines, frail and unsubstantial, in relief against the darkness behind them; yet seeming to be a part of it and to melt away into it. Was she moving or,—but no smoke comes from the funnels; there is no answering whistle and,—yes, is that a tree trunk standing out against her bow? Does she move at will on the river and through the forest or is it seen through the phantom hull?

Suddenly I saw the Captain whirl the wheel hard to port, and straight toward that silent silhouette of shadows, seeming no more than a form fancied from the mist, we swept. With a loud cry the mate sprang toward the door of the pilot-house. It was locked, and his only answer, hardly heard above the pounding of the engines, was a fiendish chuckle. Powerless, we stood waiting for we knew not what. Would this thing melt into mist as our prow met its side? Would we slip through an unresisting film or would it, like the will-o'-the-wisp, glide just beyond our reach? Breathlessly we watched as nearer and nearer towered the

shadowy spectre, and still on we sped. A few rods more and unconsciously, in that tense wait, we braced ourselves for the shock, yet not half expecting any resistance. A crash, and down upon the deck we were hurled. All seemed pandemonium; then even the throbbing of the steamer ceased. The engines had stopped.

For an instant a quiver ran through the deck. Then all was quiet. I lay there in the pulsing silence that followed, half expecting something beyond human knowledge. In my mind even yet,—that ghostly shape filled me with worse than fear,—terror of the supernatural. At last I raised myself, hardly in expectation of seeing the mass of wreckage of the skeleton ship floating down the river, but hoping. Half expecting to see nothing before me save the shadows, yet trembling lest still that spectre be standing there, I looked. For a minute all was blurred before my eyes. Then through the mist I saw the ghostly ship again, cold, silent, unharmed. It seemed to be almost the image of that fearful sight that I carried in my mind.

Suddenly there came the noise of many feet as the deck-hands rushed up from below. Men struggled madly, pushing, pulling, fighting their way; no one knew whither. No one cared if only he could escape that spectre. Back and forth, trampling and being trampled on, each for himself in that mad, nameless terror, and the darkness of the fog shut in on the sight. Some unnoticed leaped into the river, others in a frenzy fought their way to the boats; while above and just beyond it all stood the phantom ship, dimmer and more indistinct in the mist, while the pale light of the moon grew paler and the greyish darkness darker.

It was some time before order was at last restored and the day had already begun to break. There on the shore just beyond where we had run aground stood that skeleton ship and on her deck of "drif'-wood", her crazy captain.

Then at last we broke into the pilot-house. On the floor lay "Cap'n Geo'ge", the dull light of early morning softening the terror of his glassy eyes, which seemed still to be seeking the spectre of the rival ship, though the hand that had never ceased to clutch the wheel was cold and motionless.

Walter Richardson.

EDVARD GRIEG, THE TONE POET OF NORWAY.

BOTH have lived amid the brief, white nights, the chilly climate, the rugged, awful scenery of the North—Grieg and Ibsen. Both are mystics and, as Northmen, melancholic, but how mild and gentle the melancholy of the former, how stern, severe, almost pessimistic that of the latter. The art of Grieg is a sheer play of form, color, imagery, with its primary aim beauty and melody; that of Ibsen pays the tax to beauty by its vivid symbolism. The one makes dance the colors of the Northern lights, the birds and butterflies, sings of nature in her various moods; the other lays bare the struggle of souls in passion and doubt and wrath. Ibsen might be compared with Wagner, to Grieg he forms a direct contrast. The delicate beauty of Grieg's music is unique, but its limitations are extreme. It is as fair as a flower and as fragile. It is, in short, the effluence of a personality graceful, romantic, gifted with all gentle qualities of nature, but lacking in the more virile powers, in the broad vision, the epic magnanimity, the massive force of Ibsen.

Of this personality as it is manifested in the outward appearance of the man, we have an account by M. Ernest Closson. "Grieg is small, thin and narrow-shouldered," he writes. "His body, which is like a child's, is always in motion—the movements short, lively, singularly jerky, and angular, each step shaking the whole body and hitching the shoulders as if he limped. The head, which looks massive on so small a body, is intelligent and very handsome, with long grayish hair thrown back, thin face, smooth shaven chin, short, thick mustache, small but full nose and eyes!—eyes superb, green, gray, in which one can fancy one catches a glimpse of Norway with its melancholy fjords and its luminous mists. His gaze is serious, wonderfully soft, with a peculiar expression, at once worn, tentative and childishly naïve. The entire effect is of kindness, gentleness, candor

and a sincere modesty." Thus it is obvious that Grieg is of the nervous, sensitive temperament, the temperament of Keats and of Stevenson, which is quick and ardent in feeling.

Following the modern, romantic school, Grieg has derived the suggestion or inspiration for many of his pieces from contemporary poets. Although by nature a direct contrast to Ibsen, he was inspired by him to the composition of perhaps his greatest work—the Peer Gynt Suite. Peer Gynt is the ne'er-do-weel of Ibsen's poem, a few of whose adventures Grieg has graphically pictured in his music. The suite begins with "The Morning Mood,"—a beautiful succession of chords which resembles Coleridge's "Hymn to Mount Blanc" in its vast serenity pervaded by a note of loneliness and melancholy. The second piece, "The Death of Ase," is a grief-laden funeral march. Ase, the poor mother of Peer Gynt, has been left desolate and alone to die in her cottage on the bleak mountain side. Then follows "Anitra's Dance"; Anitra in Ibsen's story is the fascinating minx of the desert who, while Peer Gynt is masquerading as a prophet, encounters him on his travels and beguiles from him one gift after another, his rings, spare apparel and finally his horse, and then capers off like the winds of the morning, leaving the pseudo-prophet to continue his sandy and inglorious way on foot. In this quick waltz or mazourka we have all the sparkling lightness and bewitching charm of Anitra which induced her victim so readily to yield the things he valued most. The fourth of these tone pictures is entitled "In the Hall of the Mountain King." It fairly froths over with the sprightly, queer, almost uncanny music, illustration of the humorous and prankish gnomes, dancing in the cavern castle of the Mountain King. Thus the suite ends; quaint and delightfully grotesque.

On the whole this work is very characteristic of Grieg. There is no grand treatment of a single motif sustained throughout and elaborated upon. It is a series of short, vivid pictures, adapted to Grieg's love of the miniature. Almost everything he writes has in it this essential smallness,

and reveals a temperament, a sense of the picturesque, a flow of melody, a love of the dainty and delicately perfect.

The most characteristic thing about Grieg is the skill with which he distills the essence of his national music and folk songs into his own music. There is not a bar of it that has not a distinctive Norwegian flavor—that Scandinavian flavouring which is ever fresh, pungent and communicative of a sense of the open air. As we listen to his "Autumn" the gloom of the Norwegian landscape glides before us, with its deep fjords, barren fields, roaring cascades, mysterious caverns, aurora borealis and all that makes up the Northern wonderland. We see the steep coast, where the sea-fog pitches its tent upon cliffs and billows, and inland the mountains rise black and sinister. Here is felt the horror of solitude, whilst misty forms hang wavering between sky and sea, and the chilly breeze sweeps along the heather. Then we hear his "Springtime," and lo! the scene changes. In the meadow ground and between the mountains there lies the happy village of fishermen's huts with its church, low and humble, but still reaching far above the other roofs. Here the fish-nets are spread over the smooth rocks or hang in picturesque folds across the long, light barks in the boat-houses. From the distance comes the murmur of clear rivulets, babbling from one basin to another as they stream onward to the sea. There is a rush of confused vernal sounds and then the melody dies away as the landscape fades from view beneath the descending mists. With "Spring" we naturally associate "The Butterfly." How vividly he has brought out, by his sprightly measures and rapid cadences, the irregular, darting, hovering flight of the winged creature! Then again in his collection called "Sketches of Norwegian Life" there is a piece entitled "On the Mountain." After an opening of soft chords, it commences with a bass melody in unison, as if played by basses and 'cellos. The rhythm is that of a strongly marked peasant dance, with an emphatic half note at the end of each phrase as if here the peasant solidly put down his foot. And thus, we listen, and ruddy,

moving pictures with their swirl of intoxicating colors go kaleidoscopically on. We cannot help realizing how truly national Grieg is; how much of his fatherland he has put into his music.

But it is nature rather than men that his music portrays. He held "communion with her visible forms" as he found them in Norway and he spoke her various language as his fatherland taught him to speak. There is not the blare of trumpets, the tramp of horses, the flash of swords nor the glamour of great gatherings of knights, dames, lords and ladies as are found in the polonaises of Chopin. There is instead the roar of the sea, the moan of the wind, the mysterious, spirit voices of the forest, the silence of the glens, the rising and setting of the sun. He makes us feel the tremendous forces of nature with the same vigor and awfulness as we do when reading Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom." Often he is bizarre, often morbid, sometimes boisterously gay, full of wild grace, taunting yet plaintive and brooding; always singular, forceful and brilliant. Nowhere are the rocks so rugged. Nowhere does the wind sing so mournfully yet so sweetly. Cadence on cadence rise and fall—loud, then soft, like the gently turning crest of the fierce, oncoming wave. The black, beetling cliff stands out gaunt, bold, rugged, its base lashed by the white foam. The emerald sea glimmers in the light of the sun just sinking below the horizon. It is a weird light, neither that of day nor that of evening, but a strange blending of both. The sun sinks. One by one the cold, gleaming stars begin to stud the bare heavens, while among them the Northern Lights flash forth their fleeting striae in a glorious arch. This is the Land of the Midnight Sun,—this is Norway,—this Grieg.

Sydney J. Frank.

NOTABILIA.

The difficulties attending the perfecting of any just system of "Cuts and Marks" are conceivable only by those who are in intimate touch with the Dean's Office. The way we can assist is in patiently coöperating, and in our willingness to see the good points rather than the weak features of such a system. Success alone endures, while failure sinks below the surface and is forgotten. To be adequate, however, a system must have, first of all, a fair and firm basis. This our present and new system seems to lack. Leaving all ideas of seniority, juniority, sophomoreity, and freshmanity out of consideration, it is manifestly an injustice that a man who takes as much as eighteen hours of work each week should receive as his share the same number of cuts as another man whose week's work adds up to only thirteen hours!

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In behalf of the Board of 1906, we take great pleasure in announcing the elections to Chi Delta Theta of Wedworth W. Clarke and Ralph W. Wescott, both of the Academic Senior Class.

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At the request of the author we desire to state that by error of the copyist quotation marks were omitted from certain quotations on pages 189 and 190. w.

PORTFOLIO.

—A man and a woman strolled along a marble terrace crowning a velvet green knoll which sloped toward rough rocks at the edge of the sea on one side and rolled

*ONE KIND
OF LIFE.*

gracefully to the verge of a carefully trimmed wood on the other. The woman's white lace gown swept a spotless promenade laid in heavy mosaic or serpentine and porphyry. Now and then the man carelessly flickered a head from a stately larkspur bordering a great mass of plants ascending bank after bank in a flowery mound. At the apex of the mound a graceful Nereid rose in glistening purity and held aloft a conch shell which scattered a jewelled veil of delicate spray about her white limbs. At the end of the terrace a cool, vine-clad pergola led to an open Japanese tea-room, built after a temple to Shinto, and enriched with many a gorgeous treasure of Eastern art.

The pair wandered under the pergola and into the tea-room looking over the sea. As they entered, a thin childish voice was hushed abruptly, and a black-and-white clad nurse with a tiny ruffled cap above her smooth black hair rose respectfully. Her immobile olive face and sphinx-like black eyes proclaimed her the ideal servant. Clinging to her skirt, more in doubt than in love, was a thin, large-eyed child. He gazed in admiring wonder at the delicate pink face of the woman who had just entered.

"C'est ma maman," he half whispered.

The man leaned against a carved pillar, and watched the woman with cynical questioning eyes. He had seen her in the rôle of hostess, comrade, coquette, wife, and in many another, but in that of mother, never. There was a shade of annoyance in her face as she saw her son, but it passed into a look of interest. A woman who is graceful and sweet with children fascinates any man. She dropped her parasol and offered slender, rounded arms, whose delicate tint shone through the thin lace sleeve.

"Come to mother, Rolleston," she whispered.

The nurse urged the boy forward and he went reluctantly. Then the invitation of the outstretched arms and the bright

smile, coupled with his own instinct for mother-love, dissipated his shyness, and he ran forward eagerly. But as he was about to spring into her embrace, his angel-like vision drew back with a little cry:

"Rolleston, Rolleston, your hands! What *have* you been doing!"

The boy stopped, looking at his damp soiled palms. His lips trembled, and he turned a pitiful pleading gaze to his mother's face. The woman shook her fair head slowly.

"Take him back to his room and make him presentable, Rosine. Go with nurse like a good boy, Rolleston, and come back to mother when you are sweet and clean."

She turned again to the man, whose eyes showed quizzical little wrinkles which said plainly: "I fancied it would be like that." A moment later a shrill childish cry came from the pergola.

"Papa! Papa!"

There was a swift patter of feet and a man's step, and they turned to see Rolleston fling himself into the arms of a tall dark figure which bent and gathered him tenderly into its arms. A dark bearded face and the little pale one met in a long kiss. Unseen they watched the father and son. The woman saw in the deep black eyes of her husband, who had fought his way up like a giant to reach her and to give her this splendor, the same starved look she had seen in the eyes of Rolleston. Her eyebrows showed annoyance. The husband looked over the head of the boy in his arms to the pair in the tea-garden. He smiled strainedly, but the light of his joy as a father died from his eyes. After a moment he lifted the tiny figure to his shoulder and strode back to the terrace, the nurse following respectfully.

The man in the tea-garden turned to the sea and drew a deep breath. A sudden doubt had entered his mind. The blood of a grandfather who had fought successfully to open a new, wild country, stirred faintly in his veins. He looked at the smooth turf, and clean boulders artistically spread upon the shore. He saw the marble-topped knoll, the great white villa, the painfully symmetrical trees, and the precise paths. Not a thing met his eye which had not been tainted by human hands, save the salt water. The ghastly artificiality of the

life swept over him. For an instant he wished that he could bring happiness back to the father and son he had just seen starving in the midst of this Paradise. A decision to attempt to do so hovered on the outskirts of a lethargic mentality. Then a soft shoulder touched his own. He looked down into a pair of exquisite blue eyes that looked up into his with smiling comprehension. In a moment he had forgotten everything. He bent over and kissed a pair of lips which had a deeper red than Nature intended a woman's lips to have.

Somewhere off on the terrace a man and a boy were telling each other stories of Hans and his wife Gretchen who lived with their children in the hut in the woods and fought bears and wolves.

C. L. Watkins.

—Darkness was fast falling over the storm-tossed sea, Huge waves were dashing themselves to spray against the massive foundation of Pollocks Rip Light.

OLD JOE. It was a bad night, in fact, it was the worst "Old Joe" had ever seen. That meant a good deal, for "Old Joe" had been Uncle Sam's trusty servant on the light for over thirty years. With unusual care he trimmed the big lamp, and polished its lenses that it might shed its warning flashes far out over the white-capped sea. He surveyed his work, then slowly descended the spiral staircase to the cozy round room below. Here was a savory smell of ham intermingled with fragrant coffee. Over the stove leaned the broad form of "Boy," the assistant keeper, whose love of the restless sea had brought him to this life of isolation. In the narrow confines of the round walls these two ate, slept and watched together, loving each other as father and son.

Soon supper was ready, and they seated themselves at opposite sides of the white oil-clothed table. In the center steamed the lately cooked dishes. Methodically they helped themselves. Words were few between them, so well did they understand each other. When the meal was half over "Old Joe" broke the silence. "Bad night this," said he. "Guess we'll both stand watch to-night." It was not a pleasant prospect to stay awake through those long dreary hours until morning should dawn, but neither flinched—it was their duty.

Supper finished, the two again mounted the winding staircase to the light. The room was smaller than the one they had just left, and without the stove there was a feeling of dampness. For some time they sat in stillness, trying to pierce the impenetrable curtain of blackness.

"Yer got her blazing for fair to-night, ain't yer, Joe," broke in the boy. Joe, puffing his old clay, leaned back in his chair. The rays from the lamp fell on his weather-worn face. Its bronze color was framed by grey beard and white hair. His clear blue eyes told of the big heart beneath his brass-buttoned coat. "Yep, bad night this," was his somewhat brief reply. Indeed it was a bad night. The wind shrieked like a mighty siren, hurling the spray violently against the windows. "Old Joe's" thoughts seemed far away over those black waters as he sat slowly puffing great clouds of smoke from his pipe.

"'Boy,'" said he, at length, "This sea's rough, mighty rough, but, yer know, sometimes it strikes me it ain't half so rough as the sea of life on shore."

"Mebbe that's right, too," muttered the lad, somewhat in doubt for a reply.

"'Boy,'" continued "Old Joe," with more than usual earnestness, "I never meant to tell you what I'm agoin' to now, nor nobody else. But somehow the thought of them vessels at sea to-night sort of runs through my head, and I jest can't help it. Back in the seventies I was young, 'Boy,' jest like you are now, 'ceptin' one way I wasn't jest the same as you, for the sea attracted you, but it didn't me. No, 'Boy,' I couldn't see nothin' in life 'cept her. 'Her' 's a short story—I loved an' she didn't. She married; I came here. I couldn't stand the world—it was no place for a poor cuss like me. Well, here I've stayed now nigh onto thirty years." He paused a minute to calculate. "Yes, jest about thirty, I guess; and do you know, 'Boy,' I've never seen her but once durin' all that time—never wanted to since that once."

He hesitated, a mist stole over his blue eyes, then slowly he continued: "Separated and gone wrong on the sea of life was her short hist'ry, and as I was a sittin' here, 'Boy,' I was jest wonderin' if me and you couldn't invent some kind of a land lighthouse to keep such as her off'r'm the shoals."

G. H. Townsend.

—The train was stopping several minutes to take in water,—ample time to survey the place. It was a common little Mexican town like hundreds of others,—two narrow, sun-baked streets crossing, with flat, one-story stucco shops on either side, spotted and crumbling away

*A MEXICAN
SCENE.*

with age. The sun was at its highest, and glared dazzling bright down upon the white-walled buildings, the whitish dusty roads, and the light sandstone hills that hemmed in the town, a miniature world of its own. It was a Saint's Day, a day of rest, ever acceptable to the Mexican. Groups of men lounging about in the shade along the streets, puffing their pipes and laughing, designated the various saloons. Occasionally an exceptionally energetic fellow shambled by, his hands thrust in his pockets, his huge sombrero pulled down over his eyes, dragging a donkey with a towering load piled on its back. Women, peevish, and wrinkled with care, carrying great wicker baskets, crowded about the car crying their open-work stuffs and gaudy scarfs; while swarms of dirty little Mexican boys scrambled for "centavos" tossed them from the car windows.

Near by a band of workmen, grading on the track, were listlessly shoveling dirt and repeatedly mopping the perspiration from their brows. Two newcomers approached them so dilapidated in appearance as to compel attention; a man who reeled along with drunken gait and a little girl wearily trudging at his side with a small bundle under her arm. He was swarthy and well-built as the peons generally are, but his worn face and dull eyes revealed a life of disappointment, discouragement and dissipation. The child had great hungry brown eyes and long black hair that hung in tangled masses about her face. She stood there beside him, her hands clasped behind her back, such a dreary, forlorn, little creature with her bruised bare feet and ragged green dress; while the cruel sun cast down its merciless rays on her uncovered head.

The stranger was walking with one of the workmen, evidently their foreman. He finally paused, gazing with an expression of inquiry, almost hope, at the frowning men, while the other carefully scrutinized him. The child waited patiently, her sad eyes raised with a look of yearning and appeal. Thus they stood side by side like prisoners at court

awaiting the word of the judge; the man ragged, unkempt, irresponsible and the hungry, tired little girl. Several loiterers, who had been sitting on a freight car idly kicking their heels, jumped down and drew around, eager for a novel sight. The foreman coldly examined the man before him as one might an animal on exhibition. He shook his head carelessly, motioned them to be gone and continued his work.

Slowly the stranger turned, grasped the child's hand, and staggered on up the endless road. She tucked the little bundle under her arm, probably her only possessions in the wide world, and slowly, wearily trudged on at his side through the blinding heat and dust.

The train shrieked, started noiselessly up, and was soon gliding over the rails, leaving the tiny city many miles behind.

S. T. Ordway.

—"But I wanta go! I wanta go fishing! Do take me, Jack, I'll carry the basket."

*HIS FIRST
TROUT.*

"You're too little, Tommy, you'd frighten all the trout.

"No I wouldn't! Please take me. I want to catch a real live trout with speckles on him," wailed the younger boy. But his brother passed through the gate unheeding.

Tommy picked up a stone and threw it at the retreating form. The beautiful June day was spoiled for him. Jack was just as *mean*—

Towards evening the traitor returned and curiosity proved too strong for wrath. Tommy rushed up eagerly. "Hi! Did you catch any? Let's see'em!" he cried. His brother, who remembered the occurrence of the morning, was made generous by success.

"There was a perfect old whopper by the ford," he said, "but it just lay still, and wiggled its fins and sulked. It was as long as that,"—he made a gesture which showed that the trout was between one and four feet long, then continued benevolently: "I'll take you to-morrow; you can watch me catch him."

There was an unusually good supper that evening, but trout swam before Tommy's eyes. He could see his brother's rod

which stood in the hall. Perhaps Jack would let him try it; perhaps he would catch that big trout himself; perhaps—

Bedtime brought him no sleep. The thought of that deep pool by the ford kept him awake. It was brown and clear, and there were little whirlpools in it. He had seen the place often, but was not allowed to go there alone.

"A great big one, Jack said it was a great big one," he said to himself. The strip of moonlight on the floor looked like rippling water. "A great big one!" he whispered tensely, then jumped out of bed and ran into his brother's room.

"Jack! Jack! Let's go now, let's catch him to-night!" he shouted, and pulled at the bed-clothes fiercely.

"Oh, go to sleep or I won't take you at all," came a drowsy mutter followed by a snore. A daring thought occurred to Tommy. Why not go alone? His mother wouldn't know, Jack wouldn't know, and when he brought that trout back to breakfast—

He dressed quickly, and crept downstairs. What luck, the bait-box was nearly full! He picked it up, seized the rod and stole out into the night.

How strange everything looked; how still it was! Ahead of him the road glimmered in the moonlight. The air was heavy with the scent of balsam, and cool with dew.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" the mournful notes floated from the depths of the woods. Would they never stop? "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" was repeated incessantly. Should he go back to bed? Then the ghostly song died away.

Tommy glanced about him fearfully, and started down the road at a dog-trot. His shadow jerked fantastically as he moved. It looked like a black fiend pursuing him, so he relapsed into a walk.

Soon he could hear the murmur of running water; gradually it increased into a rushing gurgle. The road grew sticky, and his feet made a sucking noise as he lifted them.

He fastened a worm on his hook and waded into the ford. Little pebbles slid from beneath his feet. Below him the pool gleamed black and silver in the moonlight.

He swung the bait far out; it whirled around and disappeared.

Like a flash the sagging line became taut as a fierce tug

thrilled down the rod, and into the boy's heart. With both hands he gripped the cracking bamboo, and stepped slowly back towards the shore. The fish was giving ground; it was in shallow water now. A dusky shape flitted to and fro across the ford, but the line always followed. There was a last desperate struggle and a giant trout, flapping strongly, was dragged a good yard from the water. Then Tommy fell bodily upon his prize.

How could he wait to show it to them, how could he wait! His breath came in sobs, for he was running hard. The trout flapped and he gripped it with both hands. Even now he feared it might escape. How long the road was! Would he never get home? And what *would* they say when he did get home? And Jack—The house was in sight at last.

Horace Winston Stokes.

—A group of men sat on the benches before the South-meadow general store smoking cigars—anyway, they looked like cigars. A yellow dog lay with his head between his paws and watched, with a malevolent eye, some chickens scratching in the road. Hi Barker tossed pebbles at the cur's head. "Yep," he said, "Hen Harris's wife has gone to visit her folks over to York State. I seen Hen as I was goin' down by thar this mornin' and he said she went last week." "Wal, I bet Hen's gladder'n hell to get rid of her," remarked another, "I couldn't stand havin' that woman araound the house, naow I tell you." "That's right, too," assented the crowd. They lapsed into silence again, gazing idly at the hazy ridges of the mountains.

*THE HOME-
COMING OF
MRS. HARRIS.*

The stage plodded wearily along through the choking dust with the United States mail and Mrs. Henry Harris as passengers. "Yes," she was explaining to Bill Lonnegan, the driver, "me an' Matilda couldn't git along together so I packed right up and come home." "That's too bad," said Bill consolingly, "I allow Hen an' the kids has missed you, not being used to havin' you away." Mrs. Harris watched him suspiciously, but he sat with evident unconsciousness of her scrutiny. "Well, I 'spects they have," she said, "but they can't have me there all

the time." "That's right," acknowledged Bill. He whistled softly "The Sweet Bye-and Bye," and a deep silence was maintained for the rest of the way.

A buggy drawn by an aged gray mare rushed wildly through Southmeadow street. On the seat sat Hen Harris, making an heroic attempt to sit straight. "Git, thar!" he yelled, cracking his whip at a flock of chickens, and they scattered, wildly clucking. Down the hill to the store dashed the team and pulled up with a jerk that threw Hen in a heap on the floor of the buggy. "Warm day," he shouted to the assemblage, picking himself up. "That's right," said Hi Barker, his eye on a jug in the rear of the wagon. "Been coolin' off, Hen?" A roar of laughter rose from the audience. Hen eyed him distrustfully. "Hey?" he yelled. "I asked if it warn't coolin' off some, didn't I?" replied Hi. "Wal, naow, it be a little, I reckon," said Hen. The crowd roared again in glee. Hen regarded them with disfavor. "What you laughin' at?" he yelled in rage. "You— suckers, for two cents I'd clean aout the bunch of you, naow, b' Judas, I would." He ran his eye up and down the line, nodding emphatically. They grinned sickly grins and shifted in their seats. "Aw, come naow, Hen, you don't mean that," good-naturedly ventured one. "Don't, hey? Wal, I'll learn you pretty damn quick what I mean." He crawled unsteadily out of the buggy. The yellow dog rose to its feet and showed its fangs, growling savagely. Hen swayed on his feet, watching it with careful deliberation. Then he aimed a mighty kick at the canine, who deftly avoided it, and Hen's toe was planted with terrific force against the lean flank of the mare. With a snort of surprise and pain she gave a jump and dashed off down the street. Hen stood sadly gazing after her. "Hell!" he ejaculated. A cloud of dust in the distance denoted the approach of some vehicle.

He turned mournfully and, without further notice of the inhabitants of the benches, entered the store. "Gimme a plug of 'Navy,'" he yelled to the store-keeper. The latter calmly went on weighing sugar. Hen glared at him. "Did you hear me askin' for a plug of terbaccer, Dave Gill?" he yelled. "I did," briefly responded the store-keeper. "Then, why'n hell don't you give it to me," said the wrathful man. The placid Gill wrapped a string around the neck of the bag and snapped

it with his hands. "Look y' here, Hen Harris," he replied, "you behave yourself. Ain't you ashamed, gittin' drunk and swearin' round when your wife's up to York State and can't keep an eye on ye! Naow, you go right home and lay daown and sleep it off and wife'll take care of the kids." Hen regarded him with amazement. "Afraid to git drunk when my wife's to hum?" he yelled in apoplectical rage. "You hear me, Dave Gill, I ain't afraid of my wife nor nobody like her! You kin tell her I said so." "HENRY HARRIS!" an awful voice re-echoed through the rafters of the house. The unfortunate addressed turned fearfully around. In the door stood his better, and, alas, stronger half. Behind her appeared the grinning face of Bill Lonnegan. "It ain't necessary for you to give me his message, Mister Gill," grimly remarked Mrs. Harris. "You come along with me, Henry." She fastened a hold on the ear of the now thoroughly chastened Hen and marched him out of the door and down the street.

The group before the store watched them disappear around the corner of the meeting-house in silence. A deep breath rose like a sigh on the heavy August air. "Hen's goin' to ketch it," softly murmured Hi Barker.

Henry A. Beers, Jr.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The "Maskerade"

On March 7, was presented by Herr Conried.

Beta Theta Pi

On March 7, announced the elections of the following men from the class of 1907: Richard Douglas Davis, Jr., of Ashland, Ky.; Paul Alexander Drucklieb, of Stapleton, S. I., N. Y.; Russell Stearns Dwight, of Wyoming, O.; William Spencer Fuller, of Suffield, Conn.; Joseph Casimir Kircher, of Belleville, Ill.; Robert Edwards Pfeiffer, of Columbus, O.; George Boardman Potter, of Hartford, Conn.; Ralph Eugene Weber, of Waterville, N. Y.; Ernest Cousins Wheeler, of Norwalk, Conn.

The Ten Eyck Competitors

On March 12, were announced as follows: Howard Francis Bishop of Chicago, Ill.; William Ernest Collins of Livingston, N. J.; Rolland Mooney Edmonds of Springfield, O.; E. H. Hart of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edwin Deeks Harvey of Rock Ferry, England; Marshall Olds Johnson of Chicago, Ill.; Henry Stow Lovejoy of Jonesville, Wis.; Albert Billings Ruddock of Chicago, Ill.; Clarence William Seymour of Granby, Conn.; Donald McLean Somers of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Walter Bertram Wolf of Chicago, Ill.

The Relay Team

On March 13, lost the one mile event to Cornell in the N. Y. A. C. games.

The Civic Clubs

On March 13, elected W. S. Moorhead, 1906, President.

On March 15, they were addressed by President Roosevelt.

The "Yale News"

On March 16, held its 29th annual banquet at the University Club.

The Sophomore Class

On March 16, elected Joseph William Murphy of Brooklyn, N. Y., as fence orator.

The Final Debating Team

On March 19, was chosen as follows: J. N. Pierce, 1906 T.S.; H. D. Smith, 1907 T.S.; E. H. Hart, 1907. Alternates, L. O. Bergh, 1906; R. B. Hull, 1907; R. R. Lockwood, 1907.

The Freshmen Debaters

On March 20, were chosen as follows to debate against the Princeton Freshmen on April 6: J. L. McConaughy, M. B. Vilas, C. T. Clark. Alternate, C. H. Thurston.

The Freshman Class

On March 20, elected as fence orator M. J. Dougherty of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Courant Elections

On March 21, were announced as follows: William Rose Benet, 1907 S., of Benicia, Cal.; Harry Sinclair Lewis, 1907, of Sauk Center, Minn.; Howard Jones Mandell, 1907, of Ellington, Conn.; Minott Augur Osborn, 1907, of New Haven, Conn.; Simon Truby Patterson of Kittanning, Penn. H. S. Lewis resigned and W. R. Benet was elected Chairman, while S. T. Patterson was elected Book Reviewer.

The "Lit."

On March 26, held its 70th annual banquet at the Tontine.

The Y. M. C. A. Elections

On March 26, were announced as follows:—Graduate Officers: University General Secretary, J. G. Magee, 1906; Academic Secretary, J. H. Twichell, 1906; Sheffield Secretary, R. C. Morse, 1906 S. Academic officers: President, W. D. Barnes, Jr., 1907, of Mansfield, Mass.; Vice President, G. Dahl, 1908, of Chicago, Ill.; Treasurer, H. S. Wells, 1907, of Scranton, Penn.; Secretary, K. B. Welles, 1908, of Scranton, Penn.; Librarian, W. R. Leete, 1908, of New Haven, Conn. Sheffield officers: President, F. E. Wernecken, 1907 S., of Detroit,

Mich.; Vice President, T. A. D. Jones, 1908 S., of Excello, Ohio; Treasurer, R. L. Lovell, 1908 S., of Plainfield, N. J.; Secretary, J. F. Weller, of Newburgh, N. J.

Phi Beta Kappa

On March 29, held its 126th annual banquet at the University Club.

The Yale-Harvard Debate

On March 30 was won by Harvard.

Basketball Scores

Yale 17, Harvard 23.

The Basketball Officers

On March 30, were elected as follows: Captain, H. Noyes, 1908; Manager, C. H. Chapin, 1907 S.

In Memoriam

Henry H. Beardslee, 1909.

BOOK NOTICES.

The vogue of the modern novel of sword and thunder is passing. For a time the united presses of all the land, with an uninterrupted stream of them, seemed scarcely able to satisfy the insatiable thirst of the public. But that time is passed. The days of even the historical novel are numbered. Its glimpses of historic people are to give place to full-sized pictures in the public taste. The day of the biography has come. Such is

La Mare au Diable. By George Sand.

Profilis Anglais. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here are two luxuriously bound little classics. Their pliable leather backs, good paper and distinct type are enough to make the booklover's heart rejoice. This is an ideal library edition.

The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The scene of this interesting novel is laid in the fashionable country districts of England. The land of close cut lawns and trim hedges is vividly drawn. In this delightful setting the strong plot and characters of the book stand distinctly forth. The key-note of the story is the great sacrifice for love described. In this lie the strength and the appeal of the book. A unique character-creation is Tom Merivale, who has had the ability of giving messages to bird and beast.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following books, some of which will be reviewed in a subsequent issue:

Frederick A. Stokes Co.,

The Siege of the South Pole.

Childhood and Growth.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Greece to A. D. 14.

Saints in Society.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

The College Man and the College Woman.

The Basses. By Wm. C. Harris and Tarleton Bean. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The True Andrew Jackson. By Cyrus T. Brady. J. B. Lippincott Company.

R. M. E.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There is an excellent little phrase, by a New Havener, "The Fallacy of the Elsewhere." Now the elsewhere may not be entirely fallacious, but at least we who are here in New Haven,—even the man who declares that he came to Yale because he took the wrong train,—all of us can learn many things about New Haven, to our exceeding profit. How many of the class in American Social Conditions think that only New York has slums? Do they know of the strange region of Oak Street, of its Saturday night when the Jewish Sabbath is just over? Have they ever seen it at three in the morning, when huge rats frisk boldly down the sidewalks, and the shops are opening for a new day? Do they know the delightful dive on Fair Street, where beggars throw off blindness and lameness, as by a mighty miracle, and organ grinders tell wonderful tales to that Falstaff of a Neapolitan, mine host, of the quaint sheepskin jacket and the vast beers? Do they know the tale of the murder of a policeman in a terrible battle in New Haven's worst alley; that tale which your friend the policeman will tell you at two of a winter morning, as he slaps his half-frozen hands against his chest and tries doors? He is one of those strange outré people, the folk of the night, who live and tell one their heart's secrets when you are asleep—or at that Hellhole, the Tontine, which Mayor S. cannot see in his eager search for vice in this Puritan town. Oh, a wonderful folk you could find down Chapel Street if you had been awakened by the song of the linotypes.

Or are you of a bookish turn? Do you realize that the Stokes house was a red-coat hospital when the British invaded New Haven; that here Jonathan Edwards courted the daughter of the house, and here Webster wrote a part of his dictionary? Do you know that the whipping post stood not far from the district school house, on the college-green? Do you know that the ghost of Morse still haunts the Weir house, where he invented the telegraph? Do you know the tales of the days when "great West India-men labored up the harbor under full sail"? Do you know how near to your room is the site of the house of the great Roger Sherman, visited by his friend Washington? Do you remember the brave days when the president of Yale marched out at the head of his students with a prayer and a musket to resist the red coats?

Have you ever seen one of the most wonderful collection of epoch-making pictures in the world? Have you studied them, as men come many a mile to do? They are in the Art School, two blocks or less from the room where you are reading this. Do you know of the fine collection of colonial things in the Historical Society building on Grove Street? It is quite as interesting as Poli's, which I am quite certain you *have* seen. And in the Cemetery on the same street are buried Eli Whitney, Noah Webster, Harriet Beecher Stowe's father, a vice-president of the United States, who signed the Declaration, with a fine lot of Admirals and Generals, and famous scientists. Forget Mount Auburn, and visit the Grove Street cemetery for a bit of Youngish Night Thoughts.

There are hundreds of stories and plots of the strange old days in New Haven for you, oh Lit. heelers, in books in the city and Yale libraries. When the Wanderlust sends you in fancy to Paris or India, take a still longer voyage in that terra incognita, New Haven ! H. S. L.

We quote the following—

AMARYLLIS.

Leafy aspens twinkling shiver
Near the margin of the river
While the creeping thirsty grasses,
Every tendril touched aquiver,
Find the water as it passes.

Amaryllis there delaying,
Dances, rhythmically swaying,
Spirit, silvery and slender,
There the wilful winds are playing
Blithely in the morning tender.

While I gaze, the spirit fleeing
Shyly from my mortal seeing
Leaves the touch of April fingers.
Though I yearn with all my being
Amaryllis never lingers.

March Vassar Miscellany.

Purcell Mfg. Co.

PERFECTION OF THE CATERER'S ART
WEDDINGS, AFTERNOON TEAS AND OTHER
HOME FUNCTIONS

DAINTY SERVICE AND EFFECTS

DELICIOUS ENGLISH WEDDING CAKE
ESTIMATES SUBMITTED

Broadway at Twenty-first Street, New York

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1907.

HOWARD F. BISHOP.

ROLLAND M. EDMONDS.

RICHARD E. DANIELSON.

HARRY S. LEWIS.

WALTER B. WOLF.

BUSINESS MANAGER,

-

-

LAMSON JENNINGS.

THE YALE IDEAL.

YALE Democracy:—This is a word “too often profaned for me to profane it.” Still it is pleasant occasionally to bury the hammer,—though its importance as an instrument of reform is not to be underestimated,—and look the conditions of this Yale of ours squarely in the face. We have heard so much about the destruction of Yale democracy attendant on the massing of the underclassmen on York and Crown streets that, with the pessimists, we have almost come to believe that after all the Yale ideal—our democracy—is only one of those beautiful out-worn traditions preserved in glass cases in the Library but not lived out on the Campus. The much deplored desertion of “the Fence” may have fostered this conclusion. But if we recall a few summer nights last year, when every inch of space on the old Fence was taken, must we not feel that even here a reaction has begun?

Yes, there is a Yale democracy; defined, limited, if you will, but still a very real, very honest democracy. By that,

of course, it is not meant that every man starts with an equal chance. No, it is not a race from scratch. There are handicaps. First there is the matter of family. The man with two generations of Yale men back of him *does* have an advantage in the race for recognition. Likewise the man from the big "prep." school, who begins freshman year with a score of tried friends at his back, has no small start on the man from the village high school. Still, we have minimized these inequalities,—minimized them as no other college has done. And herein lies our democracy: not in absolute equality, but in the power that is granted of overcoming handicaps.

At the very first of freshman year the varied perspective of possible activities is almost dazzling. In this little world are a score of fields where every man has a fair show, where every man stands purely for what he is worth. If he is literary, if he is musical, if he is athletic, or what not, he will find a place here where he can stand on level ground with his mates and fight an honest fight for the prize. After all, winning or losing does not matter much, if a man fights honestly. You know how Peter the Great used to say of the victories of Charles XII of Sweden: "These Swedes are but teaching us to beat them." And I do not think that the great Czar lost in the world's esteem by his manly confession. So with us there is something in the very ring of the steel in our contests to make us profit by our failures, to make us know better and love more the *man* in our opponent.

And of course at the very basis of our democracy is the Yale standard of a man. It is a vague, indefinable thing, almost too sacred to mention. But it is real. We get much from books at Yale,—pleasure, polish; and much more from men. But if, after even three years of it here, we are not better, kindlier, more generous men than we were that first gloomy day of freshman year, I think you will agree with me that we have not profited as we should. It is a great thing to live in the shadow of this Yale archetype,—for it is a model higher far than any the outside world can show. We can

not find a word to express it, perhaps; but we can know it, we can approximate it. In fact our whole life here is but a ceaseless striving more and more nearly to approximate the Yale stature of a man. First, he is a man who will fight to the last ditch, whom success can not unbalance nor failure embitter, a man of equanimity and poise. Above all he has a kind heart, and is big enough to recognize his classmates,—handicap men as well as men from scratch. In striving toward this Yale ideal we are all on equal footing. As is the measure of success, so do we find our place in the Yale democracy.

By this it is not meant that a man must be intimate with all his class: this would be impossible. A man can have but few intimates, and it is right that he should choose them as he pleases. But a simple nod is such a little thing, and it means so much to the other man. Besides, this little thing is the gauge-glass of Yale democracy. It is something the truest men among us do not forget. Snobs there are at Yale, the more noticeable because they are so few. But we do not take them seriously. We are only sorry that they have so far missed the spirit of the Yale community. And, after all, it is mostly thoughtlessness. For we worship success on the Campus as we do in the outside world, and in our praise for the hero we are apt to forget the man who is down.

This then, crudely spoken, is our democracy,—the Yale ideal—: not absolute equality, but the power that is granted of overcoming handicaps. It is higher than our ideals of scholarship, higher than our ideals of honor, the highest Yale ideal. Whether it shall remain a fact is an individual matter in which each of us has his share of responsibility Our democracy is the most sacred heritage we have received from the Yale of the past. Let us preserve it.

Rolland M. Edmonds.

LOVE OF MEN.

THE "Shadow o' the Morn" had just cleared from Gloucester, bound for the Grand Banks. Down in the foc'sle, where the smell of oakum and rank tobacco mingled in an aroma dear to the sailors' heart, the men were sprawled out on the lockers listening to a heated argument between two of their number.

"Dan, ye're a big hulkin' lubber, and ye oughtn't to be allowed off the boat. Why, man, ye were too drunk to raise a rope's-end last night; just limp ye were. And here ye are again, the head of ye throbbin' like a steam engine, the money gone, and you o' course, goin' to the winter trawlin' to earn some more. Ye'd ought to be kept on the boat all the time we're in harbor, by the finger of Moses ye had."

Big Dan Foster grinned amusedly at his little mate; he did love his bottle when ashore, but when aboard he was an experienced sailor and a bold fisherman.

"Why, Tommy lad, what's the harm?" he replied. "I worked hard to earn the money and I don't see but I've got a right to spend it."

"Aye, you heathen," was the answer, "but why have ye got to spend it? It's the small heart ye have if ye can't lay by a little for the orphans."

"You don't understand, Tommy," retorted Dan in despair; "you've never taken a drink yourself an' you don't know what you're talkin' about. If I choose to spend my own money the way I like, it oughtn't to be you that finds fault; anyways, is it havin' a small heart to spend the half of your money on your friends?"

"Aye, if you spend it on drink," said Tommy, walking away in disgust.

The two were close friends; when men are dory-mates on a Gloucester fishing schooner they are together waking and sleeping nearly every minute of the day. Nothing could part these two, ill-matched as they were; they wrangled and

bickered from morning till night, yet should any outsider take sides with either in the dispute, the pair instantly united and turned on the rash intruder as one man. Tommy's stubborn Scotch nature could not become reconciled to his friend's bad habits and he chided him on all occasions, never, however, having the slightest influence. And Dan, fond of teasing his friend, always carried a flask with him and would ostentatiously pretend to drink from it when Tommy was looking that way.

Matters continued thus, with a steady increase of friction between the two, until the Banks were reached. One morning a trawl was snarled, delay ensued, and Dan and Tommy were the last ones "out." This fact would be sure to receive its due share of emphasis in the supper-table chaff that evening, and Tommy, blaming his mate's clumsiness, was in no playful frame of mind.

"Wait a bit," shouted Dan just as they were ready to shove off; "I've forgot the flask. It's a bitter day and I know by the heel of your eye ye'll need a drop before we're in."

This was decidedly an untimely jest and Tommy could contain himself no longer.

"Ye headless drunkard, Dan," cried he, "leave the bottle and come on! We're the last ones set now just for all this soppin' o' yours, and if ye keep on we'll be the laughin' stock o' the fleet."

"Why, Tommy," answered Dan in the soothing tone that never fails to irritate, "it's a raw day and we'll sure need it bad."

Tommy was slow to anger and gave Dan one more chance.

"Three years ye've been mate o' mine," said he soberly, "an' I'd hate to cast off now. Man, ye've been like a brother to me all that time. But I'll not put up with ye're drinkin' ways any longer. Can you mind me or will you follow your way?"

Dan knew that the time for joking was past, but the habit of banter was firmly fixed in him and besides he was a little

resentful of Tommy's allusion to his "drinkin' ways." So he answered with a shameless laugh.

"It's true you've been a brother to me, Tommy, and I love you like a brother. But man, I'm wedded to the flask here and I'll not put away a wife for any brother that lives."

"Joke away, joke away," said Tommy bitterly, "but I'm done with ye after this trip."

He took his place in the stern and Dan sat at the oars. It was a lowering sullen day, but the thoughts of the two in the dory were even blacker. They set the trawl in silence with none of the usual Gloucester cheeriness and all day they worked in silence, for in their hearts was the brooding, rankling anger that will part old friends though but a trifle is the cause.

The dull somber hue of the sky was reflected in the black swells. The wind rose and rose till it roared in their ears and piled up huge foamy waves that threatened to swamp the little dory. The biting wind whipped off the crests of the great waves with flurries of spray, and this spray froze in the boat and on their clothes as it fell. Wherever the great whitecaps broke, the ocean bared gleaming slaving fangs. The other dories were getting ready to cut and run. Dan and Tommy looked, and as they saw the "Shadow o' the Morn" slip her buoy and heel over on the starboard tack directly away from them, the fear of death came over them. They glanced at each other.

"Aye, man, cut away!" ordered Dan sharply, and took his place quickly in the waist. In a moment he was straining at the oars till his muscles cracked and he gasped at every intake of the biting wind. He pulled with all his great strength, pulled till the water foamed and swirled about the oar-blades, but his efforts only kept the boat up in the wind. And darkness came down and covered two men in a dory, running before the wind. Two men sick at heart!

All night long they sat cowering under the Arctic blasts; Dan, at the oars, kept the dory headed before the wind lest the great waves swamp her, and Tommy broke the ice from

the bottom and gunwales as fast as the spray froze. Their hands grew numb and their joints stiff with the cold, yet neither would break the dreary silence to confide his sufferings to the other. Strong men can laugh at danger and pain, can see or at least create a humorous side to their sufferings, thus rallying and helping a comrade over the roughest place, but unspeakably awful is a night spent in dumb, sullen endurance of pain.

The night waned at last and the horizontal rays of the winter sun shone on an angry, heaving sea, and on two haggard, wan-faced men in a dory. One of them, the smaller, sat or rather lay in the stern, and the other was in the waist at the oars. The smaller man was drowsy and moaned to himself continually, and one listening might have heard the word "mug-up" more than once. The larger man at length took notice of these moanings. He started to rise and step back to the stern, but though a powerful figure, tried twice to get to his feet, only to fail; when he finally succeeded he tottered weakly. He took the smaller man by the shoulders and, lifting him partly from the hard bottom with a huge effort, shook him impotently a few times. Then he gave way himself and sank down over the other. Too weak to rise, he lay there for a moment collecting his strength. Then he slowly arose.

"I don't know as any one in particular's waitin' for me ashore," said he, "but you've got wife and child, Tommy, an' you've got to make it. Aye, man, it's a heelin' beat t' harbor, but Dan Foster's goin' to bring you safe if his rantin', good-for-nothin', old body can do it."

He stooped once more over the other man, and when he went back to the oars he was coatless, stripped to his thin cardigan jacket.

Late that afternoon a Halifax steamer sighted a dory with apparently only one occupant. This solitary figure made no signals of distress, but a strange indecision and uncertainty in his course, something of feebleness in his stroke, led the sharp-eyed look-out to signal the engineer for

a stopping of his great engine. When a boat put off from the steamer and approached the strange dory, the lone oarsman kept on with his short, weak stroke, with uncanny disregard for the presence of rescuers. The seamen in the bow of the steamer's boat hailed with all the power of leathern lungs; but the weird boatman did not even look up. They drew nearer and saw that his head was drooping forward, and he was apparently rowing in his sleep. Still he did not see them. Not even when they pried his white frozen hands from the oars and lifted him into their own boat did he speak or appear conscious. And they noticed that the man was clad in a thin cardigan jacket, while a little figure lying in the stern was wrapped in two warm coats.

* * * *

When Tommy Thorn awoke he was in a cot; he stared wonderingly about him, for he did not know where he was. He looked over at the cot next his and there was Big Dan. This did not surprise him; he was used to seeing Dan when he woke. But something strange about his mate's arms arrested his attention; it was not that they were bandaged and wrapped in linen, that did not seem so strange as an indefinable something that was wrong with them. He began at the shoulder and examined them carefully down to the elbow. It was all right so far; then he shrank from looking farther, with the dread a sick man has of any excitement or puzzle. He was uneasily curious, however, and soon began his examination again. This time he started at the elbow and followed them down to the wrist with his eyes; all right as far as the wrists. He looked lower and—God! Where were Dan's hands? Then Tommy began to remember things, vague shadowy things that trooped rapidly through his memory. He remembered a figure looming huge before him, with ghastly, drawn face and half-closed eyes, moving ceaselessly backwards and forwards, with white frozen fingers hooked about oar-handles in front. He remembered an awful, griping hunger made fiercer by

thoughts of hot "mug-ups" of the past. He also remembered the figure before him rising and stumbling towards him, shaking him weakly and then falling collapsed, with crushing weight across his chest. And when that figure rose and turned to its place, he remembered feeling an extra, warm coat over him.

Just then a nurse approached Dan's bedside and poured out a spoonful of something, which he drank with huge satisfaction.

"That's the stuff that'll bring ye around!" cried he, with just a pathetic trace of the old heartiness, in his weak voice. A great wave of remorse for his past spleen came over Tommy then.

"Dan," cried he, and his voice trembled with emotion, "ye may be drunk every night of your blessed life if ye wish, but man, man, nothin' can stop ye from havin' the biggest, bravest heart that ever sailed from Gloucester!"

L. W. Perrin.

THE PROTECTING POWER.

"ELDERWOOD, twelve miles."

There was no chance at all, then, of getting home that night. I started off along one of the roads, determined to walk until some sort of shelter might offer itself. A rumble of thunder broke the stillness of the peaceful twilight. I walked on a little faster.

And then it seemed to me that I could hear some one singing. Yes,—and it was a girl's voice too,—I could hear it distinctly now, rising clear on the evening air. And what was the song?

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

I walked on, my step quickening,—I turned a bend of the road. Ah! there she was, walking slowly along, her back toward me. In her hand she held a hatful of flowers, and the fair hair floated to the breeze. At the sound of my footsteps, the song ceased abruptly. She bent her head for a moment, as if listening; then turned and half faced me; slowly I came closer, and through the gathering dusk I could see a sweet face, and dreamy, far-away eyes.

"I beg your pardon," I began, not knowing quite what to say.

"Yes, sir? What do you want?" The voice was just like the eyes, far-away and dreamy.

"Could you,—could you tell me where I could find a place for the night?" I was getting on better now. "You see, I've lost my way,—and home's a good way off."

She stood for a moment, as if thinking. Then,—"I don't know any place round these parts, sir," she answered in her low voice. "Not many houses round here."

Another silence; then,—"I'm goin' home myself," she volunteered. "If you want to come with me, why I'll see if Dad can put you up for tonight."

"Thanks very much," I answered, and we walked on together.

"Hear the thunder over there!" she exclaimed softly, waving a hand to the hills.

"Yes,—the rain will be here before long."

We walked on again. It was almost dark now. I volunteered again, "Do strangers like me come along here often?"

"No, sir, not at most times," she replied. "I knew you for a stranger the minute you started to talk." The same dreamy way of speaking. "I can tell,—they sent me away to some sort of a school once,—I've forgotten where. And the folks there talked like you. But I came home soon,—it's so lonely anywhere away from home."

She put her hand on the rail of a little bridge, and turned up slowly into a path through the woods.

"Short cut home this way," she explained.

It was so dark that I hadn't noticed any path at all.

"You must know this way well," I exclaimed, "to find it in the dark like this!"

"Yes, I do,—I've travelled it all my life. It doesn't matter to me whether it's day or night here."

I didn't catch the last words,—I was wondering why she didn't walk any faster, as it might rain any minute. All of a sudden we came upon a house,—a large, comfortable-looking sort of farmhouse. Through the thickly gathering darkness I could see an old man standing on the steps.

"That you, Molly?" he called.

"Yes, Dad."

"Who's that with you?"

"Oh Dad," she explained, "it's some one who's lost his way. He wants shelter for the night. You can fix him, can't you, Dad?"

"Fix him; I guess so," he replied. "Yes, sir, come in."

We shook hands. He was a kind, fatherly-looking man, of the well-to-do farmer class.

There came a loud rumble of thunder.

"Come in, sir, out of the rain. It's startin' already."

"Oh, Dad!" cried Molly, suddenly. "I've dropped my hat and flowers! I'll run back and get them,—I know about

where they are! No, sir,—I'll go myself,—you couldn't find them!"

"Wait, Molly!" called the old man. "Let 'em go! It's startin' to rain!"

But Molly had disappeared in the darkness.

"Now, how in goodness' name does she expect to find those flowers in the dark?" I began. "She oughtn't to have gone!"

"She oughtn't to ha' gone,—it'll be raining hard soon," soliloquized the father. "But it's all right, she'll be back right off.—Oh, about the darkness, sir, that doesn't make any difference, if she knows where she dropped them. She's blind, you know. Why! didn't you notice it?"

"Blind," I shouted. "Your daughter blind! And she wanders round by herself this way!"

"Oh, she's all right, sir. Don't you worry," came the answer. "But I wish she hadn't gone."

Just then there was a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder; and with a sudden rush down came the rain. And it fell with an onslaught. In a moment the wind arose, sending it hither and thither in tremendous gusts. I started up.

"Come on!" I shouted. "We'll have to find the girl! She'll be lost!—Never mind about the rain,—come on!"

"Wait a minute, sir," called the father. "Just a minute." His voice came quicker. "I'll get a lantern, and then I'm with you!"

And together we rushed out in the storm and rain. It seemed to be growing wilder and wilder every moment.

"It can't be going to last much longer." I thought, as we plunged on through the soaking woods. "It's only a shower. But the girl!"—

At that instant there came a blinding flash, and together with it a crash of thunder, deafening in its power.

"Somethin's been struck right 'round here," shouted the father. He turned his dripping face,—by the light of the lantern it looked deathly pale. "Come on, over this way!"

And he dashed off through the bushes, I struggling to keep pace. For some minutes we kept on. I hardly noticed that the wind was falling now and the rain ceasing almost as quickly as it had begun. Then suddenly the old man stopped. His face was paler than ever, but his jaw was set hard.

"Wait, I'll give a call! Listen for an answer!"

"Molly! Molly!"

But there was no answer. Silence everywhere, except for the rain-drops dripping from the branches above us. We pushed on, a kind of vague fear in our breasts.

"I'll call again from here." He spoke hoarsely. And he drew in a breath,—a long breath.

"Wait!" I cried. "Stop—don't you hear something? Listen!"

And faint in the night air there rose a voice,—a girl's voice,—she was singing.

"An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down—"

"Come on!" shouted the old man, his eyes on fire with eagerness. "That's her!" "That's her!" And he plunged off in the direction of the voice, through bush and brier. And guided by the song, we came nearer and nearer.

And then at last we saw her.

There in the middle of the woods lay a great oak, felled by lightning. Its whole side was bare, stripped of its bark. And there, close by it, sat Molly,—poor blind Molly!

"Daughter!" It was one yearning cry of joy from the heart.

The song ceased.

"Oh, Dad! At last! I'm so glad you're here, so glad!"

The old man took her in his arms, speechless. She broke into a flood of tears, her face hidden on his shoulder.

"I lost my way in the storm, Dad," she explained, and the dreamy voice trembled with sobs. "But wasn't it lucky,—a big tree,—fell right close to me,—and never hurt me a bit! I was a little scared,—so I sang to myself. Did you hear me?"

The old man kissed her forehead. Still he couldn't speak.
"And oh, Dad!" she exclaimed, "I never found my poor hat and flowers after all!"

J. H. Auchincloss.



THE GUN-CASTING.

In the furnace-glare the anvils rang
With an ever reëchoing rattle and clang,
Where the hot metal gleaming
With bright flashes streaming,
As on it the ceaseless hammers sang,
Made sound everlasting.
Prepared for the casting
The molten steel, like Vesuvian flood
In the dusky caldron seethed and glowed.

They swung it over the gaping mold,
Massively yawning dark and cold,
And the liquid lightning,
Their tense faces brightening,
Slid over the edge, and crackling rolled
Downward. Now the iron lips
And flaming throat of the caldron drips
A fiery slaver. All around
Sputter the sparks.—With booming sound
The metal bubbles beneath the ground.

Horace W. Stokes.

The Ten Eyck Prize Essay.

INFLUENCE OF THE EARLY WEST ON AMERICAN IDEAS.

IN a great and united nation such as ours, to determine just what any particular section has contributed towards the development of the whole country, is difficult; if the inquiry be conducted in any sectional spirit, it is useless. But the early West was no mere arbitrary geographical section. Throughout American history the West has always been a shifting frontier line. At first it was limited to the fertile valleys of the Appalachian mountains, but with succeeding years it pushed outward through the narrow defiles and, like a great skirmish line, slowly spread itself over the broad country beyond; the West has always been the land just beyond, the new land. And after the great political lessons of the last part of the eighteenth century, all sections met in this new land, there to live out more fully than before those principles which each section had been living in part.

In this sense the Westerner was a new man. He did not come from the North, nor the East, nor the South, nor from anywhere; he came from everywhere—from New England, and the Carolinas; from old England and Germany and Scotland and Sweden; from wherever there were men of bold blood who dared stake their all in a single-handed contest with nature, in order to win independence for themselves and for their ideals; from every land they came, the largest army since the migration of the nations had given birth to Europe.

Seven centuries before, during the Crusades, faith in the future life, as the only means of realizing the mission of man, had led host after host back over the ruins of the past civilization to a tomb. Now faith in this life and the possibility of the here and now led new hosts to the realization in a new land of those same ideals which the past had

nullified; led them thither not to die but to live, and to realize on a larger scale than ever before in the world's history the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Faith led these men; they were not driven. In our whole Western history there has been no single instance of penal colonization. Religious persecution, which had so largely affected our own earlier settlements, did not drive them; that was a thing of the past. Poverty did not drive them. No man who had the ambition, the self-confidence, and ability to reach and succeed in this new land, could be unwanted or unused in the great economic conflicts of the older world. The thirst for wealth and power did not drive them. Here, except for a rough plenty, there was no wealth; and as for power, there were none over whom it could be exercised. They came because they felt that here, untrammelled by past or present, they could live out their own lives according to their own ideals.

New ideals were the great gift of the past century. The large movements towards freedom begun in the Renaissance had culminated in a new conception of the individual. Throughout Europe absolute individual liberty, equality, and fraternity had been proclaimed from the housetops. But in practice these new theories had failed. The old order had seemingly stood firm against the full force of the greatest political movement in history; the very sublimity and immensity of the attempt made its failure seem all the more significant. The great ideals of the French Revolution, at least as far as concerned the Europe of the day, seemed dead.

Across the Atlantic, there had indeed been reared a government founded on these very principles of liberty and equality, and in political relations these obtained, but as yet there was no appreciation of their possible economic and social application. The northern colonies had been founded by men among the most advanced of their day, but the idea of any broad equality and fraternity was to them unknown. The family and caste system prevailed among them as strongly as in Europe. In Boston, New York, and Phila-

delphia very early in our history there was established social aristocracy. Colleges have ever been the most democratic institutions of all nations, yet even at the end of the eighteenth century, the official catalogue of Yale listed its students according to the social rank of their family. And as for fraternity—fraternity between a Puritan and a Papist, impossible! Only between the most liberal was there even toleration—fraternity never.

Equality and fraternity were even less effective in the South, where industrial and social life was built upon great land-holdings and slavery.

So a new region was sought whither these principles might be carried and planted in their purity; from every quarter a new migration poured itself into a new America. Here, these ideals, once planted, thrived, for the environment was propitious. Political liberty was already assured, and where each man's economic status depended upon himself alone, there man was free indeed. Thus was born that unique American characteristic which has become so dominant a feature of our national feeling, the imperative demand for economic as well as political freedom. All economic despotism, even the most benevolent, was abhorred. This characteristic has constantly manifested itself throughout our history; in the early opposition to the private ownership of internal improvements, through the granger movement, the anti-pooling laws, the Sherman act, and within a few years in the creation of the new department of Commerce and Labor. In this new region liberty, both political and economic, was realized to the fullest extent the world had yet known.

This economic element worked its way, in these early days, into our national idea of equality too. We had long had political equality just as we had political freedom—the new West added the economic and social equality. The West was a land in which it was impossible for the weakling to live; it was a sort of Valhalla wherein each warrior's presence was sufficient proof of his strength, his courage and

his efficiency. To the frontiersman, these were basic virtues, the *sine qua non* of a man. In such conditions and among men who had risked their lives to get away from social caste, away from the thralldom of economic machinery, there necessarily followed the widest, truest equality.

And in this new civilization, where the common defense, common improvement, and all undertakings requiring more than one pair of hands, demanded constant and hearty coöperation, it was a natural step to a broad feeling of fraternity. The germ was in the men who came, necessity brought it into life. Doubtless in all frontier life, coöperation was more or less practiced. In the colonies one Puritan was willing to protect his neighbor from the Indians or to build his home, but the same Puritan would drive Roger Williams to the Indians for safety, for shelter to Providence. But it was in this new West, where the levelling of all lines first made coöperation largely possible, where design contributed, as well as circumstance, that the idea not only of liberty and equality but also of fraternity was brought to that high development which it has since held in our truest American ideals.

The men who came West during the first part of the nineteenth century were impelled by principles too high to be built on the tottering foundation of any old-world civilization. They required a strong, new foundation. This the rugged new world offered. Here there were no narrow lines of caste or cult, not only because these men willed that there should be none, but because in a body including all castes and all cults there can be drawn no narrow lines but only those which are common and universal. And those common and universal characteristics of this new civilization, built on the ideals of perfect personal freedom, complete equality, and common coöperation, built by strong brave men who had faith in their own ability, guided by these principles, to work out their own destiny, these characteristics, and the men who so firmly stood for them, have become the bed-rock foundation upon which the new and greater America has been built. As the West grew, these principles swept on with the

ever-widening frontiers ; they permeated back into the East, and broadened and deepened those ideas of partial liberty and limited equality which had been begotten there in an earlier and narrower age. They were lived and legislated into the whole country by Clay and Jackson ; they were the issue between the North and South through the greatest civil conflict in history ; they have become the theme of our literature from Cooper to Owen Wister. Whether we see them in a Clay, a Jackson, a Lincoln or a Roosevelt, they are the same ; they extend across the land from one end to the other. Throughout the world they are known and recognized as American. These characteristics were the gift of the early West.

M. O. Johnson.



IN DROWSY AUGUST.

Mile after mile after mile stretch the wheat fields,
A rippling sea.
Shadow and cloud never breaking the sameness,
Spread endlessly.
Only monotonous blue and the golden
Of sky and grain
Stretching away in the dimness of distance,
Unbroken plain.
Day after day after day without ceasing
The listless drone ;
Murmur of grain, dull as in silence of desert,
In monotone.

Walter Richardson.

THE PEOPLE'S JESTER.

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay."—*Lowell.*

ONE of the best pictures in Charles Dana Gibson's latest book is the one named "The Funny Artist." A white-bearded old man, bent with age and sickness, dressed in much worn clothes and tattered shoes which he is half-unconsciously trying to hide under his chair, is showing a comic drawing to the art editor. Hardly does he dare hope for the acceptance of his picture, but there is a pleading for pity under the forced smile of the drawn mouth and the tired eyes. The strength to work has fled with the years. But there must be food and shelter until the struggle is over. So remembering a knack with the pencil that old age has not quite robbed the trembling hands of, and a sense of the ridiculous that the stern sordiness of his daily life cannot quite crush, he tries to make people laugh—though his heart sickens at the labor. Such is the tragedy of enforced humor to-day.

Toward the close of the last century a physician was consulted by a wild-eyed, nervous man, who feared that if his weight of overpowering melancholy was not instantly relieved, he would sink into insanity or surrender to suicide. The physician told him that what he needed was cheerful company. He had heard of the irresistible wit of the jester John Fox. "Cultivate him," he advised; "this merry man will teach you how to laugh." With a weary smile the patient answered, "I am that merry man." Such is our humorist—when his mask and motley have been laid aside.

It was ever thus. Ten centuries before printing was invented or the drama born, the professional merry-maker was at work. Soon there were jesters not only in halls and castles, in armies and monasteries, but at the courts of kings. The fools were generally intelligent and educated men, who upon either finding that neither preaching nor clerking were suited to their fun-loving tempera-

ment, or were not remunerative enough to earn them a living, gave their lives to the exploitation of their talent for acting, punning and singing. All their education had gone to naught; all their dignity of serious manhood had to be left behind them. For now they were paid to sit at the feet of kings, unmuzzle their wit and wisdom to order, and twist words and arguments so as to amuse or please their exacting masters whenever and in whatsoever ways they were commanded. It required talent, this profession. It required tact, for often it was thin ice on which they pranced. But above all, patience, self-control and a brave spirit were demanded of the court jester, beside a well-spring of wit that could flow forever.

The literature of every language is packed with pictures and studies of the professional jester. Some have not wasted much sympathy on him, but have depicted him just as he seemed to be, a droll fool, or a clever clown, or a gibbering, painted thing. But others have gone straight to his lonely heart—have studied him, pitied him, laughed with and not at him. Foremost of these was our Shakespeare.

Without doubt the greatest jester in literature, and one of the most wonderful character sketches ever drawn, is Lear's fool. In this portrayal of the tragedy of enforced humor, Shakespeare attained an intensity of pathos never before equalled. Before Lear's fool comes upon the stage we know what manner of man he is. We are told that since Cordelia's banishment "the fool hath much pined away." His whole being has been centered in a passionate love of both the king and Cordelia. He feels at once the impending tragedy that his master has brought upon himself. He cannot come to him as man to man, with earnest pleading or with frank and serious words. He must act and speak as the fool to his king. So he resolves in the manner and with the prerogatives of his profession to lash the king by bitter jests from his serious and pitiful condition. When Lear's eyes are wide-open and despairing, when his heart aches without the prick of the Fool's thrusts, and when he has been physically

and mentally wrecked by the savage cruelty of Goneril and Regan, the faithful servant knows that there can be no relief but death. He then turns his knack of wit to the diversion of his master's suffering. His bright mind flashes bravely while his heart is breaking with sorrow and sympathy, and while his own life-light is flickering fast away. Out in the terror of the storm, the wild-eyed, grief-maddened king scarcely feels its bitterness as he raves, moans, screams out his desperate, element-defying misery. Close to him ever is the delicate little fool, shivering with exposure and passionate, helpless sympathy—pale with disease and the horror of it all: yet laughing, sparkling, doing his duty as it becometh a jester to do. The terrible experience will break the slender thread of life. He feels it when in a sadly prophetic jest he says, "I'll go to bed at noon." A real hero is this man, braver than heroes in battle. What is his name—this hero? He has none. He is just Lear's Fool. Deep in his noble heart our Shakespeare loved and brooded over the people's jester.

The days of court jesters are long, long dead. But there are just as many witty fools and foolish wits still goaded to be funny by the paying world's incessant demand for entertainment. There must have been among the professional humorists of the Middle Ages two kinds of jesters—differing distinctly from each other in temperament and mentality; namely, the natural and the artificial fool. The natural fool—ever a droll and irresponsible sort of a fellow—the years have not greatly changed, nor is his life-work of a very different nature. Only the environments are new. You have paid to see him as the clown in the circus and as the buffoon before the footlights.

The artificial fool, or the wit-endowed but serious-minded man of education and refinement in professional jesting, has raised himself considerably in the social ladder, and has widened his field of endeavor. He is now broadly called a "humorist," and is a popular species of celebrity whether he appears in book form or as the life and sparkle of the stage,

the lecture platform or the dinner table. But expediency makes this humorist's own talent his dictator. He may long to say something serious and earn the people's respectful hearing of his views. Yet if his talent is for wit in any of its phases, he cannot get away from it. It holds him down with threat of failure should he desert it. It enslaves his will, checks his ambition, suppresses his real personality. So is it with all unfortunate enough to be poor in wealth and rich in wit. Necessity's stern and unsympathetic dictation is called by artists "the Curse of Comedy." Among the number of its victims are Thomas Hood and Eugene Field.

Hood was not a poetic genius. Although his lyrics were graceful and full of feeling, his genius was ever earth-bound. He was a poet of broad sympathy and humane sentiment. His heart was now aflame with sorrow for the tragedy, now radiant with happiness for the mirth, of common life. His humor was his crowning talent. But how his faculty was overworked! And how his creative genius was robbed and degraded to suit the caprice of the crowd! When he had once won notoriety as a fun-grinder for the magazines, he was doomed either to starve or grimace for the remainder of his toiling, diseased existence. Although his continuous labor for the magazines doubtless gave him keener knowledge of the wants and emotions of the masses in London's murky streets—knowledge which inspired those soul-stirring appeals for charity, "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Lay of the Laborer," and "The Song of the Shirt," yet they forced him to stand sponsor for paltry jingles which must have hurt the artistic side of him quite as much as poverty and sickness did the physical.

Eugene Field has been compared by our astute American critic E. C. Stedman to Shakespeare's Yorick. The likeness is striking. Here too was a man of "infinite jest." His heart was all sunshine, and his mind was a storehouse of native wit and merry memories. "His flashes of merriment," that "were wont to set the table in a roar," were ever keyed to the occasion, whether at an Eastern assemblage

of wealth and culture—he was the least in wealth and the first in culture—or whether he spoke to a corduroy and shirt-sleeves dinner company of Western miners, whose hearts and language he understood. Even more characteristic of Field was Yorick's "excellent fancy." His lyrics are irresistibly charming, and are generally filled with a tenderness and sincerity that is exquisite. Field, as Barrie has done in his delicious fantasy *Peter Pan*, loved to dream from the dream-children's point of view and sail away with them over the mystical seas to their lands of make-believe. And here again is the Yorick who carried the boy Hamlet on his back a thousand times, and whose lips the child had kissed, he knew not how oft.

Field was at heart an idealist. He loved the spirit of chivalry, and his ballads of ancient days and distant lands are amazing in their vivid atmosphere and imagination. Yet this poet, "born out of his due time," was seized in the "fell clutch of circumstance," and cramped into the desk-chair of a hack writer for a daily newspaper, in Chicago the most prosaic of cities—because the world could not get enough of his fun and fancy—because it was a big card to have him on the board, and because he could not afford to deny himself this means of subsistence. It has been calculated that during a year he wrote for the *Chicago Tribune* in his daily column of oddities seven million words. It is hard to conceive how the man found time to do the beautiful things he did. It is saddening to think of the many more beautiful things he might have done, if the curse of comedy had not demanded that its slave should jest when he needed his hour for dreaming.

There is a man on the staff of a weekly society journal of one of our large cities whose task it is to turn out a topical jingle for every number. One day, instead of the comic rhyme expected, the following lines appeared over his initials:

"Oh, God, that men would see a little clearer
And judge less harshly, when they cannot see.
Oh, God, that men would draw a little nearer
To each other—they'd be nearer Thee."

It was the unmistakable, the universal cry of the misunderstood.

As long as rich and poor need and pay for their entertainment, the people's jester will do his duty. The natural fool will still grimace despite his aching heart, and the artificial fool will continue to suppress his serious side and abuse his gift of wit. Let us think of them not as jesters but as men. Let us read the real faces behind the grinning masks. Let us extend to them not only the support and laughter but also the sincere sympathy of our hearts, as we begin to know the loneliness of their lives, the heaviness of their task; as we begin to feel the pity of it.

Duncan C. Phillips, Jr.

THE LITTLE STRANGE BOY.

THE little strange boy came from over the hill, out of the thick tangly woods that were cool and dewy in the fresh June morning. He was clasping a bunch of violets in each hand, and he seemed a part of the wild woods themselves with his curly red hair and scratched bare legs. His trousers were patched, and his blouse mussed and faded, yet he carried his head like a prince, and smiled with joy at everyone he passed, and everything that pleased him, even the robin chirping in the tree overhead. It was such a bright, happy smile, it seemed exactly appropriate for the beautiful June day, and made one smile back good-naturedly. His little bare feet pattered on over the immaculate flagstones, though he paused a moment to gaze into Hall's Home Bakery at the crisp doughnuts coated with powdered sugar and the round chocolate cakes; and at the magnificent show window of Kommer & Herring's One Price Department Store.

Kommer & Herring's new store was the pride of Clarrington, and Clarrington righteously deemed itself the model town of the Middle West. The editorials of the "Morning Globe" daily recounted the virtues and advantages of the ideal town, and enlarged on "its illustrious past, its envied present and its glorious future as a guiding star of moral and intellectual superiority." For what city of Clarrington's size was the proud possessor of five beautiful churches? What town had enjoyed twenty years of unopposed temperance sway? and above all what city could lay claims to such an organization as "The Women's Intellectual Assembly, a Social Institution Organized for the Further Promotion of Intellectual Welfare, and for the Discussion of All Topics of Interest to Clarrington?"

Yet the little strange boy did not even know where he was. He marched down the main street and a block down a side street, to where a crowd of boys were playing "scrub" in a

big vacant lot. Tommy Mills was in bat and just then he sent a ball that zipped past the newcomer's head, making him dodge.

"Why didn't you catch it, kid?" yelled Teddy Billion.

"A'feared I'd git hit," he laughed back.

The game then received a halt, and all crowded around to inspect the stranger. With Ted as spokesman, a fire of questions was hurled at him.

"Say, kid, have you moved here?"

"I ain't even found out what place this is yet," was the answer.

"Can you play baseball any good?"

"Nop."

"Can you swim as far as from here to that red church over there?"

"Can't swim at all yet." There was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as though he expected the joke to come soon.

"Well say! What can you do?" Ted asked further.

The boy did not hear him. He was watching a little yellow-haired girl across the street trying to untie a pony. "Let me undo him for you," he called, and ran across. She looked up at him, and he saw she had bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and that she smiled back at him, and took her hand from the hitching post. He held out the flowers to her, saying smilingly. "Do you want these violets? I got 'em by a pond out there. They're awful thick. You kin have 'em if you like."

"Oh, thanks ever so much," she said, taking them. "I just love flowers."

He had the pony untied now, and she was sitting holding the reins. "Say,"—the twinkle in his eyes was irresistible—"give me jist a tiny ride, will you?"

The little girl did not consider it in the least an unusual request, nor did she refuse, even though she did live in the big stone house on the hill, and even though her father, R. F. White, Esq., was the richest man in Clarrington. They rode back and forth through the town, and out the Cherton

road as far as the bend by Dike's Pond. She chattered on gaily about her pony, and the new Kentucky thoroughbred her father was going to buy, while he listened smiling, whistling at the dogs as they jogged past, and cracking the crooked whip when they dashed up barking.

They were soon great friends, and when noon slipped around, he gladly accepted an invitation to luncheon. "Mother isn't here," she assured him, "so we will make Hannah eat in the kitchen, and there will be just you and me by ourselves. We have griddle cakes on Saturdays too."

The little strange boy gazed in rapture at the stately stone house on the hill. A trim green lawn mottled with round beds of brilliant flowers stretched down to the street, lofty oaks cast their cool shade on comfortable red benches, and from the mouth of a weird bronze monster spurted a gentle spray.

Within the great house the guest was so enchanted by a painting of a flashing winged steed, he failed to overhear an angry little voice rising from the kitchen. "Hannah," it was emphatically declaring, "I can have any one to luncheon I like. Mother's at the sea-shore, so how could she care, and I know father doesn't mind." Hannah was evidently persuaded, for two young people were soon seated at opposite sides of a large round table.

"Now I'm the mother," the little girl laughed.

"And I'm the father," he added, his eyes sparkling merrily. "I carve the rooster."

He made an appropriate gesture with a pair of very dirty little hands. Yet she never seemed to mind his hands, or his mussed curly hair, nor even to notice when later he deftly ate his potatoes with his knife.

"When I'm really mother," she said, "I'm going to let my children have all the ponies they want, and all the griddle cakes, and let them sit up as late as they like. What are you going to do?"

"Well,"—he puckered his brow a second, "I think I'll let 'em do jes what you say. I'll do all the spankin' though."

There was a pause, and his face was almost serious for a moment. Then he added unexpectedly, "My, but I wish that was now!"

After that day the little stranger boy came many times, until Clarrington grew accustomed to seeing the childish figure tramping by, with a bunch of wild roses or tiger lilies in each hand, flowers that always managed to adorn the big house on the hill some time before the morning was over. It was inevitable that he should soon win the friendship of the boys about him, for he never expected anything but happiness and good nature and consequently found it. He was so gay and cheerful that they discovered they always had more fun when he was with them; and it rather angered them that he should so often go to the big house on the hill, or riding with a little yellow-haired girl.

Yet he was still just the little strange boy who came laughing out of the great woods and helped them to laugh too. One day Deacon Flaws noticed him performing a clog on the sidewalk, and called in an impressive tone. "Come here, my boy; I have something to ask you." Then he gazed solemnly at the little fellow a few seconds and demanded, "My little man, where do you come from, where is your home?" There was a mischievous twinkle in the bright blue eyes as he answered gaily, "Out that way," sweeping his arm in a semicircle toward the west. Then he skipped off, calling "so long" over his shoulder, while the deacon stared after him half angrily, half laughing.

His words, when analyzed, never appeared distinctly clever, and often even impertinent, yet he had a fascinating way of saying them that made one laugh in spite of himself.

The bright summer days had flown by, and the little strange boy marched past swaying long stalks of golden-rod now. Mrs. R. F. White had returned, and Clarrington's social activities had commenced with the grand opening meeting of the Women's Intellectual Assembly. Professor Tabb had consented to come all the way from Chicago to address the meeting. The professor was indeed a celebrated man.

He was the author of a book and two magazine articles, and moreover was a renowned speaker. He had selected for his subject as especially adapted to his audience, "The Moral and Intellectual Advantages of Refinement." Forty-five tedious minutes had been devoted to expounding the benefits to be derived, and no conceivable branch of human welfare had not been embraced. Then, in concluding, he mentioned Clarrington itself as a proof of his statements. He showed how it, in having adhered to the principles he was divulging, was enjoying universal reputation for its prosperity and happiness. Amid deafening applause, he bowed and retired.

It was now the custom to discuss common events. In consideration of the fact that she had been appointed to read a paper at the next meeting, Miss Flaws, the deacon's sister, felt herself entitled to speak first. "Ladies," she began in a distinct voice, "I am sure we all believe what Professor Tabb has said about refinement. Nevertheless I regret to say that it has been neglected of late. There is an extraneous element in our little community, a strange boy coming from no one knows where. Even his parents are unknown and his actions and language are extremely inelegant. Mrs. White," she cast a deprecatory glance in her direction, "perhaps you are not acquainted with the fact that your daughter has been seen often with this stranger at your home and driving in the streets."

The woman addressed rose in a stately manner. She was beautiful, but with a face as cold and expressionless as marble. "I have been informed of this fact," she said, "but it shall not occur again. I have strictly forbidden Bessie to speak to him or to ride alone hereafter, and would advise you all to follow my example."

A din of voices succeeded her words. Shrill exclamations such as "My Will led astray," and "that is why Tommy was saying *ain't*" rose above the clamor, and none could grab their cloaks quickly enough to hasten home.

The next day was cold and dreary, and the little strange boy found his friends building a shack in Ted Billon's back

yard. He stole behind Ted, and slapping him on the back, shouted, "Good mornin'." Ted proceeded vigorously to nail down a board at a very crooked angle. "Say," laughed the newcomer. "ain't Ted stuck up with his new house!" Then as they all silently turned their backs to him, he sat down on the ground, his eyes sparkling as he waited for the joke. He let little rivers of sand slip through his fingers, peeking up occasionally with a queer, expectant smile.

Finally Ted said, "None of us are allowed to play with you any more."

"Ain't that funny," chuckled the little strange boy; "I ain't allowed to play with you neither."

"There's no joke about it," Ted continued. "None of us can play with you any more, 'cause you're not a gentleman. Bessie can't even speak to you any more."

Something in Ted's tone told him that it was no joke. The flowers fell from his hand, and he gazed vacantly ahead. Then he slowly turned and trudged up the road to where no one could see him, and lay down in the long grass with his arm across his face.

The boys nailed viciously without uttering a word. They felt a disagreeable sensation of meanness and disgust with themselves, which had not disappeared when an hour had dragged by. Suddenly they heard a clatter of hoofs and shouting down the road towards town. They were just in time to see a man leap from a phaeton as it tore along. People were scurrying out of the path of the runaway, and rushing through the dust in its wake. No one dared to stop it. The boys ran down to the fence and screamed wildly as the horse shot past. A little yellow-haired girl was crouching in the seat, pale as death.

Suddenly a little figure sprang out of the thick grass, a shabby, red-headed boy. Right in the path of the approaching runaway he stood, his head erect like a soldier, waving his arms frantically. He never stirred from his post, though the horse tore on towards him, showering stones and dust behind.

It was almost upon him when it suddenly reared, nearly upsetting the phaeton. Like lightning two little hands were grasping the bridle with a grip of iron, and two little heels were kicking like mad into the sand, as the horse plunged on. The weight of the boy dragging on his head swerved the beast gradually to the side of the road, where he soon slowed up in the marshy sod, and stopped exhausted.

The little strange boy sat down panting. People came running up now, and stood gazing at him, open-mouthed. Yet he did not notice them. He had risen and was standing beside the pale girl, murmuring broken words. "I heard it all, Bessie. I ain't no gen'lemen, an'—an' you won't forget me, Bessie. Some day I'll come agin rich like your father an'—an'—a gen'leman."

The little yellow-haired girl, sobbing, tried to hold him, but he was gone down the street, proud and independent as the day he had come. On out into the thick woods he went, where the wind was howling through the great oaks, shaking dried leaves fluttering about him, and where it was always twilight.

Samuel G. Ordway.

NOTABILIA.

It is time for it—the spirit of boyishness. Formality and dignity are appropriate occasionally, but now the spirit of boyishness becomes us as the light green leaves become the trees,—that spirit which older men regret most deeply to have lost, and which we, while we may, should thus cherish the more. And what is this spirit of boyishness? It is merely the spontaneity of action, that manifests character—and character's third personality. At all times such a disclosure is desirable.—But to avoid any moralizing, there are advantages that inadvertently and necessarily arise from this spirit of boyishness. Foremost of all stands Unity. The spirit of boyishness is a unifying element superlatively subtle and supremely effective. The understanding resulting from a meeting where all are on common grounds, are one in light-heartedness, must be mutual. In fact this is the ideal camaraderie, born of informalities and unselfishness.

There is among us one great monument to the spirit of boyishness—the Fence. On May evenings this should be the common ground, where men touched more or less by the sentiment, stirred from them by the moonlight on the campus, by the sound of music, should understand themselves, and reach the mutual affection that cement the class into one. These Fence meetings are not to be neglected. They should be fostered by everyone. Last year the Orchestra and the Band gave selections, led the singing. May this happen again, and may organizations, whether Musical Clubs or the Classes as such, see to it that this cannot fail. Let us sound the key-note of the Spring Term with the spirit of boyishness, for it is a true friend to us all.

As the warm sun drives before it the lurking chills of winter, as optimism supplants the cynic's reverie on the damnation of the New Haven climate, there are those who, with plenty of time at their disposal, do not incline towards

playing ball, nor towards running around the cemetery, nor towards any of the numberless diversions that appeal to others. Perhaps they have had enough of these diversions, perhaps they have never begun them. At any rate, the continued inertia brings on sluggishness and this in turn an unhealthy discontent. A good loaf is healthy. But a loaf while college exercises still require attention is not a good loaf. They who thus, dilettante fashion, walk the campus, must be unconscious of the shadows through which they pass. And among these shadows is the shadow of what was once the most beautiful building of the campus. Its former glory is gone—but let the Passer rid himself of such philosophy and push on through the doorway into the cool beyond. There let him rummage; let him delve deep. Let him do this once; let him repeat it again, and again. He will forget his apathy and these bright days will be some of the brightest in his college course!

The hand of Calamity has shown itself in most fearful form on our Western shores. We join with the Nation in offering our most heartfelt sympathy.

W.

PORTFOLIO.

—A small, scantily-clad boy lay at full length on the roof of a jolting freight-car. The cold rain lent a queer ghastly effect to the vari-colored lamps of the freight-
"GETTIN' EVEN." yard, and made the boy shiver.

Suddenly, directly in front of the boy, a man's head appeared over the end of the car. The new-comer stifled an oath. Then he climbed stealthily up and sat down.

"Got any dough?"

The boy nodded.

"Hand it over."

The other searched through all his pockets, and finally produced a few small coins. He shivered more than ever now, and handed the money to the tramp without a word.

"Well, say somethin', can't you? Ain't you goin' to thank me for carryin' this for you? Where are you goin'?"

"Rochester," came the feeble answer.

"So'm I. First time I ever seen these parts, so you can show me the ropes—Can't you?"

"Yes, sir." The boy was almost crying for fear of the man, and for grief over the loss of his money. But he lay still and stared at the man. In his boyish mind he imagined that he had this villain tied down somewhere, and was stepping on him; and beating him into insensibility. The thought gave him great satisfaction. How he hated this brute who had robbed him! What a pleasure it would be to "get even!"

The man scrambled carefully to his feet. "What're those lights ahead?" he asked.

The train was well out in the country now, and the mist had cleared. Far ahead the boy discerned a colored light on each side of the track. He started. It was the long, low-roofed tunnel! If only the man stood up a few minutes longer! The boy chuckled.

"Say, you," the tramp thundered. "What're those lights?"

"Freight-yards of Rochester, I s'pose."

Then the boy shivered, frightened. Suppose the train slowed up, or suppose the tramp sat down before they reached the

tunnel! Then the man would know that he intended to see him killed. He buried his head in his arms, trembling.

It seemed as if whole weary years had passed before the crash. But finally it came—a dull bump and a groan . . . The boy looked up. He was alone, so he laughed aloud. Then he curled up contentedly, and went to sleep.

S. N. Holliday.

—Romance and chivalry are today generally conceded to exist chiefly in books. A poetic or adventurous spirit who seeks

The Field of the Cloth of Gold and a granary
GÖTTINGEN. of fair tales of knighthood and castles and
troubadours may gain an evasively spiritual
sort of delight from the musty odors of book-shelves and the
dust-dimmed alcoves of the library. But there is many a remote
spot in old lands so far from the hurry and din of our modern
world that the wanderer, seeking the treasures of association,
refreshed by primitive manners, and charmed with quaint cus-
toms descended from chivalrous mediæval days, may well fear a
lotus-eater's fate in the lazy, dreamy life of a half forgotten,
old-world city.

Such a long sought garden spot was Göttingen, my resting place of many summers ago. How your clusters of red-tiled roofs, huddling under gray towers and old fantastical spires, gleamed along the broad, deep-golden plains over the fields of billowy rye. And what a seductively quaint abiding place was that peak-roof, black and white checkered "Gasthaus" in which I passed a night of torture, attacked by unseen bedfellows, buried under a mountainous feather comforter, overwhelmed by odors of ancient courtyards and troubled in a fitful sleep of visions of Tilly's plundering vagabonds. Not until my portly host had brought coffee, "Butterbrot," and the "Rechnung,"—"für Zimmer und Frühstück, ein Mark fünfzig," did I fully nerve myself to make a sally.

First I climbed the old city's grass-covered wall, along whose top runs a shady promenade under great chestnuts and linden trees, where not a drop of all the blood of Tilly's freebooters and the good Protestant Swedes and the hated Frenchmen—who at divers times for divers reasons swarmed over that wall—is left to mark their labor. But the sunshine and the shade

of aged castellans is charming. Here and there is a sheltered bench from which one looks over the red roofs of the city or down into a narrow street with peaked-roof houses whose moss-grown tiles totter in a ripe old age, above white walls and black beams that make good enough curious angles to hold Euclid spellbound.

A little further, at a break in the wall, I gazed with fitting admiration at Bismarck's lodging place, reflected by the tiny river Leine, into whose muddy waters that statesman had leaped—from that very window under the peak of the gable roof—and (happily for Germany) escaped the pursuing creditors of his frivolous student days. Over in the distance stand the gray university buildings cold in their pride of intellect, contemptuously staring at the exuberant colors of roofs and streets and flower-grown wall. On these dark halls the genial Heine had so gladly turned his back as he strode along with his face toward the Harz Mountains.

The renowned Rathhaus and still more famed Rathskeller below, the Stadtpark where families drink brown "Göttingen-brau" of summer evenings, and the student prison, the frequent abode of Heine and Bismarck, all these seemed worth many a league of dusty plain, on that bright morning. When the light of sunset caressingly touched the time-stained tower and spires, and even the gray university buildings seemed to relax their cold intellectual stare, I entered an inviting bower of trees from which came the sound of voices and music. Here sat officers in blue and gold and crimson at long, raised tables above the plebeian herd. At little tables the bright-capped students were emptying great steins. I paused to admire the blue and emerald and scarlet caps perched above their scarred foreheads, when I was suddenly surrounded by a group of fellow-countrymen, who steered me to a stein-littered table and welcomed me with open arms.

Thus I laid aside my knapsack and joined these pleasure-seeking lotus-eaters. On the day that followed I was ushered into a mysterious low building far out in the rye fields, where I was well-nigh stifled by the mingling fumes of beer, tobacco and iodoform. There I received a blurred impression as of a small slaughter house where heavily bandaged men, wearing iron goggles, belabored each other about the head, with steel

blades, until they became indistinguishable for gore—when “Herr Doctor” would interpose. This seemed entertaining, and I made frequent trips across the rye fields. I learned to drink my “Berliner Weiss” with the polite Saxonians, while observing the masterstrokes of their champion.

And oh, those rambles through Heine’s happy hunting grounds, the castle-hunted Harz! And those long summer afternoons at “Marien Spring!” Here the blackened moss-covered ruins of the Hardenberg looked sadly down on the pink-cheeked “Dienst Mädchen” and care-free students, who meet and join hands in the whirling dance where the mellow sunlight checkers the forest floor. We can imagine it Bacchanalian revelry, or if you wish we can join the dance, for an old custom with charming simplicity decrees that here men and maidens may meet and dance, and part again, asking neither name nor fame,—only the pleasure of the moment.

I cannot pause to describe the hilarious student “Kneipers,” the mock duels in armor, the real duels with sabres, or the celebration of the “Schützenfest.” These are pleasures for the initiated. But when I had tramped across the golden plain for the last time, with my face toward the Rhine, I turned for a parting look at the old red-roofed city. I looked long and carefully.

Sydney D. Frissell.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Dramatic Association

On April 3d and 4th, produced Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Part I, most successfully, at the Hyperion Theatre.

The Ten Eyck Prize

On April 5th, was awarded Marshall O. Johnson of Chicago, Ill., for his speech on "The Influence of the West on American Ideals." The other speakers were: Rolland Mooney Edmonds, on "The Knight Errant," Edward Henry Hart on "The Modern Factory," Albert Billings Ruddock, on "The Commerce of China," Henry Stowe Lovejoy, on "Peter the Great."

The Junior Fraternities

On April 5th, announced the following elections from the class of 1907:

Alpha Delta Phi—Ernest Milford Bristol of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Leland Church Covey of Minneapolis, Minn.; Gaylord Thomas of Chicago, Ill.; Mortimer Hall Hartwell of Albany, N. Y.

Psi Upsilon—Ralph Dennis Cutler of Hartford, Conn.; Arthur Robbins Griswold of Hartford, Conn.; Norman Parsons Clement of Buffalo, N. Y.; Francis Edgerton Manierre of Chicago, Ill.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—William Carmichael Blyth of Evans-ton, Wyo.; Richard Hassard Boswell of Brooklyn, N. Y.; George Goble Quirk of Oswego, N. Y.; and Hubert Fletcher Thomas of Denver, Colo.

Zeta Psi—Clarence Hopkins King of St. Louis, Mo.; Richard Richmond Townsend of Pittsburg, Penn.; Lewis Edmond Sisson of New York City, and Bowdoin Updike McClintock of Pittsburg, Penn.

On April 11, they announced the following elections from the class of 1908:

Alpha Delta Phi—James Corbett Barry of Rochester, N. Y.; Richard Lord Jones Conner of Rye, N. Y.; Louis Lee Hemingway of New Haven, Conn.; Charles Fisher Luther of Milton, Mass.; Samuel Gilman Ordway of St. Paul, Minn.; John

Thomas Pigott, Jr., of Helena, Mont; Thomas Anthony Thacher of Baltimore, Md.; Henry Walter Webb of New York City.

Psi Upsilon—Hamilton Mabie Brush of Greenwich, Conn.; William Strong Cushing of Simsbury, Conn.; Eugene Delano, Jr., of New York City; Harvey Graham of New York City; Jule Murat Hannaford, Jr., of St. Paul, Minn.; Vincent Eugene Healy of Chicago, Ill.; Gilbert Nairn of Hartford, Conn.; Leonard Sullivan of New York City.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Malcolm Graham Douglas of Chestnut Hill, Penn.; Robert Bacon English of Hartford, Conn.; Thomas Hooker of Hartford, Conn.; Charles Elliott Ide of Syracuse, N. Y.; Irving J. MacDuffie, Jr., of Le Mars, Iowa; Roger Sherman of Salt Lake City, Utah; Vernon Victor Tilson of Grapevine, N. C.; Lewis Hill Weed of Cleveland, O.

Zeta Psi—Caleb Smith Bragg of Cincinnati, O.; Baird Broomhall of Troy, O.; Harmar Denny Denny, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Penn.; Conway Wing Dickson of Burwick, Penn.; Charles Bigelow Drake of St. Paul, Minn.; Charles Henry McGraw of Augusta, Me.; Frank Gilbert Marsh of Winsted, Conn.; Gomer Henry Reese of Paris, Texas.

Beta Theta Pi Elections

The Academic Society of Beta Theta Pi announced the following elections: Oswald Prentiss Backus of Rome, N. Y.; Chapin Howard of Grafton, Vt.; Robert Saxe Kinsey of Cincinnati, O.; Paul Goodwin Robison of Curwensville, Penn.; Schuyler Humphrey Rust of New Brunswick, N. J.; John Harold Ryan of Toledo, O.; Joel Andrew Sperry, 2d, of New Haven, Conn.; Rollin Thomas White of Brattleboro, Vt.

The Swimming Team

On May 1st, elected its officers as follows: F. S. Naething, 1907 S., Captain; A. H. Vincent, 1907, President and Manager; G. Wilshire, 1907, Vice President; A. C. Sherman, 1907 S., Secretary.

The German Club

On May 20th, gave its first series of one-act plays in Harmonie Hall.

Phi Beta Kappa

On May 20th, held its annual election of officers as follows: President, Liguori Alphonsus Doherty of Murray, Idaho; Vice President, William Welch Collin, Jr., of Pittsburg, Penn.; Secretary, William Ernest Collins of Livingston, N. J.; Treasurer, Rolland Mooney Edmonds of Springfield, O.; Executive Committee, William Elsworth Clow of Chicago, Ill.; Philip Lyndon Dodge of Morristown, N. J., and Edward Henry Hart of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Keeper of the Archives, Richard Lennox Brown of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The College Crew

On May 5th, was defeated by Annapolis on the Severn River.

The McLaughlin Memorial Prizes

On May 5th, were awarded to the following Freshmen: 1st, Karl Eugene Murchey; 2d, Arthur McCartney Shepard.

The Winston Trowbridge Townsend Prizes

On May 5th, were awarded to the following Freshmen: Robert Moses, Stephen Willis Ryder, Harold Cary Reynolds.

Baseball Scores

April	4—Yale	4, Tufts 0.
	5—Yale	0, Amherst 1.
	7—Yale	3, N. Y. Nationals 10
	12—Yale	1, Georgetown 2.
	13—Yale	11, Virginia 10.
	14—Yale	2, Virginia 3.
	16—Yale	28, Richmond 2.
	17—Yale	8, Georgetown 5.
	18—Yale	2, Fordham 3.
	21—Yale	4, University of Pennsylvania 5.
	25—Yale	11, Fordham 5.
	26—Yale	17, Manhattan 0.
	28—Yale	15, Columbia 5.
May	2—Yale	5, West Point 2.
	4—Yale	4, Exeter 3.
	5—Yale	3, Andover 4.

In Memoriam

Edward Knapp Wallace, 1909

BOOK NOTICES.

N. B.—Through some mistake the review of "The True Andrew Jackson" as an introduction to which our comment on the coming vogue of biography was intended, was omitted in the April number. Hence the confusion and meagreness of the book notices of the last issue.

The True Andrew Jackson. By Cyrus T. Brady. J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is an interesting and animated biography of one of America's greatest, yet least known heroes. The vitality which his style lacks, Mr. Brady seems, in a very surprising way, to have infused into the work as a whole. His picture of the hero of New Orleans is very vivid, very real. When we lay down the book we can but feel with increased conviction that among America's four or five great presidents must be placed the "saddler, school teacher, senator, merchant, soldier, President,"—Andrew Jackson.

The Count at Harvard. By Rupert S. Holland. L. C. Page & Co.

Here is a group of lively pictures of Harvard life interspersed with dashes of really delightful humor and bits of character-sketching of college types. "The Count's Athletics" chapter and the one entitled "According to Hoyle" are perhaps the best. For solution of the knotty problem of what Harvard really thinks of "an Eli," the chapter, "A Visitor from New Haven" is proposed as something extremely diverting. The Count himself is a typical Harvard man,—typically an individualist, on the whole a very attractive type. Its freshness and humorous caricatures combine to make the book decidedly entertaining reading.

The Basses. By Wm. C. Herris and Tarleton Bean. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is half a nature-book; half an appreciation of the art of Izaak Walton. Now there are sober, practical receipts for bass-catching, now little glints of nature study. But however we may catalogue it, there is much that is delightful, much that is instructive in browsing through its wide margined pages. Some of the photogravures and color-plates

almost have a whiff of the forest and stream about them. These two veteran anglers have left little to be said on "The Basses."

The City, and other poems. By Arthur Upson. The Macmillan Co.

Our lady-cousin, Cambridge, seems to have a revival of its erstwhile literary greatness. Santayana, philosopher and brilliant sonneteer; Richard Burton, whose new poem-drama is attracting great attention; and now Arthur Upson, are among its poets.

Mr. Upson first became known through his little volume "Westwind Songs," which had an enthusiastic introduction by Carmen Sylvia (Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania). This present volume opens with a poem-drama, "The City," which is of lyric power, and, thanks to its character-drawing, has that quality which is usually lacking in poem-dramas, namely interest. Following it are his "Octaves in an Oxford Garden," and several sonnets.

A number of lines are quotable; as

"The Sympathy of Trees, that friend unseen,
Soother of moods, on whom all hearts do lean
Sooner or later, and their cares confess."

or

"He is no lover of the sea who loses
Sound of her voices, inland wandering."

The volume is worthy the study of anyone who really wishes to know what our contemporaries are doing, as anyone who has read of Upson in Rittenhouse's standard, "Younger American Poets," must have learned.

Rahab, A Drama in three Acts. By Richard Burton. Henry Holt & Co.

With the vogue of Sudermann, the day of biblical play-settings has returned. Nor is this surprising. Biblical literature is a veritable mine of soul-tragedy and soul development. The careers of a Moses, a Joseph, a Nicodemus are heavy with dramatic possibilities. Surely no one has ever turned the last page of the "Johannes" without the query, "why has no one thought of it before?" While working on somewhat different

lines, we can but feel that Mr. Burton is a disciple of Sudermann. The play is written in blank verse, and though it lacks much of the fiery vigor of expression that we find in the "Johannes," it is in general characterized by a chaste incisiveness of phrasing and contains one or two passages of real lyric merit. The attitude of Rahab's family to her is an interesting psychological study. Mr. Burton has attempted to solve the difficulty by emphasizing the powerful magnetism of Rahab's personality. Under its spell an adoring younger sister and even a censorious mother forget the reproach of the life of "Rahab of Jericho" and take shelter in her house. Moral standards have been so entirely revolutionized since the days of Jericho that it is difficult to say whether this is an evasion or an actual meeting of the difficulty.

We wish also to acknowledge the receipt of the following books, some of which will be reviewed in a subsequent issue:

McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Four Million.

In our Town.

Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Alton of Somasco.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Elocution, Its first Principles.

Saints in Society.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Memories of A Great School Master.

Between Two Masters.

American Book Company.

Lysias.

Composition-Rhetoric.

Manual of American Literature.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

In the days of Scott.

R. M. E.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The make-up was over. Scattered about the office in various states of exhaustion and undress were the board. The Saint—bless him! I've come to reverence him,—had fled to talk with the Bachelor, when he heard the frequent profanity of the make-up contest. Red was growling, "Well, we'll have to let that go, but I'll be hanged if I like that Sophomore's shoes."

"I tell you he's all right," insisted Rollo, gently. "I like his cigarettes, and his stuff isn't half bad."


Handsome Dan broke in, kicking up his mighty limbs gracefully. Quotha, "Do you know; the Yale public is the least read in existence."

The Saint returned, shooing out the Owl, which had butted in, and suggested mildly, "Why can't you get them to make out some lists of books; that they may find out just how little most of them have read. Now take yourselves; let me ask you some questions, as a suggestion of a shorter literary catechism which you ought to make out for yourselves and your friends."

"How much do you know of the English novel? Have you ever read more than one book by Hardy, or Meredith, or James, or Howells, or Austen, or Brontë? How much of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Rossetti, Swinburne, Clough, have you read voluntarily? Did you ever shove your Golden Treasury into your pocket, and go down to Lighthouse Point, where you can spout it in peace? I don't believe I ever appreciated Shelley, till I heard a Keith Rickman sonorously quoting "The Cloud," before a fireplace, at three o'clock in the morning; one of those times when our silence had a Wagnerian thunder of unspoken thoughts."

"How much do you know by actual reading of those mighty forces in literature which are accompanying the recent movements in economic thought, and the building up of that new religion, whose trinity is cosmic emotion, beauty-worship, and public service? Have you read anything of Ibsen's save "Ghosts"; anything of the Russian quaternity, Tolstoi, Pushkin, Tourgenieff, Gogol; what of the French Masters, Flaubert, Zola, and the rest? Do you read your Huneker regularly? That New York magician will help you to realize how very little you know of literature, art, music. He certainly does make me humbly flagellate myself."

"You are thoroughly up on the Hippodrome; know in what Fay Templeton is frisking; but what do you know of Duse and Tree? Now honestly, my children, don't you know more of the masterpieces of George Ade than of Pinero, Jones, Shaw, D'Annunzio, Sudermann? There is a hundred of other names which I might give to prick your consciences—for example, Yeats, George Moore, Nietzsche, Haeckel, Huxley, Vaughan Moody, Marx, Gorky, Blake, Pater. But make out your own list, and be thankful that this is such a divine, much-lettered world."



From the couch where the Spaniel was sleeping came the drowsy sound of the Lucretius which he was quoting in his dreams. And outside, amid the weary rain-wind which tramps the world, the Yellow Dog was howling dismally. The Wolf-hound protested, "Hang reading. The 'Saturday Evening Post' is enough culture," and we set out for home.

H. S. L.

We quote the following:

VANITY.

The virgin martyr Catherine
Was winsome, young, and fair;
She would have made a charming wife—
Why should she throw away the life
She might have saved with one small sin,
Which penance would repair?

Sir Galahad was pure and true,
He turned away his head
From pretty faces sweet with smiles;
He feared them for their carnal wiles.
What good does living single do
Now the poor devil's dead?

C. T. Ryder, in the Harvard Monthly.

Purcell Mfg. Co.

PERFECTION OF THE CATERER'S ART IN
WEDDINGS, AFTERNOON TEAS AND OTHER
HOME FUNCTIONS

DAINTY SERVICE AND EFFECTS

DELICIOUS ENGLISH WEDDING CAKE
ESTIMATES SUBMITTED

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THE
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No. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1907.

HOWARD F. BISHOP.

ROLLAND M. EDMONDS.

RICHARD E. DANIELSON.

HARRY S. LEWIS.

WALTER B. WOLF.

BUSINESS MANAGER,

- - LAMSON JENNINGS.

UNKNOWN UNDERGRADUATES.

THIS is a constructive essay. The subject of standard of estimation of men might be handled from the destructive side, showing how easily those bubbles, over-estimated men, could be pricked. But let us consider it from the other side, the lack of appreciation received by many, perhaps most men, in college. As a convenient means of considering them, take various honors by which admiration is shown; the Senior class vote, the fence orations, the elections to fraternities and to the officerships of all kinds of organizations, various positions, athletic, literary and the like. Only a part of these can be covered here.

Who is the man most to be admired? Sometimes the man who is so considered officially by his class; more often, I think, a man who is little known. The very fact that he has had to struggle may have kept him unknown, though it is this very struggle which makes him admirable. There is a man born and reared on the most wretched kind of a New England "abandoned farm," who came to Yale with boorish

habits, lack of appreciation of finer things, no quick perception of better ways in the new environment. He has won no honors, no prizes, no position, no popularity. But he has kept at it where most men would have ceased efforts; earning his way entirely, slowly but very certainly learning the better things of the worlds of men and of books. His heredity has been against him: he has had no friends with him. But he has struggled, struggled alone, and he has won every battle with every odd against him. Is that not more to be admired than a facile success with everything allied on one's side?

Who is the man who has done most for Yale? Is Yale any the better, or stronger, or purer; has it any more power to make men of "sweetness and light" because we have or have not lost any or all of the athletic events ever held? If you say "yes," try to give any logical reasons for your opinions. Nor is this to disparage the great value of sports, which are useful, and useful exactly in proportion as the participants are boys. But which did the more for Athens; the athlete who won the greatest number of points at Olympus for her, or Aeschylus? Which has made America better, Duffy or Mark Hopkins? I am confident that in each class there is some seemingly insignificant man, who, by the practice of high ideals, spreading far beyond the reach of his name, has had no small share in our transformation from a narrow, rural school to a great, wise University. My standard of judgment is not original. It is that of Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face." Read it and see how it bears on the question of "Who has done most for Yale."

The handsomest man in the class may not be appreciated because he has not learned the fine art of display. The best dressed man may have to wear a suit for three years, yet know how to wear it, and show a delicate taste in the choice of ties.

How do you judge who is "most likely to succeed"? By ability which may have been developed too soon, lasting only till his thirtieth year, perhaps; or by his careful foundation

for large work in the more important tasks beyond? If you decide only according to what *you* have seen of his work, or even by what he actually has done in all, your judgment is likely to be superficial. There are men who have yet to find themselves. I know of one, in another college, who was considered an awkward stick, who spent his days in the fields. Now he has a fair chance to become one of the greatest of zoologists. What did Oxford think of Percy Shelley, with his physical experiments and rampancy? He had not been fledged. Wordsworth had not found himself in Cambridge, and was little esteemed. Yet did they not succeed? Had their classes voted as we do, would either of these poets have been considered as the most likely to succeed? The meaning of "success" should be carefully considered; yet, even taking it as signifying financial accomplishments, these same principles of hasty *versus* solid foundations apply.

The best all 'round athlete may be mowing lawns on Whitney Avenue, Saturday afternoons, or he may care nothing for sport. What does the word "athlete" mean, anyway? A recent magazine had a tale of a man from this world who went to Utopia, and lost a race, though he came in first, because their standard of judgment was based on the form of running, and maintenance of power unimpaired. How do you know that the man mowing lawns might not turn out like that man in your prep. school who looked so hopelessly awkward when he first stumbled over a hurdle? The divine coxswain may be tutoring; the much-to-be-desired fencer heeling the *News*, with no time for anything else.

You may deem the courtesy of the pleasantest man in the class a tribute to the fact that you are well known and he one of the herd. The most really religious, finely inspired man may be, instead of some class deacon, a chap who has never entered Dwight Hall, who is perhaps what you call an "atheist." I am quite certain that there are men in every class who would "make the Lit." easily, if they cared to do so. The man you think a "grind", a word which is an "idol of the market-place", may be slow instead of too little fond of men, methodical instead of a mark-seeker.

The heretic is more likely to be unknown to you personally, than by fame. You may call him a "cheese with a grouch" and dislike him because he does not think and act as the "typical Yale man", which, more or less unconsciously, you have been trying to become. Remember that he may have too big and too important a personality to permit it to be crushed in the mould you worship. Incidentally, the heretics of each age, the men with outlandish ideas and customs, have often become the heroes of the next. The worshipped "Yale man" of today would have been decried in Yale, as a "dandy", not long ago.

Beside the men who are unknown but important there is the commonalty, whom you regard as mere entities, whose very names you do not know, or will forget before your triennial. Remember that they are men; and familiarity with any man, be he only the man who sits next to you in class, or, out of college, merely the waiter, will show that spark which makes him wonderful. This has been one great theme in realism.

Why are these men unknown? Partly because you do not look for them, to your own disadvantage; and partly because they are kept down by lack of money, or racial influences, or interest in some line which is not popular, or from lack of early development, or because they have not seen what there is to be done and that they can do it. It is the way of life, of course, but let us try to be in a better way, if we shall be found worthy.

Harry S. Lewis.

THE COWARD.

EDITH LAMBERT sat staring quietly at the flickering candle on her tea table and mechanically turning over in her hands the still unopened letter which bore the stamp of the United Mails Service Company. The clerk, who had brought it, was stammering a few halting words of condolence, but she did not seem to hear him. She stared steadily at the candle flame, watching, with numb brain, the changing shape of the tongue of fire which swayed so slowly in the still air of the room. At length she nervously ripped open the letter and read it through, slowly and with difficulty, for her brain was still dull and inactive from the shock. It was merely a formal statement of the facts which the clerk had already told her. The "Eltruria" had been driven ashore off the coast of Labrador in the fog and had ripped a great hole in her side on an uncharted rock, sinking in a quarter of an hour. Nothing more than the bare skeleton of the case. She folded the letter without speaking and laid it on the table beside her. Then she heard the clerk's voice, seemingly from a great distance, saying: "If you would come to the office you could, perhaps, learn something later." With an effort she rose, steadying herself on the arm of her chair. "I will ring for my carriage," she said; "wait here till I get my wraps." Then she slowly crossed the room and left the clerk staring in his turn at the candle flame.

During the drive to the Company's office Edith lay back in the carriage with closed eyes, vainly striving to bring her mind to think clearly. It all seemed vague and dream-like, quite impersonal. Her husband,—no he could not be lost. And besides there was, as yet, no list of the lost, merely the statement of the accident as reported by the occupants of the only lifeboat that had been reported. No, no, he must be safe. The noise and roar of the crowded streets beat in upon her and quite overwhelmed her few scattered thoughts. She opened her eyes and glanced out the window. Long

rivers of wet asphalt flanked by the blazing masses of shop lights gleamed before her. The carriage stopped suddenly before the main down-town office of the United Mails Service Company and it was not until the clerk beside her spoke that she realized that the motion had ceased.

Inside the brightly lighted office she was met by some minor official, to whom she gave her name and was then shown to an inner room. A little bald-headed man with a sad, kindly face and a pitifully assumed smile rose from behind a great desk and hurried forward. "No, he had heard nothing more definite than the news which she already knew. But if she wished to wait, would she not take this chair? Or would Madame prefer to return home and have him let her know over the telephone as soon as any news should come?" Edith sank into a chair and waited; anything, even waiting in this dreary place, would be better than sitting alone in her own home. The first shock had now passed and her brain was once again clear and capable of thinking consecutively. But there was so little to work from, no one seemed to know anything about the conditions. And then her husband was, she had often noticed it, apt to lose his head in moments of danger. She remembered with a shudder that she had often thought of him as having something of the physical coward in his make-up. Morally he was brave enough, yes, even noticeably so, but several petty events recurred to her in which he had not played the part of a brave man. And then there had been the time of the fire, when he quite forgot himself and left her to get out as best she could. But perhaps it was only the result of his environment and his love of luxury; life was so artificial—she was startled to find how far her thoughts had wandered from their starting point.

From time to time the little kindly-faced man at the great desk telephoned to the various branch offices to learn how their efforts to get into communication with the Labrador shore were progressing. The silence in the intervals was oppressive, broken only by the ticking of the ormolu clock over the fire-

place at the end of the room and the low sounds of whispering. Edith's mind seemed bent on recurring to the thought of her husband's weakness, call it fastidiousness or cowardice as you will. Death at sea seemed so out of place in his case. She could not bear to think of it for him with his almost morbid fear of pain and death. And then for the first time came the dread lest he had in this case played the coward, if he had—. The sound of someone walking by her side made her raise her eyes and she saw the little sad-faced man talking to someone at the door, but the thing that drew her whole attention was that the man at the door handed to the other a paper, one of those glaring "Extras," which he tried to hide. Edith had just time to see, in letters eight inches high, "Men Rush the Boats," and below this enough to show that it was an account of the "Eltruria" disaster. And again the thought came, overpowering now, "What if he had played the coward? If he had rushed in that mad, fighting pack for life or at least a chance of life?" And then the future when men would say, "Lambert? Yes, he is all right, but he was mixed up in that 'Eltruria' affair. Nasty job, that, when the men rushed the boats." She strove to believe that this time his manhood had asserted itself, but even as she did so the certainty of the opposite came pressing in upon her. Yes, he must have been found wanting at this crisis. Only two boats had been reported as yet and she remembered that almost all the names had been those of men.

The little man at the desk coughed dryly twice and then rose saying, "The third mate reports that he has just succeeded in making a landing in safety. His boat was the third and last to leave the ship. The following were saved." Edith listened carefully but impersonally to this introduction, but at the list of names she leaned forward quivering with excitement. This list was like the two which had preceded it. Three men, a woman, five more men, three women and two children and eight men. As the little man read slowly through the list she found herself strangely calm, but she

knew it was the calm of despair. If he were saved! And then the little man laid the paper with a trembling hand on the desk. It was over. The name of Lambert was not in the list.

"Thank God!" she cried to herself, "thank God, he was a man!" And the tears came hot and fast.

Arthur Dimon Osborne, 2d.



THE MIST-ELVES.

The clear and softly glinting beams
Of moonlight pour in waving streams
To mingle with the mists that glide
Along the plains in rolling tide,
And form a sea of filmy light
With soundless waves of eerie white.

It flows among the sleeping hills,
And slowly rolling onward fills
The hollow vales. From secret dell
Or fern, or honeysuckle's cell
The Mist-elves gather. Round and round
They dance. The low melodious sound
Of droning insects spurs them on.
But when the fiery-throated sun
Breathes forth a glow that rises high
Above the hills, and sears the sky
With flaming wounds, they soar away
Into the golden light of day;
Transmit the music of the spheres
To Nature's myriad listening ears,
The flowers; melt in tender rain,
And with it float to earth again.

Horace W. Stokes.

HENRY IRVING—A STUDY IN SIGNIFICANCE.

ACTING is perhaps unique among all the fine arts in this respect—namely, that the measure of the artist's success can be judged by the money he makes. The reason for this is obvious: acting is the only art which gets its effect by an appeal so direct and personal that the artist's relation to his public is almost that of one man to another. And as no artist comes nearer to his public than does the actor, so also no artist is more dependent on the resources within himself for their approval. The play is always subordinate to the player. If *he* be doing brilliant work, theatre-goers will stand in line to see him in even the baldest and most insipid of plays; but let his acting be unintelligent, stupid, or dull, and no matter what the play, his only audience will be the ushers. Thus it comes about that no genius of the stage has ever yet failed of recognition; and *e contra*, that an actor's drawing powers must in the long run depend upon his own abilities. It is in this sense that stage-success can be measured by box-office receipts; for, to the actor, recognition means riches.

I enlarge on my commercial theory of stage success in order that its bearing on the career of Henry Irving may be fully appreciated. I wish to emphasize the fact that he died poor. That the estate of this man, who had been leading man to two generations of theatre-goers, should be probated at only some \$70,000 while scores of lesser stars are able to buy up the very theatres they play in, is, when you think of it, a very pregnant commentary on his career. And if, in accepting this commercialist theory of stage values as a true law, the attendance at Irving's performances be taken for a criterion of the man's success, you are forced to the disagreeable conclusion that Irving was fizzling out. Indeed you will find your opinion shared by every critic in London. His last season was pronounced "a complete failure," while for years previous his London theatre had been

playing to losing houses, until at last it involved him in difficulties which culminated in foreclosure. Only this great man's great past—and that mainspring of his greatness, his personality—held him in his position. Whatever measure of success his conception of his art had met with at first, sooner or later the entire public perceived its defects, and resented them. They ceased their attendance at his theatre, they ceased their attentions to himself. For Irving, that meant—Failure; the failure of his theatre, the failure of his method.

"I have spent a princely fortune on Shakespeare," he once sighed:—to which a critic aptly rejoins "it would be more correct to say that he had made a princely fortune on Shakespeare and spent it on scenery." It is a criticism which contains the epitome of Irving's business failure. A detailed and elaborate fidelity to life was his aim, and it failed. The discriminating were annoyed by his passion for detail; the sensuous were insistent for stage-pageantry. These latter, to whom brilliant scenic effects were the be-all and the end-all of dramatic art, deserted Irving in favor of Beerbohm Tree, who had caught Irving's method of life-like exactitude, and now staged it with a gorgeousness of effect executed on a scale which Irving, hampered as he was by a smaller stage and more limited capital, could never aspire to equal. Pioneer as Irving may have been in this field, when once the way was blazed, it was not long before his younger rival outstripped him.

In fine, Irving's method of photographic reproduction failed, because one-half the world does not consider a photograph art, and the other half wants its photograph colored. The latter, Tree pleased; the former, Irving did not please. It is for this two-edged reason that his life-long experiment in stage-setting finally broke him.

The same passion for the picturesque which appears in his scenic effects, Irving carried over also into his acting; with this difference, however, that while aiming at the closest possible approach to life in this stage-setting, in his acting he attempted no more than a stage-imitation of life. "An art

wholly of rhetoric," Mr. Arthur Symons calls it; "wholly external, appealing to our accustomed sense of the logic, not of life, but of life as we have always seen it on the stage." Irving's was old-style acting, of the stage, stagey. The public, which was at no time especially enamored of this sort of thing, became even less so with the present generation. As Beerbohm Tree drew away the lovers of pageantry, so the new school of acting, of which Duse is an exponent, steadily gained the critical over to itself, and away from Irving. Between the two, Irving's following at the last was a mere handful compared to what it had been.

Indeed, ardently as he must have desired it, the approbation of the critical was never incontestably his. It is true, that in a glowing panegyric published in the *New York Tribune*, after Irving's death, Mr. William Winter pronounced him the greatest actor that ever lived, basing this estimate on the number and variety of the parts in which Irving had appeared. This is rather uncritical, to make the least of it; and Mr. Winter, who is alone in this estimate, is well answered by another critic, with the question, "When has the variety of an actor's powers been the sole test of his greatness?"—or of anybody else's, for that matter. When, indeed? If this be the sole token of an actor's greatness, why are not the Greek tragedians the greatest of all actors? In their time even the second man received two or three parts in two or three new plays at least once every year. At the end of a fairly long career,—say 40 years,—the number of parts enacted by a good protagonist oftentimes reached a total beside whose magnitude any of our own puny-memored stars must simply "pale their ineffectual fires."

In disregarding this standard of criticism we shall do Irving no injustice. On the contrary, a judgment based not so much on the scope as on the intensity of his powers will really leave him the gainer; for, taking him all in all, he was the greatest creative actor of this latter-day stage. His every part was an interpretation, an earnest study. It is true, however, that he was far from playing all parts equally

well. In some, he was great absolutely, in some, great relatively, and in others, he was not great at all. Emotional rôles, which require to be presented with fire, impetuosity, and physical vigor, were not his forte. His work in great declamatory parts, or parts of passion pure and simple, when subjected to his musing, deliberate, intellectual interpretation, was never wholly convincing. His *Lear* and his *Othello* showed a woful lack of force; his *Macbeth* was "simply Hamlet in armor, and without his charm or problem." Being of an intellectual, contemplative turn of mind, it was only in characters like Hamlet or Coriolanus where his genius was absolute. It is a significant fact, this inability of Irving's to divorce himself from his temperament.

The same faults which marred his tragedy evince themselves in his lighter rôles. The radical reason for both his successes and his failures has already been hinted at—Iring could not so far forget his own personality as completely to identify himself with the character. Irving's own individuality was too salient to allow being merged in a part containing elements foreign to his own nature. That indispensable of the greatest actors, a plastic adaptibility, a mental attitude of docile receptiveness, Irving lacked. It was only in a rôle where his temperament and his part were at one that he was absolutely great; the only characters whose possibilities he completely realized were those made in his own image.

The unsympathetic rendition of parts that were not thoroughly congenial to him was heightened by his own austere and individual cast of countenance, in the features of which the rigidity and decisiveness of his mind had their outward counterpart. *That* "salient, unalterable masque" could not be shuttled about at will to express such dissimilar aspects of the drama as comedy, tragedy or farce; indeed, it would not readily answer even to the shifting emotions of one character. This unfortunate immobility of feature was a distinct loss to the effects he produced, a loss which not the most delicate technique, not the most artistic understanding,

could repair. These reminders to the audience of Irving's own personality were a constant distraction which was only aggravated by his many mannerisms, as well as by his peculiarities of physique and delivery.

It is many considerations such as these which render Mr. Winter's glowing estimate of Irving impossible to accept. So far from Irving's possessing universal powers, he was hardly even versatile. His adherence to a departed school of acting, his imperfections of speech, gait, and features, his mannerisms, and above all the constant obtrusion of his own personality, united in constricting his powers to a narrowness of range which the number and variety of the parts which he played could do nothing to broaden. That those requisites for stage-success which Irving lacked are essentials which the greatest of actors must possess, the career of Garrick well illustrates. For Irving's head-wind was Garrick's fair gale. Garrick, on whom some fairy godmother of the stage had bestowed a spineless personality, a face devoid of character, and an incomparably flexible adaptability to his part, was wonderfully aided by the possession of those very qualities whose opposites proved such formidable handicaps to Irving. Reasons such as these made Garrick not merely a greater actor than Irving, but the greatest actor of all times. Mr. Winter's effusive encomium must, therefore, be discounted with at least sufficient liberality to ensure Garrick the continued possession of his laurels.

Indeed, according to the London *Academy*, "it was not as an actor at all that Sir Henry Irving did his best work." Neither is he dependent for his future fame on "what was, perhaps, strictly his most important achievement with regard to the stage—that is, his stage-management." This seems to be the final word on Irving. Apparently, it deprives him of his last claim to our attention on the score of what he always considered his life-work—namely, the uplifting of the stage. Outdone by Beerbohm Tree in his work behind the scenes, eclipsed by the new school of acting in his work in front of them, and denied by the *Academy* critic, it seems

as if now, at the close of his long career, no shred of reputation would remain to him. But in spite of the *Academy* Irving is not disposed of. Deep below all success and failure, below all deeds and dreams, lies an attribute essential to every true artist and without which his art is as nothing. And this, to put it baldly, is nothing but Personality. Personality is the last analysis of greatness, the final principle of art. It is the dominating factor, greater than all others, which must control all art, if it be true art, just as it controlled Irving's. And it was in no other way than this that Irving forced himself, physique, fallacies, and all, upon the Great British Public, and made them hear him; until, in spite of every grating mannerism, and every change in public taste, he remained head of his profession to the end. Like the man you may or may not, but once having seen him, you could not get rid of him. The impression he made was ineffaceable. Have you never been in the grip of an individuality that compelled, that laid hold of you and would not be denied, until perforce you confessed in all humility, "Alas, here is a greater than I?" Call it what you will, it was that which turned John Henry Brodribb into Sir Henry Irving.

And so it came about, that in a very true and deep sense what the actor lost the man gained. That personality, that ego in his cosmos, that thrusting of himself upon himself—call it what you like—too stubborn to yield a buttery, neutral complaisance to the requirements of any playwright's hypothesis, any bloodless simulacrum faked up out of ink and words, atones for what it loses in the world of limelight, and rouged lips, and sham, by the true and lasting significance of all it effects in the true world of real folk and pulsing life, of honest laughter and wholesome sorrow. Take him as you find him, such was Irving, and only a later generation can tell how deep he left the imprint of himself on his time. A rigid man is remembered. It is the die of steel that stamps its impress to the marrow; one of rubber makes a fair sort of impress but a dough-ball makes none at all. Precisely this is the difference between Garrick and Irving. Garrick

was a dough-ball. In sock and buskin the greatest of actors, in dressing gown or small-clothes the most ordinary of mortals, Garrick acted out his little life upon the stage of life, became a mime the most life-like that ever lived, and—died. Only a little while after, the Siddons appeared, and the coffee-houses promptly forgot all about their poor little stage-hero. Garrick lived, died, and things were as they had been. Garrick's life is pitiful in its inconsequence. It is the summation of nothing, the epitome of nil. How different from the bigness of Irving's life-story is that petty tale of ephemerality! For Garrick, let him be never so great an actor, could be nothing more than an actor—a mere mummer, to mouth another man's lines, think another man's thoughts and fall into transports as false as the painted drop behind him. To-day what does the name of Garrick mean to us? Or that of Burbage? or Betterton? or Siddons? or Cibber? or Quin? Why, nothing more than Tom, Dick or Harry's on a marble slab with an obit: aetat: underneath. Failure though he be, let Irving thank God that at least he stood for himself; let Irving thank Him in that He vouchsafed this last of great actors to rejoice in joys of his own, grieve in sorrows of his own, and think thoughts of his own, nor be content with those of Shakespeare, learned by rote and spouted nightly to all London for three bob and a tanner a seat. Irving failed as an actor; in the strength of his failure he should exult. May it be not long before another Irving arise, thus greatly to live, thus greatly to do, and, if needs must, thus greatly to fail!

Frederick K. Noyes.

THE HERMIT'S PRAYER.

A hermit knelt before his woodland shrine
Of blue, cold-rugged stone. The unhurried spring,
His rosary, o'er-spattering the sedge
Around the Virgin's feet, ran through the glen—
Cathedral arched, bright-paved in leaf mosaic,
Rich-windowed with the red of sunset clouds
Burning between the frets of woven boughs,
Murmuring with echoes from a choir of brooks
And low-accompanying breeze.

But hark! there rose

Beyond the hill a voice, gleefully
Climbing in tunefulness, and tripping on
Into a happy, happy hunting song!
New music of a voice! He looked, and shuddered,
For there upon the crest, against the sun,
All blood-red in her lightly hanging gown
There poised, surprised, a vision of a girl
Just ready to descend, her head thrown back,
Her breast with full breath heaving, and her hands
Swaying two saplings, as to hold her there.
Then, graceful as a falling maple leaf
She skipped along the ground, and with her flew
The ghosts and all the images of love
He had lashed into darkness. Crouching back,
He trembled, crossed himself, and looked away,
Flung forth his scarce-clad arms, entreating her:
"Go, go, thou witch! Oh leave me now in peace!"
She stood before him, smiling in his eyes,
And touched his shoulder lightly with her hand.
"I am no witch," she answered laughingly,
"But just a maid who loves the autumn woods
And wanders at her will. To prove it thee
I'll sing to thee a Virgin's lullaby
My mother loved to croon to me at sunset."
She tilted back her head and eyed the sky
As if to see the tune; "Ah yes," she said,
And hummed, and started sweetly into song:

"My heart, as red as the sun,
My little one,
 Yearns to Thee!
My arms, as warm as its beams
Almost, it seems,
 Cling to Thee!

But Thou, who rulest the sun,
My little one,
 Need not me!
Angels will shelter Thy sleep
And they will keep
 Thee from me!"

She tightly clasped her hands against her breast,
Her eyes were far, like stars before the dark,
Her tears dripped slow, as from a passing cloud,
Her low voice caught, as if the Mother sang.
The hermit started back, adoring her;
He fell upon his knees, with hands upraised;
Trembling, he bowed in ecstasy of prayer:
"O Virgin, sacred, most immaculate,
Pardon, oh pardon my presumptuous sin!"
Her laughter fled from her and filled the dell,
Repeated clear from every tree and stone;
She took his face between her light young hands
And lifted it until he looked at her,
All smiling gazed she in his blighted eyes,
And laughing said to him: "No—no—not I—
Oh do not worship me—" She paused, her smile
Faded, as sunset into gloom, so sweet
And tenderly, as she bent down, and pressed
Her lips against his forehead. He leapt up,
But she had turned and fled, and as he heard
Her footsteps rustling dim away, his arms
Sank empty to his sides. He bowed his head,
Dropped slowly to his knees, and prayed: "O Lord,
I thank Thee for Thine ever-present help
And Thy deliverance from this—foul—witch!"
Darkness and loneliness crept up to him,
He heard the whispering voices of the breeze,
And the low singing runlet, and the spring—
Then spattered many a drop without a prayer.

George H. Soule, Jr.

THE TYPHUS PATIENT.

THE delirium was seizing him again. His thoughts fled madly into queer channels and he could not recall them. The Green Serpent wriggled out of the darkness until its flaming red eyes were a foot from his own. There it remained, flicking its long tongue in his face. There was the Head too. He had always hated a flabby, dough-like countenance, and this was nothing but an ogling circle that took shape in the gloom, and moved its ugly puling mouth at him for hours. The sick man was too weak to hide his head in the pillows, yet he could not draw his eyes from the phantoms.

Now and again a black figure hovered in the darkness about his room. He saw its face once or twice, and it looked kind. Maybe it was Death. He begged it sometimes to take him away, but it shook its head, and after a while disappeared.

What he feared most was the arrival of his Characters, the people he had conceived in his brain and put into books while he was well. He knew he had made them loathsome and revolting, but surely they were not so evil as when they came to him now. There was Jethrin, who had loved to torture animals, and finally had killed his own babe. There was Rachel Sehnbaum, the she-devil of Canal Street, who carried the head of her lover in her sachel for three days until it drove her mad and she caressed it openly in a public vehicle. All the inhuman people of his morbid fiction stood about his bedside at intervals, and drove him to frenzy with their vileness.

There was only one thing that kept him from madness. At certain times a cooling draught would be put to his lips. He would drink it eagerly. The hot suffusion of his brain diminished. The wild terror of his vision left him. The shapes melted back into the darkness.

Once when the draught had been administered and he had

become calm, a new Shape suddenly stood by his bedside. He started in cold fear, but when he saw it clearly he relaxed his tense muscles, watching it wonderingly. It was a very beautiful woman, whom he had seen once before—he could not remember where. She smiled at him. He tried feebly to smile back. She beckoned to him with a white, graceful arm. Her whole figure was a radiant invitation. Then a very strange thing happened.

The Man, that is, his real self, arose from the crumpled couch and followed the woman. He looked back at the rack of bones and skin in the bed, and shuddered pityingly. The body was very sick. Then he felt a spiritual hand seize his own and, with one last glance at the suffering thing, he followed the woman out of the darkness, where the old haunting shapes clawed vainly at him.

Suddenly they were out in the sunlight. They were walking across a green meadow where daisies and wild carrots brushed about their knees. At the end of the meadow was a hedge and a wicket gate over which a crimson rambler strayed. Within was a luxuriant old-fashioned garden. The air was heavy with heliotrope. For hours he walked with the beautiful woman among the gladiolas and the roses. Not a word passed between them, but he felt perfect peace and happiness by her side. At last the sky darkened. The garden grew dim before his eyes. The woman drew farther and farther away from him. He tried in vain to follow her. She became less and less distinct. Then came the Shadows, and again he was imprisoned in the frame of the sick man on the cot. Out of the gloom came the wriggling Serpent and the flabby Face.

Many times after that, when the cool medicine soothed him, the beautiful woman came to him and took him out to the meadow and the garden. At these moments he felt a great joy, intensified by the agony of his illness, but always darkness came again and he was whirled back through the gloom to the sick man on the cot.

Two months later, after the ghastly weeks of recovery

and early convalescence, the patient and his physician sat upon the shaded porch of a neat Massachusetts farm house. A cool breeze from the hills relieved the heat of an August day. Old Doctor Ferguson patted his patient on the back and said cheerily. "It's the cosiest place in the world, Mr. Harrison; good food, good air, good people. You'll be a man again in no time. Just one warning. Don't overdo. Look out for that heart of yours."

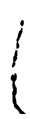
A very thin, pale man stretched out a long hand to the old doctor. "I must thank you, Doctor, for all you've done. You've been a father to me. It's rather hard to be all alone in the world at times like this, but you have made it much easier. When can I begin to write again, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon. I should say in a month, perhaps. But you must take it very easily—and you might get some—er—cheerful subjects out here—eh?"

Harrison flushed at the recollection of a madman named Jethrin and a murderess called Rachel Sehnbaum. He would get away from that unhealthy atmosphere, and attempt something with some sunshine in it.

"Tomorrow you may walk a little in the wood, but no further than the boundary fence, and you must take it very slowly. I'll be back again in a week to look at you. Take care of yourself. With a wave of his hand Dr. Ferguson climbed into Mr. Jenkins' buggy, and they rattled off to the station.

The next day the man who had been sick walked in the woods, very slowly, because his knees gave way if they were surprised by a root or a hummock. He drank in the fragrance of the hemlock and let the breeze play through his hair. It was the first time he had noticed the pleasures of the woods. His prospect had been confined to the unhealthy labyrinths of the slums. At length he came to the edge of the trees and the boundary fence. He was quite tired, so he sat down to enjoy the strange sights and smells about him. Beyond the fence stretched a meadow. At the end of the meadow was a hedge, and in the hedge a wicket gate. It



was quite distant, but he seemed to catch a tint of crimson in the vine that arched over it.

He stood on his feet, a vague recollection stirring him. He was no stranger here! Suddenly out of a haze of memory came a beautiful woman. Half dazed, he crawled through the fence and started across the meadow. He fell twice, but finally he neared the wicket gate. His heart beat until it seemed to fill his whole bosom. His hand trembled as he reached for the latch. Unsteadily he pushed the gate open. She was waiting for him.

He had never spoken to her, for words had been unnecessary. She looked up inquiringly as he stood there. He took a step toward her.

"I am very glad to see you again," he whispered unsteadily. The woman stood looking at him in surprise. In her hand she held a trowel. A blue gingham apron protected her dainty white dress.

"But—I don't believe I—know you," she said.

"But we have been here so many times before!" He passed his hand across his brow, trying to clear the last cobwebs from it. "Only this time you didn't come for me."

Unconsciously the woman tightened her grip upon the trowel.

"I have been sick," said the man suddenly, and sank down upon a marble bench. "I—I—am confused, but—you must know me!" he ended weakly.

The woman observed his gaunt features and claw-like hands. She watched his face closely. She was trying to gather courage to call someone. Suddenly her eyes brightened and she took a step forward.

"Aren't you Mr. Harrison?" she asked nervously.

"You know me, then?" he said, starting up.

"I—I saw you once at a theatre, and I knew you were coming to the Jenkins' to recuperate. I don't believe we have ever met."

"But I have been here with you before. Don't you remember, you brought me out of the darkness to the

meadow, and then to the garden." His heart still beat so fast as to nearly choke him. His brain swam dizzily.

"You look so ill," she said softly; "let me get you some water." She moved away swiftly toward the well. Suddenly the sky darkened. The garden grew dim before his eyes. The woman drew farther and farther away from him. He tried in vain to follow her. Then came darkness again.

When he regained consciousness, he was once more imprisoned in the frame of the sick man on the cot. Out of the Shadows came the wriggling Serpent and the flabby Face.

Later, the cooling draught was placed at his lips. The hot brain ceased its whirling. The Shapes melted into the darkness. By his side stood the beautiful woman. This time, however, there was no invitation in her attitude, simply a great tenderness. When he could see her eyes they were deep and sad. Somehow there had come a great change in her, and it troubled him vaguely. He wondered why she did not beckon him to leave the fever-racked body and follow her out to the flowers!

One day he asked her to lead him out to the garden again, because the Shapes tortured him beyond endurance, and he had had no rest. The woman shook her head sadly. There was something which held her back. He felt a hopeless sinking in his heart. A fear seized him that they might never wander together again. He begged her almost in a frenzy to take him away. Still she shook her head, silent and inexorable.

The conviction came later that he himself must go, even though alone. The agony of the fever and the delirium could be borne no longer. He might not go to the garden, but he knew he was about to leave the body and start—somewhere; it mattered little. But the woman must go with him! He turned and pleaded with her. Still she shook her head. He felt the finality of it. For a while he fought to remain, but some irresistible force drew him into the darkness.

"Goodbye," he said faintly. "I will wait until you come

to take me to the garden." Then he started into the Unknown. Once he looked back and saw the woman suddenly bend over and kiss the rack of skin and bones upon the bed . . .

A few days later the beautiful woman and her husband walked in the garden together. The man looked at her tenderly.

"Little girl, they tell me you were a very brave nurse while I was away."

"I could do nothing else when he fainted right here on the bench," she replied. "He had walked too far and had a sudden relapse. It was very sad,—but he died two days later."

"He was a queer chap, that Harrison. Many think his genius surpassed Poe's. He was a very lonely fellow and believed implicitly in the supernatural."

They had come to the end of the garden and stood by the little gate. The man blew a cloud of smoke into the still summer air.

"The material is plenty good enough for me, eh, little girl? I have no faith in spirits and disembodied souls." He drew her to him, laughing.

The woman bent forward and buried her face for a moment in a cluster of crimson roses, without answering.

C. L. Watkins.

NOTABILIA.

Poets and sculptors have outdone themselves in fancying ideal figures symbolical of Justice. With us, close to our years of university life, has grown up quite another figure. In our case the figure part alone remains. This time it is not that of a woman, but of a hulking man, excessively human in his faults, not the least of which—as his all too-ready billy and his powerful jaw muscles will show—is *Officiousness*. Such is Justice as manifested by the New Haven Police. No sublime, allegorical shape indeed, rather a something mundane, at least contemptible.

Not long ago I had occasion to speak of the proper attitude of the University towards New Haven, but I omitted to suggest an equivocal attitude on the side of the city's Police toward the members of our community. The times of assault and battery on the part of the students are passed. It is well enough, for then the blame was at least half ours. If we are to respect the city in a gentlemanly fashion, the Police in turn should trust us. When policemen in court testify that they arrested a number of "students" because they were reading a sign on the night of Omega Lambda Chi and one of this number "laughed," the fault does not lie wholly in our direction. Men are human, especially policemen. Policemen are not vicious—Lor' no—merely officious. And the pity of it all is, that the Faculty as a body, no matter how their private sentiments may incline, support the Law; and the Law!—well it is not always wisely, not to speak of fairly, administered. This is another side of a prominent question, a side that can be ably supported as the right side in the majority of cases, and as such should be appreciated by the Faculty.

"Why does not Yale produce personalities?" On this we would not argue. Truly among us we find few personalities strongly and openly differentiated. What individualities we

possess are disclosed mostly in our work, in our leisure, but rarely publicly. Some institutions indeed foster strong personalities; from these this question has come. The creation of strong personalities in academic circles is allied with an organization not ours. It rests on the forging of selves, involving a selfishness incompatible with the spirit of a community which lives not for self but for others, and thereby incompatible with the spirit that is ours. Strong individualities do not parade themselves, but instead come forth men, uniform in an unselfishness and in a gentlemanliness that is "not strained"—and this is our answer.

The long shadows that scout the elms tell us much; the wayward breezes and the cloudless sky tell us even more. Some leave to return soon; others when Fate wills it. It has been a glorious year for us. And when we return who of us will recognize the old Library! We have at length become reconciled to its dismantlement. But in the Fall or in years to come, it must remain as we first knew it, as our fathers first knew it. Its ivy, withered and sered as it has been by each succeeding winter, is ever green in the minds of our fathers. May it perdure ever so in our memories! Dear Library, we loved you; fare—well!

They disappear over the crest of the hill that took four bright years in the climbing, and leave us. We are proud of them; they did their best for us, their loyal best—the Class of Nineteen Six. They have set us brave examples, which we will follow. But like the class before them they are without a valedictory. Let us wish you Success, much of it, and Waes Hael, for we, we too are to become Seniors!

W.

PORTFOLIO.

—The First Shift was at work far below the cool deck of the Princess. Shovel, shovel, shovel, then shovel again into the yawning fiery mouth of the furnace. In the

THE STOKER. red glow, as they bent to their endless task, stripped to the waist and gleaming with perspiration, they looked like demons about the fiery lake. Not a breath of ventilation stirred the engine room and the brass-work glowed with heat. Shovel, shovel, shovel, eyes smarting with sweat, and the heat from the furnace door striking like a hot towel across the face. Joyless silence among the men—the harsh scrape of the shovels varying the distant throb and hiccough of the engines.

“Hey you! Foreman! Johnson’s fainted!”

Johnson came to on the lower deck, watching the cool green swells roll past. The fresh breeze blew on his face and throat, and he inhaled deep draughts. His heart felt queer and his head ached as only a stoker’s head can, but he was not down beneath the water line sweating out his soul, so he was happy.

The First Shift was on again and Johnson was shoveling with the rest. Fine coal dust filled the air, choked the lungs and mingled with the sweat of bitter toil. Every movement cost pain, as when a man stirs hot water with his arm.

The white fire danced before Johnson’s eyes. It came near him, it enveloped him, then it receded until it was but a tiny cigarette-fire in the distance. It burned within him, it raced through his veins, it seared his heart. The throb of the engine was in his brain, and the pounding of the piston. And the life poured out, mixed with coal-dust, and ran down his face and chest and into his eyes. The shovel kept slipping, spilling its load, and the foreman cursed.

Slowly came a change. The fire turned green and rolled past in great rippling swells. Cool winds blew upon him, and wafted away the coal-dust and the gibbering of the engine. Strong desire came upon him to bathe in that clean flood and to lave away the black soot that covered him.

“Let’s go in ’n swim out there to that island!”

“Hey you! Foreman! Johnson’s mad with the fever!”

Too late! He darts across the room, and leaps headforemost, arms above his head like a diver, into the white-hot hell before him.

L. W. Perrin.

—If a man should call Kipling superficial, how superficial would we call that man! Yet how many people put down a Kipling poem with the remark "How pretty!"

TOMLINSON. The awe that they feel in looking into a deep well, where there is still a reflection, does not always affect them when they gaze into a bottomless pit. The easy, rippling meter, the marvelous sound-suggestion, the striking capitalization—all these they have seen; but what have they seen below these? What do they know of the thought that gave these "pretty" things birth? How much have they discovered between the lines? Careful reading of his serious poetry discloses ideas that any man may ponder over, and not vainly. There may be found the clever; also the deep. He puts it best himself in the allegorical introduction to the "Outward Bound" edition: ". . . and there is a third muster very cunning in the outside of things and full of words as the foresail of wind. Take these to the lower hold and show them that I do not altogether sell toys or looking-glasses."

For this "third muster" was written "Tomlinson." It leaps from the very heart of Kipling—a big, bold theme, shaped like a rough gem into exquisite form by his master-hand. In it we see the man at his best. He does not care to turn out light, polished phantasies; rather he portrays the passions that sway men, and with all the art at his command perfects the work. And we must watch continually lest the sparkling exterior distracts us from the great conception it holds. These lines do not seem dull Words lying on a printed page:

"A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him far away,
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky Way,
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and drone and cease."

Rather they roar, they die away in falling cadence. These we must admire, and use not to occupy our thought, but as illustrations for the poem, to help us see Tomlinson, and finally, see what he represents.

What kind of a thing is this strange figure? He is a "naked soul." All through the poem the words "naked" and "bare" stand out. They sum him up. It is a huge naked Idea looming up and seizing our minds, this Idea, this theme of Tomlinson. We cannot pass this over with simple admiration for the cleverness of it. There is no cleverness in it. It strikes deeper than

that. This is Kipling's own Idea, typical of himself. All literature has no man unworthy of Heaven or Hell? Mediocrity, absence of personality, has never before been followed to its absence of salvation and doom. The worst punishment is—nothing! The only characters at all analogous are the aimless spirits in Milton's Fools' Paradise and Dante's Limbo. And there is an old Irish legend of a man too mean to go to Hell. But there is no parallel to Tomlinson. He has wasted his soul away until it is as "white as a rain-washed bone." He has no friend nor enemy to face this tribunal with him. He is lost. It is easy to imagine him as he shivers alone in the "Wind that blows between the worlds," with a frantic hope for the blessings of Hell. He is futile. Good he has done, evil he has done, but: " 'Did ye read of that sin in a book?' said he; and Tomlinson said 'Ay!'"

When we know what he was, his message is plain. This Idea is great because it brings out the pathos of the commonplace. In these lines we have seen a tragedy enacted; the saddest tragedy that will ever be acted—a drama not to the body, but to the soul. Kipling has warned us. Shun the commonplace. The intense personal application of the poem is clear. The Devil's words in the closing lines hold for us a deep meaning:

"Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back with an open eye,
And carry my word to the Sons of Men, or ever ye come to die:
That the sin they do by two and two they must pay for one by one—
And . . . the God that you took from a printed book be with you,
Tomlinson."

Frank G. Marsh.

—From the porch came the sound of voices, and laughter,
where Father and Mother and the evening's callers were talk-
ing. You had left the door open; for it was

*IN THE LAMP-
LIGHT.*

so pleasant to sit at the table near the great
yellow lamp, and hear the drowsy murmur of
conversation and read—read till nearly ten!
And through the open window came the singing of the tree-
toads in the maples around the house, and of the crickets, down
further in the lot, where the grass grew long, and there were
such good places to play!

The other children were playing there now—Bobby, and

Ethel Spencer, and Annie Prescott, and the rest—playing “Prisoner’s-Base” and “Fox-in-the-Morning” and, now and then, calling through the window for you.

But somehow, you would rather stay there in the library, and read. You could sit in Father’s big leather chair and crawl ’way back into it, curling your legs up beneath you, like one of the merchants in the “Arabian Nights.” You almost felt like one, too, but Father’s big cherry-wood pipe wasn’t much like a narghile—and it tasted *awfully*, once, when you just put it in your mouth—just for a minute!

But you had passed the “Arabian Nights” period—almost; of course you still loved to read and wonder about Ali Babi, and the Fisherman, and his clever trick; and the “good Haron Alraschid.”

But you picked up the “Treasure Island”—now well thumbed, and dog-eared, and fallen into the habit of opening at the “Sea Adventure,” and the Fight at the Blockhouse.

The other children in the yard were singing—

“Little Sally Waters,
Sitting in a saucer,”

but somehow, while you held the old green book, you could hear only the tipsy buccaneers, in the marsh on the Island, with John Silver’s shrill voice leading in the song—

“Fifteen men on the dead-man’s chest!
Yo-ho-ho! And a bottle of rum!”

As you heard it, you shivered! You could almost see John Silver walking into the room, his wooden leg clumping dot-and-go-one on the carpet, and with the “Cap’n” under his arm. “Pieces of eight!—Pieces of eight!” Quickly you turned the pages, and looked nervously out of the window. The lake was rippling uneasily before a fresh west wind, and broken into dancing little lights under the moon. The children looked very ghost-like, as they, too, danced in a circle, there in the lot; and, gaze at them as you would, you saw the rough old buccaneers, and heard the Cap’n’s gruesome—“Pieces of eight!”

You closed the “Treasure Island,” and walked to the old book-case.

And there, how many worlds lay before you! The World of the Table Round, and of Robinson Crusoe, and of Ivanhoe, and

the mighty tourneys long ago! And another world, fairer to you than the rest—for, with good old Kingsley as your guide, where might you not roam, in the Sunny Land of Greece, with Orpheus, and Jason, and the rest! In fair Hellas, where wonderful things were so apt to happen to one! Who knew when Pallas Athene might come sailing, in a cloud, over the blue Ægean sea, and appear to some Perseus, on the fair Attic shore! And then, what Minotaurs one might slay;—and what fleeces of gold one might win!

As you sat there and read, the room melted away; the walls changed to rocks, and the carpet to the green grass;—you were without Cheiron's cave! The lake was quieter now; and as you looked at it, it seemed the Ægean, far below the mountain. The children, too, changed to shepherds, singing as they danced, on the lower mountain slopes.

Ah, what games you could play on the mountain, in the morning! And what hunting of the red deer that hide among the mountain crags, and drank of the clear brooks that tumbled down among the rocks and through the mountain snows, to the blue Ægean far below. And how you might sail over those fair Grecian seas, and among the blue-crowned islands,—on, ever to the North, in the good ship Argo, with Tiphys, and Idas, and the other heroes,—until the Golden Fleece be won, and with it honor, and the favor of the Immortals! While the foam dashed high above the rowers, and the wind howled loud in the cordage; yet ever Orpheus would play upon the magic harp, and the sea-gulls circle about the ship to listen.

* * * * *

How often in those warm June evenings, after you had ceased to turn the pages, and only sat there and dreamed of those good old days, did Pallas seem to call to you, out of the little flying clouds that played in and out among the stars, above the Lake—and you would slip to the window and wait—but there were only the children, and the lake, and the moon.

* * * * *

Hark! The old clock above the fireplace was striking.—“Bedtime, Kenneth,” called Mother from the porch.

Edward K. Morse.

—In the bow of a great steamer a girl and a man leaned on the rail and gazed at the horizon.

“There’s the island,” said the man, pointing, “just like a little cloud, way off.”

THE ISLAND.

When the rumor that land was ahead reached the couple at breakfast, they had come up forward to see for themselves. And land was undoubtedly there. Ten days out from Sandy Hook, the first of the Azores was in sight.

The little island of Flores, where vessels rarely stop, grew slowly as they watched it, but at last it was more than a cloud.

“The old Spaniard who named it was right,” the girl said; “it’s a flower, and the most beautiful I’ve ever seen.”

As the distance lessened, the girl grew more enthusiastic and each discovery swelled her interest and the man’s.

“See, there’s a bay on this side,” she exclaimed.

“Yes, and a mountain behind those hills,” the other added.

The minutes passed. The outline of the mountain stood out clearly against a spotless sky, and the island lay like an emerald set in sapphires that stretched as far as the eye could see. A school of porpoises passed close to the ship and one of them even played in the wave at the bow. Sea-gulls screeched behind them and glided down towards the food that was dumped from the vessel’s side.

“I wonder what those white specks on the mountain are?” said the girl.

“Why, they’re huts!” he exclaimed.

And so they watched until they were opposite the island.

“I’ve never seen a more beautiful flower, myself,” the man at last agreed. “And to think,” he mused, “that people live all their lives in those huts,—that healthy children grow up in them to work in the fields and guard the flocks instead of going to school and college.”

“And become men,” the girl went on, “blissful in their innocence of any land but Flores or language but their own.”

“Yes,” said the other, “men who think and feel and love without laboratory experiments to find out why they do so.”

For a while they watched in silence. On the side of the mountain a patchwork of fields stretched down to the edge of a cliff, against whose base the water splashed and fell. These fields and scattered huts gave proof of habitation though not a stir of life could be seen.

"It's asleep," whispered the girl; "the whole island is sleeping. I hope we won't wake it up."

"No danger," answered the man. "Sir Richard Grenville came here with his fleet long ago, but he couldn't disturb Flores; and it hasn't changed any, since."

"I love it," the girl continued; "I want to take it in my arms and carry it home."

"We'll buy it," said the man, seriously, "and be the king and queen. All the people will bring their troubles to us and we will judge them fairly."

"I'll bet I know what your talking about," cried a voice behind them. They turned and greeted one of their fellow-passengers whom they had met the day before.

"Give you two guesses," said the young man, smiling.

"You were saying that Flores is a jewel and wishing you might stop there," answered the other. They nodded and he went on, "I thought so myself once. In fact she so fascinated me that a few years ago I stopped off at Ponta Delgarda, where we land to-night, and hired a schooner to bring me here." He threw out his arm toward the island, that was falling away to the stern.

"That's just what we'll do," said the younger man laughingly. "We're going to be the King and Queen of Flores. Do you think the islanders will like us?"

"Those dirty Portuguese would cut your throat the first time you weren't looking," said the other; "why, the inhabitants—." "Oh, don't tell us," pleaded the girl; "you'll spoil our kingdom."

A bugle blew and the girl, looking up from the frothy water beneath her, left the rail and walked back to luncheon with the men.

Leonard Kennedy.

—We are all dreamers, more or less, but our dreams are so fleeting that to most of us they are entirely impalpable.

MAXFIELD PARRISH,
*THE DREAM
ARTIST.*

Some few, however, have learned the art of so vividly retaining the impressions of dreams that they are able not merely to reproduce the vision, but even to picture its transiency and suggestiveness. Among these is Maxfield Parrish. In the poetic breadth of his landscapes, in the endless beauties which he

suggests behind the most explicitly visible tree or just beyond the line of the most plainly marked horizon, in the quiet harmoniousness of his compositions, in their low rich tones, in their sure graceful lines, we have dreams, tangible dreams. There is the softness of sky, the languor of earth, the bewitching breath of tropical waters. The straight, clean-limbed, olive-tinted youth, stretched out upon the velvety sward in the perfume-laden atmosphere, conveys an impression of infinite repose and the gift of endless, idle fancies. But strange dream-clouds, uncouth and boorish or quaint and whimsical in their grotesquely varying forms, come upon the fleecy, tranquil patches, merge with and eclipse them and shape themselves into the fanciful artists' pictures of odd humor—a humor arising from the treatment of comic characters seriously. Mirth, resulting from gravity, is essentially what has been attained in the handling of the picture "Little John and his Sister Sue." While irresistible in its humorous aspect to older folks, it is both in spirit and in composition a monument of child pathos. The figures of tousle-headed, knickerbockered John and Sue with cap and checkered gingham, minutely worked out, are most actual and realistic. Pedestled upon a wall, which runs across the entire foreground, and silhouetted against an ideal landscape and glowing sky, they present a contrast that plays havoc with one's emotions.

Instead of interpreting exactly the text before him with a hackneyed figure, Maxfield Parrish uses the legend under his picture only as a hint to the imagining powers of his mind and often far transcends the sterile prose he illustrates. Thus it is that all his work is stamped by his uncommon inventive faculty and by the delightfully novel way in which he acquires an artistic issue from a mechanical contrivance. A certain balanced method and trim dexterity form his most characteristic traits of handiwork. This appears especially in the illustrations to Eugene Field's "Seeing Things at Night." The foreground of the picture where the blue and white counterpane of the bed falls to the floor shows the artist in his most careful mood, working out with amazing technique the folds and squared pattern of the fabric. Beyond the bed are shadows filled with monstrous "things standin' in a row and looking at me cross-eyed and pointin' at me so"—a group of night ogres upon which no child can look with composure. In the mathematical exactness of the bed spread and in the balanced arrangement of the goblins are found the artist's distinguishing individual touch.

There is a predominance in his pictures of subdued tints, yet they are never gloomy or morbid, always serenely fresh and cool and full of atmosphere. The thin long line of a winding road lies white on the darkening heath, a lonely bird scurries across the dusky sky, countless, crenellated parapets and battlemented towers stand out of the horizontally drifting mist. "The Sugar-Plum Tree" spreads out its branches, full of the splendidly sombre shadows wherein the child imagination expands. Likewise the pale mists that envelop "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" are steeped in the mystic charm of childhood's dreams, partly veiling, partly revealing the beautiful things on the "river of crystal light." But it is in the tranquil harmonies of the illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and in the exhilarating swing of the symbolic figure with the scythe that tops the hill in the painting for Keats' "Autumn" that Mr. Parrish reaches his culmination. Here it is that he has given free reign to all his poetic feelings for the beautiful. In all his work Maxfield Parrish has been sincere and consistent in modifying and elevating poster art. In his pictures quizzical, hunchback dwarfs hobble along among the big-rooted trees of deep, purple forests. The brave youth, breathless and wide-eyed, brandishing his wooden sword, goes, like Saint George of old, to vanquish the huge, clumsy lobster. Joyously, the child in the swing sails through the warm, summer haze. The sun, near its setting, hangs low in a cloudless sky. Everything is defined and glorified in golden light. Hill after hill rise upward until they soar out of the depth of the hardest timber and stand naked against the heavens. Some distance up a long grey village lies like a rag of vapor on the wooded side. Then we draw near to the phantom city and lo! castles arise with tier upon tier of turrets and towers.

"At times the summit of the high city flash'd,
At times the spires and turrets half way down
Prick'd thro' the mist.—
Anon, the whole fair city had disappeared."

And all at the will of the dream-artist.

Sydney J. Frank.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Yale Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs

On May 9, held their annual elections as follows: Winthrop Lakey Carter, 1907, of West Newton, Mass., was elected President of the Glee, Mandolin and Banjo clubs; George Coolidge Tuttle, 1907, of New York City, was elected Vice President; Calvin Truesdale of Greenwich, Conn., was elected Secretary (manager), and Harold Stanley, 1908, of Great Barrington, Mass., was elected Assistant Secretary.

The Dramatic Association

On May 10, held elections as follows: President, Forrest Leonard Daniels, 1907, of St. Paul, Minn.; Vice President, Thomas Achelis, 1908, of New York City; Secretary, Alexander Cushing Brown, 1907, of Cleveland, O.; Treasurer, Sidney Rollins Overall, 1908, of St. Louis, Mo.

The Track Team

On May 12, won the dual meet with Princeton at Yale Field by the score of $78\frac{3}{4}$ to $25\frac{1}{4}$.

The Annual Spring Regatta

Held on May 12, at Lake Whitney, was won by the Sophomores, while the Juniors won the race for second eights.

The Pundit Prize

Was announced on May 14, as awarded to M. O. Johnson, 1907.

The Sophomore Declamation Contest

Held on May 17, in Lampson Lyceum, was won by R. M. Byrnes, with J. W. Murphy, second.

The Annual Yale-Princeton Debate

Held on May 18, at Princeton, was won by Yale.

The Fourteenth Annual Dual Track Meet

With Harvard, held at Soldiers Field, Cambridge, May 19, was won by Harvard. Score: Yale $46\frac{1}{2}$ points, Harvard $57\frac{1}{2}$.

The Tennis Team

On May 19, defeated Columbia.

The Senior Society Elections

Were given out May 24, as follows:

Skull and Bones—Calvin Truesdale of Greenwich, Conn., given by L. Hoyt; Samuel Finley Brown Morse of Newtonville, Mass., given by A. R. Flinn; Forest Leonard Daniels of St. Paul, Minn., given by D. A. McGee; Richard Ely Danielson of Brooklyn, Conn., given by B. D. Smith; Hugh Smith Knox of Washington, D. C., given by L. D. Perrin; Heathcote Muirson Woolsey of New Haven, given by F. O'Brien; George Coolidge Tuttle of New York City, given by D. Bruce; Philip Lyndon Dodge of New York City, given by J. G. K. McClure, Jr.; William Deluce Barnes, Jr., of Mansfield, Mass., given by F. H. Rockwell; Harold Sherman Wells of Scranton, Penn., given by S. Turner; Mitchell Stuart Little of Hartford, Conn., given by J. G. Magee; George Brette Glaenzer of New York City, given by H. R. Wilson; Arthur Goodwin Camp of Winsted, Conn., given by W. S. Moorhead; Theodore Polhemus Dixon of New York City, given by L. DeV. Dousman; William McCormick Blair of Chicago, Ill., given by G. Ely.

Scroll and Key—Howard Le Chevalier Roome of New York City, given by K. E. Weeks; William Ellsworth Clow, Jr., of Chicago, Ill., given by E. White; Alexander Cushing Brown of Cleveland, O., given by J. H. Twichell; Joseph Graham Crane of Dayton, O., given by R. S. Rowland; Ludlow Seguire Bull of New York City, given by H. Goodwin; William Francis Knox of Pittsburg, Penn., given by H. F. Whitcomb, Jr.; Douglas Jay Torrey of Scranton, Penn., given by R. Y. Flanders; Howard Phipps of New York City, given by M. C. Addoms; Charles Herbert Halcomb, Jr., of New York City, given by J. A. Stevenson; James Watson Webb of New York City, given by W. K. Johnson; Gordon Wilson Abbott of Plainfield, N. J., given by K. Boardman; Theodore Ives Driggs of Waterbury, Conn., given by I. K. Fulton; Ernest Bell Tracy of St. Louis, Mo., given by G. M. Heckscher; Bayard Cushing Hoppin of New York City, given by L. E. Grant; Cyril Sumner of Rochester, N. Y., given by E. S. Mills.

Wolf's Head—Edward Barton Chapin of Andover, Mass., given by G. Sturges; Ansley Wilcox Sawyer of Buffalo, N. Y., given by G. C. W. Low; Roy Smith Thompson of Topeka,

Kas., given by W. R. Cowles; Bradley Goodyear, Jr., of Buffalo, N. Y., given by C. H. Banks; Gilbert Little Stark of Saginaw, Mich., given by J. B. Brinsmade; William Welch Collin, Jr., of Pittsburg, Penn., given by C. W. Goodyear; Harold Kountze of Denver, Colo., given by B. O. Brown; Walter Waters Husted of Denver, Colo., given by J. Borden; Livingston Platt of New York City, given by J. Warner; Morgan Gardner Bulkeley, Jr., of Hartford, Conn., given by C. B. Van Tassel; Howard Boulton of New York City, given by A. B. Gregory; Frederick Clifford Ford of Detroit, Mich., given by E. Corning; Donald Mitchell Ryerson of Chicago, Ill., given by P. T. White; Anson Blake Jackson, Jr., of Minneapolis, Minn., given by D. F. MacKay; Stephen Leshner Landon of New York City, given by W. S. Glazier.

The Annual Intercollegiate Track Meet

Held at Soldiers Field, May 25 and 26, was won by Cornell with 38 points, Pennsylvania second with 23 points, Harvard third with 21 points and Yale fourth with 19 points.

The Track "Y" Men

On May 23, elected as captain, James Walter Marshall, 1907 S., of New York City.

The Tennis Team

On May 26, lost to Harvard.

Baseball Scores

May 7—Yale 5, Syracuse 0.
May 9—Yale 0, Brown 1.
May 12—Yale 10, Holy Cross 9.
May 16—Yale 1, Williams 2.
May 17—Yale 3, Penn. State 2.
May 19—Yale 4, Holy Cross 15.
May 23—Yale 13, University of Pennsylvania 0.
May 26—Yale 2, Cornell 1.

BOOK NOTICES.

Whistler. By Haldane Macfall. John W. Luce & Co.

This is a very dashing written essay on the man Whistler, his career, and what he stood for and did. The binding of the book looks interesting and the vim and originality of the writing bear out the prediction. For a short essay that really gets into the spirit of its subject this can be highly recommended. It is bright, witty, decidedly readable and just in its praise and evaluation of Whistler.

The Siege of the South Pole. By Hugh R. Mill, D.Sc., LL.D. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Aside from cumbersome and inaccessible reports, few books of general interest have been written concerning the south polar regions and explorations. This field is treated in "The Siege of the South Pole." A vast amount of material is here assembled. Nothing, from the dreams of the ancients about the ice-land "at the bottom of the world" to the recent explorations of Bruce and Scott, has Doctor Mill passed unnoticed. The work of Captain James Cook, of Charles Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, and of James Clark Ross are detailed; men who, by their unselfish devotion have laid bare the mythical Antarctic to the eyes of science. Interest is intensified by the profusion of photographs, maps and sketches with which the volume is crowded.

American Poems, 1776-1900. By Augustus White Long. American Book Co.

This seems to be a really practical American Anthology. Beginning with Philip Freneau, the chronology continues through Longfellow, Whittier, and Poe, and ends with Carryl and Gilder. The aim is not to give exhaustive samples of the work of the great American literary men, but simply the choicest specimens; and Mr. Long has been very successful, very happy in his selections. Biographical sketches precede the poems and critical and explanatory comment is appended.

In the Days of Scott. By Tudor Jenks. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Modern literary criticism is demanding a more and more accurate knowledge of the environment, the moulding influences in the lives and thoughts of our men of letters. Of Scott such a knowledge is especially indispensable; for without it a clear understanding of the uniquely romantic turn which his talents took would be impossible. Mr. Jenks has clearly projected the picturesque atmosphere of the dramatic Jacobite uprisings which so powerfully impressed themselves on Scott. He has sympathetically, appreciatively, sketched the life of the heroic Scotch bard. This latest volume on Scott is not unacceptable: first, because it is somewhat unique; second, because it means the continued deepening among literary people of the appreciation of the "wizard of the north."

We wish also to acknowledge the receipt of the following, some of which will be reviewed in a subsequent issue:

American Book Co.

Hugo's Hernani.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

Mr. Pratt.

The Voice of the Street.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.'

Literature runs in fashions. Following the historical novels, we have those whose heroes are neurotic geniuses of filmy ties; or are congressmen from Indiana who do things to graft. So it is with *Lrr.* contributions. Just now we are inundated with stories whose protagonist grows profane in a Western saloon; reveries over camp-fires, introducing the tent motif; songs of the sea; little verses on some abstract theme; child stories; and other old friends. Yet some are very good in spite of familiarity—as friends, too, are reported to be.

It is essays which are of the most orthodox mold. Most of them—including some which have been published within the memory of man, are very like touching the shoulder of a friend in Linonia, and saying, "This is a corking good book; it's about this and that." Such an essay is of little more value than a newspaper review of a play. A real essay should have personality in it, or be the product of an inspiration plus ingenious labor. Types of the first class are Holmes' "Autocrat," or Charles Lamb; or, in the *Lrr.*, Peters "on Marginal Notes," or Van Reyepen's "The Lost Art of Dedication," or Lyttleton Fox's *Literary Uncle* essays. Good examples of the latter variety may be found in the "Critic," or our faithful exchange, the Bookman.

In giving the conventional classes I intend no personal references. Like "Zo Sprach Zarathustra," it is a word "for all and none." Verbum sap.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-first Volume with the number for October, 1905. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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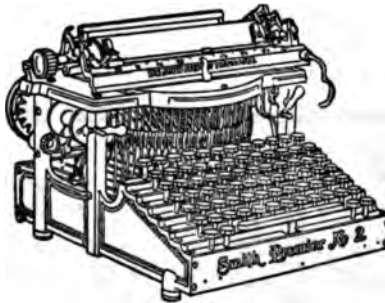
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